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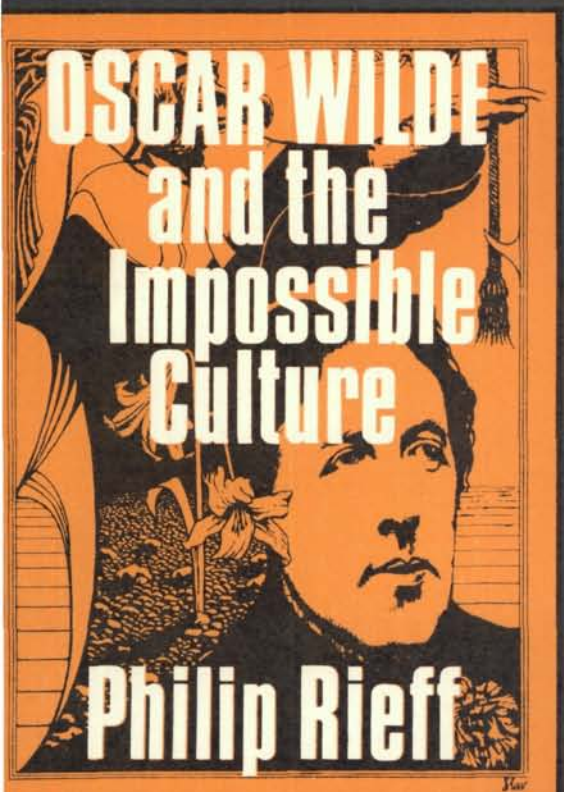

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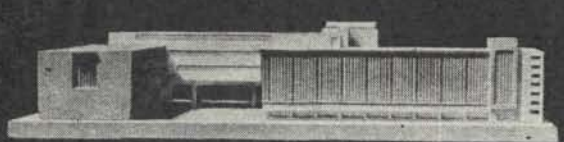

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Jascha Kessler

Death Comes for the Behaviourist

ALOFT OVER UTAH, Sam Carpenter had just downed his fourth dose of Johnnie Walker Red, the two extra samplers having been cribbed for him by the unsmiling Jewish grandmother with blued, featherycut and teased-lacquered hair and pearled false nails, who sat beside him small in a lavender-sequined knitted dresscoat, smoking Marlboros through a gold-inlaid filter-holder. As he slipped her the two dollars she said, No she never drank anything but seltzer her stomach but it was all right by her if he wanted more in his profession he needed she could understand like one of her sons was also a teacher and also now she was a greatgrandmother 3 times if you please thank god with 13 grandchildren too and so far since the gallbladder no pain and only the one cataract. Sam sipped his coffee now as content, as comforted as he might be—after such inflight repast of prefabbed clubsteak blenderised gravy-salts sterilated paperskinned baked potato plastic green greenpeas blank lettuce and bloodybright thawed strawberry tart, gelid, and now coffee, thin, nitric, resynthesised—but hot, for his feet were chilled by the draft along the cabinfloor. The screen had been drawn down forward and now the pale and thintextured forms of cowboys rode, fired, fell over its surface, talking now and then grimly close-up, if senselessly to him, as he wasn't plugged in. The plane was full. He glanced round at the 150-odd passengers propped like crashlab dummies in their seats, eyes fixed at the screen, heads wired for stereo by thin plastic stethoscopes that fed them from the terminals on the seats. Three stewardesses in blue uniforms moved awkwardly up and down the narrow aisle carrying silexpots, servicing the bodies, removing littered trays from their laps. When John Wayne's hammered face bloomed its paralytic grin at him, Carpenter turned to look down out of his port at the desert far below. Below the wing, false rainbows slid with them, projected by the polarised glass and prettily tinting the snaggly burnt ranges of bare rocky hills that seemed, from 36,000 feet, not much larger than corrugations on a relief map in a child's geography. The plane droned and hung drifting westward over the Great Basin of Nevada, trailing after the lowburning winter afternoon sun.

HE WAS THINKING of the conference he was headed to, by rapid images in his head foreseeing the opening addresses that would continue like engines idling right through the table-hoppings of the welcoming banquet, during which the necessary appointments and rearrangements for the milling three days ahead were made. The picture of the expressions of provoked acquaintances stopping him to read his nametag to make sure the man behind the bushy blondegrey whiskers was really Sam Carpenter and not a wandering Schweppesman kept him smiling to himself a while. Reviewing the groups he was scheduled to join, Sam wondered if he should have tried to put in the time his principal paper —he had three, two short, one long—needed if it were to sound at least superficially literate, as Lowell used always to say, scoffing at him. Lowell, he'd protest, I don't *need* your stylistics to report my work: I can get accuracy and efficiency with my simple sense of jargon. But Lowell would laugh, saying Yes that's what *he* meant; to which Sam always rejoined, blushing under his shirt for his lame excuse, that he didn't have that sort of time to waste there was too much to be done. Which Lowell would cap every time by touching a significant index finger against his temple and murmuring, Do we ever . . . ? Once Sam half flashed at him, Now what the hell does that mean! Lowell's answer: raised eyebrows. Sam finally decided it didn't mean anything: in the long run there was never time. And that was the truth. Should he phone Lowell? Sam felt he'd rather call Elizabetta, have her lead him to the newest chef in Chinatown, drinks later and perhaps some fun, if she weren't away for the week-end

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skiing. Although he'd mailed her the conference programmes, dates underlined, a month ago. Thinking of Elizabetta, hearing her throaty quacking Hungarian accent, he smiled to himself again, glimpsing a bright blur in memory: her tarty taste in clothes, way over the line into tacky: and feeling the drive of her energetic unhappiness, its urgency spilling over the edges of her busy life supervising testing for the schools of two counties—a good leap forward from hairdressing and manicuring in just five years... thanks to the right manicure at the right moment for the right man. Even now, when he called, she'd say, And how are *your* rats doing, Sam? alluding to '56 and the two-legged Hungarian variety that kept showing up at her apartment: unlisted though she was, they could smell their way across the maze of America, it appeared. When they arrived at their goal, herself, who could tell these days whether they were white, brown, or black inside? And they could bite. Rats took Sam back ten years to Lowell's laughter, which he still heard, could always hear: a crazy connection somehow promptly evoked by thinking of Elizabetta's joke, an association that never failed to spring sharply at him, as though it could mean to be suggesting... something important. He had never figured it out; actually he'd never really tried.

He had been describing the set-up in the student labs that nasty autumn of 1956 to a few faculty, as part of the Department's *PR* job on the college, trying to get those thick-skulled humanists to grasp the significance of his kind of research in this age (and, incidentally, persuade them to vote for Psychology as a Freshman option in the curriculum, equivalent to History and Political Science and Sociology). Lowell had pretended to be fascinated by his collection of Sprague-Dawley rats, a 30-generation strain of registered animals. Stopping by one empty box, the top of which Sam had opened by mistake, that is, absent-mindedly, he had asked, Why? Why what? Why was it empty, when the other boxes in this tier each held their fat white rat?

ALL OVER AGAIN, staring down at empty Nevada, Sam could hear himself saying, Oh that one's odd, Lowell. Let me explain. How confidently he'd begun, already amused by the anecdote he was going to tell. We have this experiment rigged so that it's foolproof. Look here: in order for a rat to retrieve his pellet of food or get water from the bottle, he depresses this lever. If he tries to feed without leaning on the bar, the circuit's unbroken and he's shocked. Now, here's where the number of shocks is counted automatically; after, say, forty-eight hours we make note of that frequency. After a series of such tests we draw a learning curve for him by connecting these points on the graph. Then for control we make our little variations in the set-up, we compare the curves the rats make and so on. It's statistical: average curves have been established, and we have givens for, say, ages of rats, kinds of rats—that's elementary. Still we have the students check it out for themselves and we get them to testing their own hypotheses against givens. That's what that class in the lab next door is doing: each boy administering shock to his own animal, watching his learning behaviour. These in here are part of the experiment I'm conducting.

Lowell interrupted him, But Sam, just in teaching kids your principles means they're all the time shocking a whole lot of innocent rats? Over and over.

Yes.

Using those poor creatures as demonstration things, victims for those kids to learn on?

Well yes, Lowell, they're rats.

I see. And Lowell had looked ponderously away.

Sam also recalled the twitch of anger, of protest, against which he had had to clamp his jaws. What the devil was the point in trying to compare this simple, this rather primitive teaching-learning apparatus, which merely shocked rats bred for the purpose, and shocked them just enough at that to cause them to alter their behaviours, to Lowell's habitual "lectures" in military history, delivered with such feline bravura and relish, in order to shock (yes shock!) young faculty wives as, after his third martini he began unstoppably, sadistically spinning those descriptions of modern battles, the kinds of weapons and the many kind of wounds —that bit on Austerlitz or on Sebastopol, that livid version of Verdun and Mons, that grisly Stalingrad and Kasserine Pass, his neat Anzio, his Ardennes, that awful Yalu and that Pleiku! Endless. When, he always wanted to say to them, it was his, Sam Carpenter's, researches that could help condition men away from such habits of action (yes merely conditioned thoughts!) that were the real general causes of war. That's all it is: sex, crime, killing: reflexes of non-rational behaviour that lead to needless suffering. But Lowell—*he* could bear it, *he*

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could afford to stand lecturing, cold-blooded, elegant, to the Colonels of the War College, so that the Pentagon rats might learn from him to enjoy thinking about the criminal casualties they inflicted, compulsively, more every year.

Sam had never disclosed his dammed-up rage at Lowell that hour. Which had been a mistake, for it could have averted what immediately followed. Still, silly as it all was, it had also been part of his own growth somehow. For it was Lowell who had blown up a scene right before his students and their colleagues. All about that empty box. A week earlier it had contained an old male rat. Somehow, Sam had been trying to say, smiling, somehow that fellow had on three week-ends running managed to empty both his pellet dispenser and his tube of water—without once depressing the bar *or* getting himself shocked. The first time, Sam figured the counter was out of commission, so he placed the rat into a box he knew to be working. He well recalled checking that out, because he touched the grid to make certain, twice touched it and twice was jolted by the electricity that ran fiercely up on his left arm, leaving him tingly and damp. But the rat, sealed in his box from Friday to Monday, had done it again. The third time, using yet another box Sam tested manually, less than happy about the two sharp shocks he'd taken again, the result was just the same. So, he'd conceded, grinning weakly at Lowell's averted head, that is, had been forced to conclude: that rat had taught himself a way of getting food and water ... without conforming to the test situation!

Which suggests, Lowell had blurted out for everyone around to hear, which suggests, does it not, Professor Carpenter, that your old ratty's a genius, right? He's beat the system. Invented a means of breaking through your electronic boobytrap! Show me that sport. I wish to offer him my personal congratulations.

Come off it, Lowell, Sam had said.

Right now. I want to meet him. Where is he. Introduce me. Where are you keeping him, Carpenter. I think you must do something about him, report him, breed him, develop those powers of ratiocination. Think of it, Carpenter, you're on to something. Breed him, breed!

Everyone was looking at them. Sam stuttered, Lowell, you cut it out now.

Where *is* he, Carpenter. He was rooting in the empty, disconnected box.

He's not, Lowell. I destroyed him. What else.

You destroyed him?

Had him destroyed. What's the difference.

You're kidding me, aren't you.

No.

That mutant, that rat of rats, that super-psychologist? No. Oh no no.

What the hell's the matter with you, Lowell.

You could do a thing like that. My god, Carpenter!

Oh what the hell, Lowell? You listen to me and cut this clowning. If the subject won't perform according to his option, what good're all these boxes, what's the point of this wall of circuitry that took me four months to rig—or courses or students or labs, for that matter? The Mental Health people have invested 25,000 dollars in this equipment for me, and you talk as though I ought to be breeding rats. That's not my job. I'm not responsible for them. I only buy them. And I pay a lot of dollars for a certified invariant strain, at that. They'd damn well better work the way we want them to, or—

But Lowell had continued shouting at everybody like a nut, Do you Sam Carpenter have the inordinate presumption to call yourself a scientist? Why you're nothing but a goddamned Laputian! That's what you are, aren't you?

No, Lowell. Wrong. Also misinformed and misguided. I'm not quite that—whatever Laputians are. I'm just a research psychologist. *Re ... search.*

WITH HUMOUR, DIGNITY, he'd tried reasoning back, for it was his lab they stood in, on his grounds and not in the Faculty Club, where he was usually surrounded at the coffee urn by Lowell's snickering camp-followers from the English Department. He had replied, I wouldn't say we knew enough about the basic problems in behaviour to call ourselves a science. Theoretically, not quite yet. We could use a lot more data. And we're in the process of getting that fresh data. (A retort Sam exaggerated somewhat, a confession of humility for the benefit of his two assistants, one of whom had just received a Defence Fellowship for the next 3 years and whom he didn't want to be getting too flip before having finished up there with him.)

But Lowell had taken it as his cue to rampage on, at only two in the afternoon—three good hours before martini time. He had stood there holding long damp fingers to his forehead, he had let out a silent *O!* and had begun a theatrical pacing beside the ranks of rat-boxes, muttering in that Cambridge-inflected stage-whisper so that even the students in the labs next door

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could overhear him. What are we going to do with the likes of him! What what? And *he* gets the grants around this place. Lordy lordy, look at all this! Where sweet Jesus is the justice? It is enough to make you ready to believe that we have sunk utterly, given ourselves over unto Satan's dominion! And so forth and so on: a perfect Lowell platform tantrum.

They'd been mere assistant professors then; now they were professors, loaded down with committees conferences and consultations, theses mortgages and children: up to their eyes in it. Still viable though, very much so. Well yes, Sam had said to himself at the time, and repeated it now: I *did* get the grants, and I get them now. We were just beginning, Lowell. And a fat good anybody's learned from your reciting history's multiple disasters. That's not teaching. Why? No one learns. Why? No one can! You may rant till you croak, Lowell, and people will still run in their vicious mistaken patterns. Anyway what is it you preach? That's what he would have liked to have challenged him with then. I'll tell you, Lowell: nothing but fake liberalism! Huh! But he hadn't... because the bell had rung and the afternoon seminar called Lowell off to his own building at a dogtrot.

SUBTLY THE PLANE'S ANGLE of flight had been altered: it was on the downward slope of its continental trajectory, and the air was bumpy. Sam imagined he saw ahead the snowy Sierras of Western Nevada, near Tahoe, where he had first met the refugee Elizabetta playing blackjack at breakfast with the rest of her divorce-settlement. Long story. And now, when it's getting damn late, when the place's coming unstuck and there may be no time left soon to rectify the future—by art *or* science, Lowell ought to have seen that he should give up meditating and lecturing on the socio-military positions of 1914! Listen to me, Lowell, when I say *science at least offers us hope*. That's no sales-pitch, Lowell me boy. He realised he was still talking to himself, having to talk to himself, if only because he hadn't seen Lowell in nearly five years. Who else was there for him to talk to, really. Maybe this week-end, after the conference, he'd visit with him in Berkeley —if he weren't bogged down in bed with Elizabetta, which in itself wouldn't be too bad either. We'll see. Anyhow he knew he could put things better nowadays; he had the right to speak firmly now. He had hold of a new tool; he felt in fact he had a damn good position in the argument: if he could find out from him just what it was these days, should it come to arguing, which with Lowell it inevitably must. He had in fact a terrific position: he could visualise the end of history. As Lowell talked of history, anyhow. In a sense, history had already ended: Lowell may not have heard the news, but he was obsolescent. Oh it was a dandy argument he felt he could develop now, and Sam sighed at the anticipation of it, different lights beginning to flicker at him from its as yet unseen and certainly varied aspects, even before he could guess what they were or where they might be coming from. From the briefcase beneath his seat Sam brought out a yellow pad and began scrawling a series of notes introductory to his topic, after blocking in the title of his main paper as the reference point: THE EDUCATION OF THE COMPUTER. He was pleased with the facility of his flow of thought.

> some random observations if one permitted generalise on new pandora's box wch has been oped—
>
> difficulties with society scientists have—always come from hostile public, hostile because ignorant, and superstitious (mention many scientists *also* very superstitious?)
>
> public last 100 yrs learns to accept "hard sciences" wch are aristocratic and invisible... why? because they confuse it with technology wch is both visible and democratic.
>
> technol serves up sewage, cars, wrinklefree shirts, mouthwash, cars, newspapers, skilifts, aspirins, waterheaters, tv, freezers outboardmotors electricity razorblades... gadgets most beneficial
>
> but "soft sciences" like psychology? public suspicious and resentful. example: idea of examining the machine called *the brain* still seems to everybody—*including scientists*—a dangerous invasion of privacy! brain is last thing we think we possess so this personal part is hidden behind strong taboo
>
> this attitude must be broken down by psychologist if he's to progress—but this sacred taboo, per se irrational, is part of strongest superstitious folk myth left, *viz.*, that human body is holy
>
> an absurdity, anachronism! intolerable to scientist why absurd? assumes such a thing as mind exists; thus organ it lives in must not be profaned... BUNK!

Carpenter stared up from the pad. The plane banked and he saw they were sweeping vast over the southern end of the Bay. The light that said FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT was on, the movie over, and the girls checking each row of passengers to see if they'd responded to the small glowing command. As the plane slowed circling in its wide arc, stacked over the lower Penin-

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sula waiting for the tower's order to come down, the whine of its turbines sank lower and fainter and they seemed to be hovering. He visualised the pilots locked in up front going through their complex routines fast and accurate as machines as they prepared the jet for its descent along the incline of the radio beam: they were yanking handles, scanning needles and lights that evolved in pulsing patterns over the arrayed dials, they were reaching here and reaching there, overhead, before them, right left and behind, just as they'd learned in their training sessions in the flight simulators and teaching films. Soon we'd be landing and—had to finish before they . . .

NONSENSE! because if human life holy why do we all seek to destroy others in such great numbers in so many fantastic ways? why condone increasing devastation of life, not just human life but life around us? we'd seek to preserve life if we had feeling for its sanctity, but we attack the body of life. concern mostly for our own existence, somewhat for immediate family, decreasing by geometric rate until the little left is offered grudging to people unlike selves in religion, language, colour . . . and we hate everyone over the horizon (this is a commonplace)

but—when an investigator modifies our body it seems a little unnatural, even if only a porcelain capped tooth, transplanted kidney, plastic valve in heart, vaginal loop (circumcision? skip that one)

now . . . what happens when we accept grafts and transplants . . . going on to engineer heredity? or more subtly when we begin modifying behaviour so efficiently changes occurring over generations now come in months, weeks? I mean: changes we programme selves for, *viz., changes made overnight* such as will happen when human being—*the child*—is associated with the computer! powers vast untapped undreamt of in your philosophy

i.e., modification of machine called the brain . . . not utopian! happening already gentlemen prepare ourselves to accept this reality . . . in order to control (guide?) evolution

e.g., for far too long race has lived with vast majority of vague persons, subnormals, masses of neglected underprivileged undernourished bipeds . . . but with patterned programmed learning behaviour powered by COMPUTER *we begin fashioning new species homo sap.* infact with computer we alter mechanism of brain itself through integrated connection to infinite potential of COMPUTER.

His ears popped. Sam glanced out to see the flaps extruding from the wing, the screw gear revolving in the opened trailing edge. They were sailing over those discoloured waters at the bottom of the Bay, fenced, patched in square fields of copperygreen, ochre, sapphire sulphate blue, evaporating pans, chemical pools of some sort. The water over towards Alameda County on his right was grey, coldlooking, chopped; then there was the long bridge drawn over that deep, with cars and trucks speeding in slow-motion at about 55*mph*, the plane dropping steady through the calm air, windlessly calm compared with the snowy gusts that had buffeted them taking off four hours ago from O'Hare. Now the flaps were full out and down, the engines screamed out, the white markings at the shore's edge flew past, the whole thing settled with a whoop, committed to this attempt, it touched careering hard as the brakes were set and the turbines cut out paused then reversed their thrust with a throaty roaring blast, and the world shuddered to a decelerated pace, resolving oddly into the normal focus of a believable 45*mph* as they rolled taxiing to the parking area, grumbling, creaking, the suddenly heavy engine pods bouncing, swaying like bombs below the thin wings, making them flap like sheets of tin, up and down like—wings. Now the stewardesses stopped along the aisle collecting earsets, their young hands tangled full of plastic wires and bags: with the lights in the cabin the muzak had come on too, suddenly jangling with its slack rhythms. Unsmiling, the girls were getting things out of the way, their movements angular, unyielding. Outside was thick fog, it billowed by in grey trampling ghostherds, like elephants gigantic though ephemeral. The distant fences of flashing landing lights vanished from view as the sunny afternoon became at once dark, dank, dismal: San Francisco.

BUT HIS THOUGHT continued radiant, pulsing through the confusion around him as the bulky contraption came to its final stop for the deplaning and people reaching for coats or standing in their places or stooping for parcels and bags tucked beneath the seats made a picture of disorganisation where there had been the packaged bodies tied down for landing. Sam was thinking that after all changing brains was maybe even the smallest part of the operation. Having already multiplied its service abilities beyond present industrial markets, computer technology now in competition with itself, fermenting and budding like yeast, was scanning the world for possible future areas of growth: insertion, adaptation, assimilation: reorganisation, proliferation: and then expansion

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again. A natural process. Global process. And the future was—children. Nothing but children! The two were created for each other! That is the children were made, but we *created* computers. What with software now coming along astonishingly every year, generation upon generation of software, smaller and speedier brains with ever-increasing capacities for storage, brains that could handle and control millions on millions of bits of data, handling, finding, retrieving, manipulating it all, linked up whatever and whoever you wanted with anything else at all wherever it was—any damn kid could have the world at his finger tips. And would! Transcendently clear, this argument: *clusion inscapable!* Besides, you got on the wagon now or you had already lost, forever. He'd seen enough of the computer boys operating to have grasped the fundamental: the fact is nothing, no one can stand in the way of these sales managers. Engineers, mathematicians, deans, chancellors, trustees? When those outfits went to work they could tear a university apart like toilet paper, which much of it was anyway. Region by region, they went at it, state by state, countries, continents. What do you think the chips are worth in *that* game? Nothing. No one. People were the available data from birth on, from before birth and after death: and parts of people too: eyes, ears, kidneys, hearts, liver and lights, bits and pieces, sperm and egg, chromosomes and genes and all: so any and every institution, university to prison to hospital and down to high school and junior high, no matter what it was, was the matrix already prepared for the programmes to come. All of it was data, to be stored, to be tabbed, ready for processing. Naturally. No no, they weren't futzing around for peanuts, millions: those boys were plotting billions, billions of billions of dollars there for the taking, more with every five-year growth period; it just wasn't all hooked up quite yet. And they'd take them too, regardless. So, how foolish of Lowell to have spouted about "human values," or "the mind." As though there was any such thing. Mind. Nothing there but a spook: a tic: a phobia: reflexes at most! Examine a concept of mind and you'll get no more than a pretentious assumption hiding a maladjustment to the environment the organism's born into and trained by. Pathetic. All education's just indoctrination, regimentation: all of it anywhere. Sam thought of calling Lowell from the airport and suggesting that they might have it out for once and for good during the computerisation conference, where he could show him what things were going to be like. Why not?

HE LOOKED UP THEN from his pad, puzzled. His pen had been running over and over some letters until the doodle had pressed through the next few sheets of the pad: CLUSION INSCAPABLE. What was that? And for some reason the doors hadn't been unsealed yet, forward or aft: the cabin was stuffed with stale air and heated by mute bored impatience. Ideas had been sweeping together in his head with such a whirl that his skull felt filled with an angry elation, like stuffed sinuses. He blinked, trying to feel what that harsh sensation was, the bitterness that was flowing through his cheekbones and leaving that taste of steel down his throat. He blew his nose: the pressure was painful, watering his eyes. In his seat he sat waiting as passengers sighed about him and rustled their coats and bags changing their tired arms. Sam would tell him that humanists like Lowell ought to be getting in on it, now. They ought to be planning programmes for growing brains right, they ought to be writing out the computer programmes for . . . humanisation—and not leaving it to haphazard old financiers and fanatic politicians. How could he be made to see, and see now, that these machines would be creating the conditions for real new learning? that their simple and logical information patterns conveyed utterly new values? Whether you like it or not, they *were* creating them, and you could imagine what's involved, when this conference alone, which was merely a tax write-off showcase, must be costing them fifteen million! He decided he *would* call Lowell now, despite his threat five years ago, five long years, an age ago: *I draw the line here, Sam, no matter where you think you may be going. I'm an intellectual Luddite, Sam: I'd like to pull the plug. It's got to have power, so it can be emasculated right at the source—just by pulling its goddam plug!*

A draught of air, cool damp fresh air just in time. Sam had been feeling more and more suffocated, as though the oxygen in the plane were depleted, though no one else seemed to have noticed it. The file began moving towards the exits. As he put his pad into his case, straightened his tie and stood, he felt a bubble of laughter in his stomach, and hard words seethed up on it bursting with forensic rage—all those scattered notions he'd felt waiting in him had arranged themselves in a convincing new order, and he had recognised them. Now it seemed that for the last many months he'd been stand-

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ing still in a featureless place as his best students were flung off in various directions on various immature social-political spasms, upsetting his schedules. Now he felt new, exhilarated; felt terrific: he'd come on as hellishly strong as never before with that Lowell. For all those like him... well screw them! Now he knew what there was to say to them: *You just try it, Mr. Lowell. Pull the plug? Soon, in fact right now, not even old Luddite Lowell would even know where in hell to locate its goddam plug!* And besides, not even he really meant it: wasn't he the one who was putting his English provincial voting lists on cards for the machine to sort, correlate? Sam had heard that gossip from one of the IBM salesmen passing through. Pretty soon Lowell would be enlightening his retrograde colleagues with the pictures of patterned real facts, and altering their history from the bottom. Graphs of behaviours was all the historian can really study, patterns ticked off by frequency and intensity of response: farmhands, millhands, factoryhands, navvies, Cockney girls and Yorkshire girls and Molly Malone sniffing through the maze of life. Oh soon enough Lowell would sign anything they handed him if he could just get his itching fingers on that computer line: Lowell was no fool: he'd see right away where the grant would be coming from: the sociologists had leeched into it for two decades now. But then, historians have long been accustomed to working on the dead, who don't fill in questionnaires.

RAINCOAT OVER HIS RIGHT ARM, attaché case weighing down his left, Sam was stepping along the featureless corridor from the plane's port, and had turned towards the steps that descended to the baggage claims area. There had been a bank of phones at the head, but as he was three steps down following the pull of his case he decided to go down all the way for the valise. That chill wave of fog tumbling in from the sea with thick raindrops glistening in it and sifting down on the treeless hills to the west delighted him: it was going to be a great week in San Francisco, just great now that he had glimpsed into the matter through the lens of his main presentation and traced out the line of his logic to where it vanished in the blurred perspective of futures. CLUSION SCAPABLE: he smiled at it. Yawned twice coming down the stairs and trying to relieve the pressure in his sinuses, so obstinately clogged all of a sudden. Didn't feel like a cold, though. What was it? The thighs of Elizabetta crossed themselves in his thought with a rasp of polished nylon, and he shivered: by hell, why not get himself a Hungarian massage tonight! His right hand was groping in his pocket for change, brushing crinkly balls and swelling dong. No, he would pick up his bag first; he didn't like the picture of that valise standing unattended on the assembly line and tempting some pro: Mark Cross, pigskin, bright yellow. He'd splurged on it when the IBM cheque came through last week: 1,000 dollars for a 3-page piece for their house magazine, a little thing tapped out between gradstudent advising in a free half-hour and handed over to his secretary to do up into prose and punctuate for him. What counts at this stage is the name below the title, the name plus position in italics—nothing else. There would be many little 200-dollar consultations in the years ahead, and even those half-days were but the fringes of the thing. Still, it was his first Mark Cross bag and Sam had no time to lose losing it. Having decided that, even against the pulling remembered reek of Elizabetta's inside thighs, he walked on briskly.

II

THE PLACE WAS CROWDED as it turned out, hundreds of people milling, blocking the automated lines as luggage jounced into view: several planes had disgorged them at once and new arrivals were being announced as well. But then his flight's number flashed on the wall, and Sam saw he'd been correct to come on, for his suitcase was there now, riding grandly down the rubber belt, aiming for his reach just where he stood. Luck was with him today all right; he grinned, feeling the grip cunningly take his palm as though made for it alone. He heaved it up, pirouetting as he did, and sensed two odd things at once, or at least two: and as he puzzled he heard, or thought he heard, his voice crying out in a loud silence, *Oh no you don't!* although whether the words were in his head or in his throat he couldn't tell. The first sensation was a startling volley of stabs in his chest, stabs instantly ballooning into a gush of spilled fire. The second was a certain bright anticipation, a sort of wild intuition that there was about to be an earthquake right beneath him: and he realised that that was what he saw reflected in the snarling face and defensive gesture made by the big man in the white stetson as Sam's briefcase and raincoat flew up somehow with his left arm and caught him square on the

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pink, close-shaven cleft chin. The man's small liquory eyes squinted, flashing a weak blue at him, and almost at once the long gangling arms swept up and came down and rapped him, both at once on his collarbones, hamhands hard and heavy as sledgehammers.

Whut the hail mister caint yew slow daown a bit just yet!

Sam's own arms went out sideways jerking, and the knuckles of his right hand slashed against something like stone nestled against the man's armpit, and he realised it was a gun slung in there. He wanted to excuse himself but the pain in his chest had spread flooding hot yet cold, and he seemed to be given a glimpse inside, seeing there a form for a piling into which turgid massy concrete was being poured, filling it inexorably. The cowboy's face was going up to the ceiling, or else he himself was sinking. He heard the clatter of his case with its loose books, papers and pads falling to the floor and the thump of his valise which was tripping him up on one side and then, only then did he conceive himself to be falling over it with a heavy fall, thrown off balance he thought by that damned bolo-tied striped-suited custom-made rancher wrangler or whoever, TV extra or rodeo champion. Yet he was falling, still falling, falling impossibly. A long slow fall, longer because it wasn't really happening, and then it had happened with a jarring bang! In the instant of thud he recalled it as the same shock as that time when he'd turned in rage from Elizabetta, quarrelling over a piece of jade, a ring she'd wanted to buy in Chinatown off Grant Street somewhere, and smashed into a telephone pole that hadn't been there before, he knew it hadn't! and had gone reeling back thinking the pole had reached out and bashed him, flinging off his sun-glasses, loosening a couple of molars.... The pain in his chest, the breathlessness from being kicked by the floor, winded, left him rigid, lying and pondering clearly as in another time and space, where the mind is fast as light and matter has blurred to a jell. And this thinking was also a seeing clear: a few inches from him lay a blob of smudged pink flattened and poisonously sweet-smelling bubblegum, a half-smoked shredded cork-tipped cigarette stained by lipstick, the bit of newsprint with the phrases of two columns legible aslant... BOMBED AGAIN TODAY DESPITE STIFF RESISTANCE FROM ENEM—and CLARING SON SPOKE TO HIM THROUGH MEDIUM, SAYING THAT HE WAS SOR... and also a minuscule red ant carrying a bit of infinitesimal white, crumb or crystal perhaps, in its mandibles, scurrying up a crack between two squares of the dull, black vinyl tiles that were unevenly laid over the concrete, busily running amid those cyclopean shoes thundering down all round in the distance. He mused, wondering how the ant would solve his problem when he reached the end of the winding maze in the floor and, waving that pecan-shaped little head, climbed out on the plain among those footsteps falling like whole mountains. But as he watched, the ant dashed to the end of the crack and... disappeared into a tiny hole in the ground itself: gone, saved. Imagine that. How long a pair of seconds Sam lay there stunned, marvelling at his tiny ant's escape—and then the world flipped into its own position in time, and he felt he knew where he was and what had happened to him. He'd tripped, yes, fallen flat on his face. That's all it was. Yet he hurt all over, more than the fall should have warranted. In his chest it was that he hurt, deep inside himself. It wasn't only that his breath had been slammed out of him: it hurt him now even to try to draw it. But why? he said to himself in his own voice. The answer bounced echoing back in that voice belonging to that announcer, hollow, logical, who boomed out spot ads of auto-supply sales: transmission specials, tyre specials, brake, radiator, accessory specials every ten minutes: it was that very voice he heard whanging in his head when he had made a wrong, yes stupid prediction of experimental results—or it had the gall to be advising him how to set up the next experiment: oh he knew that blarer: and it alone spoke now inside saying *you know why Sam it's your heart my fran! so why don't you right now just run down and ask your neighbourhood friendly druggist for some....* Switch him off, Sam, his own true voice counselled—but his own true was the voice of the boy who'd lied to himself about why Daisy called off going to the senior prom: because his breath was beeeee ooooooo... *no it's your heart my fran your franly heart so hurryhurryhurrrreeee....*

ONLY THEN did he lie still trying to think about this thing here, now, as his own private event, something he wouldn't have explained even if he'd had the wind, which he did not, since someone knelt on his back between his shoulders and prevented him from drawing in that one gutdeep healing sigh he so much needed. Yet no one was there. He turned his eyes straining slanting up to the right. Attached to the shoes that stood side by side a few feet

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off there were legs: a gang, wasn't it, of compassionate enemies. The big brown shiny high-heeled boots spread wide there belonged to that damn cowboy: he's the one who had knocked him over and he's the one Sam would sue the shit out of! because he couldn't very well drag that pistol out of its holster in public, now could he? and the tops of those curlicued filigreed boots held tucked in them pinstriped green trouserlegs that towered out of sight beyond the knees. Also, clumped next to each other were two Ennajettick shoes, black, swollen, tightlaced, with thick-tiered oldlady ankles and calves swathed in rubberised beige stockings, and beside them a shopping bag bulged, tearing, that read KLEIN'S ON THE SQUARE. And then beside them a pair of calloused feet, bare grimy horny feet, yet feet that twiddled toes and were joined to two fine-curved longboned though streetmucked ankles and the shins of a girl of say sixteen, and his eyes struggled up those fillylegs till they came to a lavender hemline that just covered from view the girlish crotch swelling behind blue polkadotted panties—and there they stopped, as though hope could itself ever penetrate the tenderly concealed secrets of the micro-skirt. And there were other shoes round him; a sort of muffling of the low roar of the airport traffic by the wall of bodies those legs were attached to. But no hand descended, no voice spoke to him. In the nailchewed hand of the nymph, propped against her flexing thigh-muscles, was a black and silver transistor rattling tinnily and giving her leg its beat, a wailing banging rock that added its chatter to the medley of muzak and floorshaking vibrations of the jets taking off and landing out there, blasting their engines in that far other world—but all transmitted yanging into his left ear lying hard against the floor that had struck him such a blow on its swift way up to meet him long ago on his way down.... Still no one had moved, no one spoke out to cry alarm or comfort. No one in fact was doing anything, unless it was to stare down at him lying there, if even that. Was he deafened, paralysed? How odd that in all this long while they remained frozen in a ring about him.

FINALLY, BUT FINALLY the Ennajetticks turned aside and admitted a pair of scuffed navy-blue suede flamenco boots to the circle: attached to them were ankles inside dingy white cuffless duck trousers. The shoes flexed, let down a knee; he heard a voice, male, unpitched, lisping What happened here folks?

Wall he jist keeled raht ovuh at me, came the voice of the cattleman. Ah thot he was going ta take a poke at me for now good reason, jedgin ba his look, so ah said *Watch it stranger!* and he jist keeled ovuh on daown like a hogtied heffah?

What's the matter with you, the voice said close to his right cheek.

Sam forced out, his tongue slurring in the pool of saliva in his mouth that was draining on the floor, Who are you?

I'm Airport First Aid, sir.

Need wheelchair, get me wheelchair.

I didn't bring one, sir, I'm sorry. I just now got the call from the desk over there and came as fast as I could. But they didn't tell me you were still down, sir. What's the matter with you anyway.

His whisper fading as he said the grim words, Sam answered, Get me wheelchair. My heart, I think. Help. Fast. Need. Please.

Murmuring sympathy overhead, voices he couldn't see. And cowboy's rumble, Hart? hart? Gee ahm raht sorry for him in that case mam. Thot he was going plumb loco, kinda fit mebbe? Shore looked to me like a real fit or somethin. Other voices *shshshshing*. Near Sam's ear again, the First Aid, pleading. But I can't, sir. We don't have one. I mean we did or maybe we should but I haven't seen a wheelchair around so I can't very well ... the voice fading shrill into helplessness.

Sam then taken under his arms, lifted, hauled to his legs, which are remotely alive, tingling somehow, but there. One arm laid over the medic's shoulder: for the first time he glimpses the face, sharpnosed, mottleskinned and acned, slatey small eyes bulging like marbles, expressionless—a boy of thirty. The other arm yanked up hard and wrapped over the six-foot-high neck of the bullbacked cowboy. Medic holds briefcase, Texas lout, his whiskeybreath wafting close, hefts easily the beautiful pigskin Mark Cross case.

Where we going? I can't walk. Mustn't. Having heart attack. Get me wheelchair o please wheelchair, Sam is muttering, so weakly. Feels sorry hearing the sound of his own voice like that; but it's drowned out, his shame, under the microphoned boom of that announcer that comes on inside his skull, saying *it can be expensive fran so don't let them take you to the wrong shop o no you just do the right thing for yourself today and come on down now to the*

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man you can trust your franly.... Listen, he says, you've got to put me in a wheelchair, refuse to take another step, you'll kill me here....

Soothingly the cowboy bassoes at him, We'll get you there and lay you daown mister now don't you worry none. Jist move yore laigs faster caint you yore awful heavy?

Sam swallows the whimper of despair bubbling in his throat. The voice in his head sounds also like that pitchman for Slavik's Used Cars: IF YOU HAVE TO MAKE A CHOICE MAKE THE A-I CHOICE OF YOUR LIFE: YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO! Shut, shut shut up! Sam yells back silently as he is slogged along.

Then he thinks downward, finds he can move those legs a little bit, so he puts weight on them alternately, shuffling spastic as the medic and cowboy haul his arms relentlessly faster than he can go, saying as they tug, Look out there feller! and Watch it please, sick man here! To him they speak not. In his agony his throat gags on a gob of iron-flavoured gall, and they press forward with him hanging between them, on and on as though uphill. Sam tries drawing careful breaths now, saving his strength, and yet he begins to feel sweat pouring inside his clothes, heavy sweat. Panic, is it? Maybe. Or else, the climax preparing itself.

How far do we have to go, my god?

Oh it's down there.

Where? Where, you?

Mister I'm sorry, but you *would* have to go and plotz at the *other* end of the world. So what do you want from *me!*

Why don't they put it in the middle so it can serve both ends dammit! Why don't they think of sick people, victims, sufferers?

Don't ask me. Save your breath, you'll need it. You're heavy enough as it is.

Well why don't they!

You do whut he tells you how to do, the cowboy orders him, maternally, jist try to shut up and live caint you.

Swifter yet they lug him as they tire. Desk after desk, airline after airline, so many airlines the three of them pass, going along this interminable terminal. Easily half a mile. The sweat is flushing down his back. Then straight ahead, between MEN and WOMEN, he sees the open portal of his Station, marked by the big blue cross over it. From inside the fluorescent medical light glows, contrasting with the yellows of the airport. They run him desperately there the few last yards, and dashing in half-lift half-throw him off their shoulders and down on his back on the cot which, Sam hopes, though so briefly as he is laid out flat, will be his first station but not godwilling his last one. As he is twisted in air, he sees acutely that the cot is covered with a musty sheet, stained with multicoloured greasy stains, spotted with cigarette burns. It is barely a room: it is actually only a broom-closet painted white once, sink and all painted white. On the opened door is stencilled in chrome glitterpaint: FIRST AID.

Wal ah'll be going now. Yew tek keer, hear naow! Jocular, he shouted down winking at him as though... they'd been on a spree together and he'd brought Sam back in good fellowship to some ratty hotelroom. He'd dropped the massive valise at the door; now he patted him familiarly on the thigh and, cracking those thick knuckles absentmindedly, loomed out and vanished, lurching off on those boots into nowhere again.

NOW THAT OAF WAS GONE, Sam felt sad, helpless. He was looking up at the lipbiting ferretface of the First Aid: he saw the crumpled interne's jacket hanging sizes too large on the skinny frame: he watched him lighting a Marlboro with tremulant hands. Right through his ache, his sweat, the deflation and taut fire in his chest, Sam felt also his rage at this predicament, a rage rising in him that might overwhelm him eventually, but now that he was somehow abandoned to this person a rage he directed at him.

What are you doing?

I'll just grab a teentsy smoke, mister.

Listen you, I may be dying. Get it? Where's your first aid?

This is it. You're in it.

I mean, Sam hoarsened, his throat drying with new alarm—after all this was in the middle of the day in San Francisco International Airport for christsake, this couldn't be! —I mean oxygen, digitalis... a shot, something ... medicine?

Oh well, listen to him. Isn't *he* an excitable one! the medic cooed at the wall, waving his cigarette at it.

Baffled, Sam let his jaw gape. The medic put his hand on his, a wet, cold hand, and said in a tone of assumed patience, The fact is, mister, I don't see any oxygen tank here, do you? And *I* certainly don't know what's wrong with you. So let me drag at my cancer thing in peace, huh. After all I've brought you all the way down, haven't I? So let's be a good boy, shall we.

It's my heart, here. Hurts right here. I'm

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dying. Take my pulse at least. Cover me. Do something!

That confused him. His eyes shifted towards the door, as his boneless fingers groped at Sam's wrist, shy. Sam shook them off. The medic turned away then, saying, Anyway I can give you a blanket. And picked a heavy olive-green soursmelling army surplus wool down from the shelf and tossed it clumsily on Sam's legs still folded as it was in four.

Open it up, I'm sweating. Sam hissed at him. Do I have to tell you everything. Shock, I might be in shock.

Oh sure, you're in shock. I'll just bet. Suit yourself, is what *I* say. He opened it once, spreading it, tucking assiduously with light pressing of the hands up and down his sides and chattering to himself, Isn't he a big one, though, isn't he a gorgeous big one?

Silence. Sam lay incredulous, breathing slow, trying to collect his thoughts against the oil-waste odours of that blanket. Deeply the medic sighed, lit another cigarette and said, Look, mister, don't knock it.

What!

I mean get off my back, why don't you. I'm only here on this stupid old gig for the first time, so how should I know what's here even or what I can and can't do. No one tells you *any*thing anymore, you know.

Aren't you the medic, don't they have a test or something for hiring you? Anything might happen, this is a public place, isn't it. This is San Francisco.

You must be putting me on. Admit it, you're putting me on, aren't you.

It's not the Congo!

How would I know that, you crazy thing? I ask you.

Lives are at stake here. You better believe it. My life. My life.

As I just got through telling you if you weren't so upset you wouldn't listen, this is my first day and I don't know where anything is at, and besides, all they have in here's aspirin and sal ammoniac and bandaid and a spray for cuts and things and vaseline, wouldn't you know—I'm sure I can't imagine what *that's* for, can you? Anyway if you must know, I didn't have to take any exam whatsoever. I'm a *male nurse*, thank you. And I've had three entire years of experience. Actually though I worked at the funny farm. Started as kitchen orderly and made my own way up to holding them down in the ice tub and the electro-therapy. That is, shock treatment to you. It's more fun than you might think. Though it's ghastly too. I was actually looking forward to this bit, watching the so-called *normals*, if you know what I mean. Until *you* had to wander down the path. I couldn't *stand* the sight of blood again today. I'm glad you're not bleeding to death, aren't you? Thank heavens for small mercies.

Sam waited. Whispered, if you can't do anything for me, get me a doctor?

He drawled back, Where would *I* get a *doctor*, if you please? Besides I go off duty in fifteen minutes. You can't *imagine* what sort of day it's been, I never dreamed! First a little girl goes positively hysterical because she's lost her mama, and *I* had to traipse the stickly little thing through the whole darn terminal looking for her, and do you think the bitch even thanked me? And then a Mexican peasant spills her bag of waters and has to be carried wailing to a taxi, and here all along I thought those primitives just squatted and dropped the thing on their own hands sort of, and you bite the cord? Just shows how wrong you can be. Which reminds me, they must have left that stretcher somewhere outside PSA. Sure I bet that's where it is. And then that nasty old cop sits here after throwing my friend out who was only keeping me company for a few puffs out of purest generosity of heart, my first day on the job after all, when he could've gone and taken care of his own business, the little hustler. And now you—making me carry you all the way from the other end with your old heart attack, for goodness sake. You don't look that sick, not to me. Believe me, I know a thing or two. Give us that wrist of yours now, all right?

I only want a doc-tor....

If you'd just lie still and stop squirming like a nasty child that's wet his little pants, I could take your pulse, so how about it.

Firmly he grabbed under the blanket and ran his fingers along Sam's arm professionally, his flamenco-booted foot tapping impatiently, the cigarette hanging wet in the thin lips, the marbled eyes staring up at the light fixture fluttering weakish at one tube-end, failing.

Little fast. You'll be okay. My father, may he rest in peace, used to faint once in a while too, poor man. Especially when he got back home from one of his so-called business trips. You bet you just know what *he* was up to. No wonder Mother went slowly stark raving....

I don't live here, Sam broke in to that reverie, I've just arrived. I need help, now.

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You don't live here? Then what's the matter with you anyway.

I *told* you, and I told you. Jesus, it's my heart, heart, heart. Call a doctor, *some* doctor must be on call, there must be a number on file here.

Well if there is I sure wouldn't be the one to know it, would I. Look at it this way, I said you'll be okay and you will, just rest a while and stop fidgeting. Shall I tell you something, between just we two? You don't look bad to me. I've seen them a hell of a lot worse. You should see them coming out of electroshock, then you'd see something, let me tell you. They can't even remember where they are, they've forgotten everything!

You're not being logical. Suppose I died. Suppose.

Goodness don't even mention such an awful thing! You won't, though. At least not all over me, I hope.

How would you know.

Now listen mister, you don't have to be fresh. I have *my* rights too. Petulant, he turned away. Sam heard himself murmuring an apology, I'm sorry, sorry.

All right, it doesn't matter anyway, it happens to me all the time, you know.

Sam was saying to himself that this couldn't go on, he had to make up his mind. Where's the phone, he asked.

The booth's just outside. You go ahead and get up. You can die for all *I'd* try stopping you, you know.

I know, I know.

Well if I were you I wouldn't.

I have to call someone, I can't lie here with you like this waiting to die, can I?

Easy, Sam let himself sit up, dropping his legs off the cot. He felt, and saw himself, a jar, networks of shivery hairlines running through the porcelain: he must be careful not to jar this frail vessel, carefully carefully, lest it, he, his life, dissolve into a heap of smithereens, useless puzzle pieces. As his feet lifted him, he could almost hear inside himself the creaking tinkle of tiny shards flying off the glazed surface of his life. If you won't go for me, he said, I'll just have to phone for myself.

Phone, phone. Your funeral's all *I* say. Just don't turn around and blame me later. And he batted his void slatey eyes, exhaling a stream of acrid smoke from that slack mouth as Sam slid by him gingerly; he leaned smirking aside, though not far enough to be out of the way; it was in fact as if he forced him to brush against him. And Sam did, rounding the threshold. Tchtchtch! the fellow clucked.

A DOZEN LENGTHENING PACES past the WOMEN'S, Sam let himself down in the booth, and as he did saw that sonofabitch step from the FIRST AID, light another Marlboro with a flounce of the wrist, and settle graciously against the wall, leaning one hand on his hip, crossing his legs languidly, seducing the world at large now. It was as though nothing had happened, if you judged by that vacant cruising gaze he offered anyone through the smoke.

What to do now, how much time had he, should he call Elizabetta first? She'd know the right doctor. But did he wish to call her like this, that is dying. What if he was, really, and it were to come in San Francisco, and supposing there was the whole thing of getting the body home to be burned, and then Beth to find out there was an Elizabetta as well, a consigner of corpses? Well, what difference would that make to him for god's sake, 185 pounds of embalmed cadaver *C.O.D.* in an aluminium crate.

He dialled information. But, as each breath he took seemed to rotate a ring of needles rasping deeper and raying out from his pump, it was obvious this wasn't the time to be calling Elizabetta to get her to act for him: it was too late, and anyway something he should do for himself. He hung up, fumbling in the return slot for the dime, and then slouched staring at the sign blurred before him on the wall of the booth, beginning to take in what it declared: MERCY 24 HOURS MERCY.

That much he made out. Wiping his eyes clear, he found himself patiently scanning the entire ad, as if each word he parsed gained him that much more time to breathe in....

Ambulance Service—Radio Dispatched—
No Distance Too Great
All Ambulances OXYGEN & RESUSCITATION EQUIPPED
Finest Trained Attendants (*Members of Teamsters Local 278*)
Northern California Ambulance Association
(Ambassu of America)
Special Rates Quoted on Long Distance Trips:
and Arrangements for: All Airplane and
Train Trips Available
Call us Now!
MERCY 24 HOURS MERCY 24 HOURS MERCY

Out West, Sam was reminded bitterly, mortuaries ran the ambulance often as not, and that was why he was spelling out the fine print. Well he'd call for MERCY 24 HOURS MERCY, and

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tell them to lug him to the best hospital for dying, and offer them the bonus contract of packing him up later for the flight home. So he dialled MERCY, got the hard-voiced female dispatcher asking him to hold the line puleesuh, returning after what seemed minutes, saying Thank you for holding and how can we help you puleesuh? Sam gave her his location, his condition, urged her to hurry. We can only do our best, thank you puleesuh, she said, and hung up on him.

The medic never budged out of the way when Sam edged back into the First Aid closet to lay himself tenderly out again. Then he began to wait, forbidding himself to glance at his watch, forbidding himself to look at the scrawny back of the vacant medic, forbidding himself to think, trying to maintain a careful shallow-mouthed respiration as he suffered under the noxious blanket, sweating cold beads from the surfaces of his body. He gazed instead at the struggling bluey light of the fluorescent. He dozed.

WAIL OF SIREN far off. From far it came, wandering, winding to him through the gorged desert acres of parking, growing loud and louder, and dying away nearby. Two clean-shirted and starched brisk attendants were filling the little room now. One took his wrist harshly. Thumbed up his eyelid.

I'm—

—Don't talk. We'll get you out of here like fast, man, don't rap it up at us, the other said, with what sounded the first note of compassion he'd heard today, or was it condescension? contempt . . . ? Sam didn't like it: it seemed they winked over him. They would let me collapse, they would just turn round and drive him down into the undertaker's garage, not even bothering with the hospital.

Listen, Sam said, as they half-rolled, half-dropped him to their wheeled stretcher.

No, man, no. You shush it up, the other said, tapping Sam admonitory on his shin.

My bags, Sam said, rolling his eyes to one corner, my notes, my clothes . . . two bags full . . . one for . . .

I said, Cool it man, you're working too hard.

Behind him Sam heard now the voice of that simpering medic, jeering incredible, I've got your old things, mister, did you think I'd keep them anyway? Oh say, imagine the nerve of it! Sheer ingratitude, and I thought you were a real man there. Oh say, he thinks I'd try something like that on him, oh now listen, *lis*ten. . . .

In the ambulance, Sam put his hand up to stop the cone as it descended, and said whispering to the attendant kneeling by him, It's my heart, you know. I'm a professor of psychology. Where are you taking me?

Well, man—he hesitated, so that Sam felt he didn't want to tell him.

Go on, tell me. I've had one hell of a hassle trying to get you here before I went under. . . .

—Being as we're up from San Jose, I suppose the groovy thing's tooling you down the Freeway. Little further than up to Sanfran medschool, but traffic's going in, so what with this and that you're about as well off heading to Palo Alto. Right, Bill?

Save him his bread too on this bus because we're up from San Jose anyway, dig. You might have told him that, George.

Well I did, man, I did. But I don't dig him freaking out in complications, if he's going to—

Sam breathed miserably loudly, not to them though, Oh god, okay okay. . . .

Well I rapped him that already, Bill, so let's drag her. Turn her on, man!

Bitchin, man, bitchin!

Mister Professor, here's your bottled snorter, and away we go!

As the mask came down on his face and the ambulance lurched off, siren rippling, hooting outside, flashing crimson into the fogged-in confusion of the lots, Sam dropped his eyelids and went off into himself, relaxed to be taking in the sparkling gas, finally. In his forehead Elizabetta bloomed smiling, big-toothed, chain-smoking, holding her cigarette Slavic-style between thumb and index finger, saying, Vell Sam, I'm waiting, so vere are you coming this time, vere are you lost, Sam, vere?

Into an elevator, he thought, loaded and unloaded, yes. Softly spoken words. Hands, soft yet brisk, female hands undressing him. Prick in the inside of his forearm, needle slid up under the skin, bulge of the fluid injected steadily, distant. Nothing more then: the racketing radio announcer's voice, coming from a face that could only have worn a thin moustache below a sharp nose and bald head, that voice faded as though the dial were turned down by degrees, slowly squeezing that nutty bastard's nonsense out of him, *friend neighbour you there! need help, help, help?* and Sam let himself sink relieved under that quiet. Above his head, as he settled, a splash of pity, ripples of farewell from faraway Beth, far far reading her newspaper, drinking coffee by a window slanted with grey-white winter sunlight re-

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flected from sparse snow in the black garden . . . and she dimmed. In the shadows of the surface, the members of the mobbed conference proceeding now sans Sam Carpenter, sans Carpenter's speech, sans his papers, his postulations scintillant with implications entailing projects for the following biennials, procedurals all packed in pigskin, Mark Cross unheard now and forever discontributed as he bumped on the floor of the tidal pool, scraping against the barnacled boulders, scratching along openvulvaed mussels and mouth-fringed hungarian anemones and tasseled urchins tucked in clefts gargling that sweetsour brine . . . bones broken open without kudos and whatever. . . .

Because it was stupid, stupid, he knew he was dreaming. Must be. The chesty Texan was facing him tall at arms' length, goggling down at him from his height and blocking him from the sun with his 500-pound rodeo bulk, steer-bulk, wrassling bulk, making him shiver in that shadow of whiskey. And his face burned red, pink-red on the glazed wind-polished lotioned razored wattles. He looked mighty angry, bursting with Marlboro Country toughness in that striped white and red cowboy get-up. He commanded through tight lips, Yew gonna draw on me stranger! Yew are jist agone draw yore weapon out on me when ah count tharee! Yew raidee? Won . . atew . . anduh. . . . But I! But I! Sam was holding out empty palms protestfully with a squeaky voice—why was it so tinny up in the front of his head as though there were a tiny speaker transistored in up there? He meant he wasn't ready, that's all, not that he was squealing skeered. Hadn't practised. Didn't know if his gun was clean or loaded even or what was with it. Hadn't expected to, besides. Wasn't thirty-nine yet. Let's see, well or if he was for instance he was still young, still too inexperienced to do like this or do like that. Anyhow sure he was thirty-nine and what about it anyway? That didn't mean May was December by a long shot because even though it was he had some legitimate future business here, future-oriented was what it is and was much faster than any old IBM 370 and worth a pile of silver dollars up to the 55th floor at least, precision dough all of it, and machining parts for the people of today American tomorrow the World, and Reno, shortening their downtime by processing them out to testinglabs for computation installation online retrieval and or debugging billions of bits all they had up in data storage, here and there, up and right up and he had the patents haha! and the psychological, duly notorious, that is notarised, that is not aroze, uh rose. . . . Nevertheless Tex bent his knees and flexed hands held up and away behind his barrel body loose ready to draw out on him, saying That's whut ah like bout yew stranger, yew know exactly whut yore doin' don't yew stranger, yew think yew are so damn fatass smart don't yew well if yew think yore goin' to beat it round me stranger not this time yew won't yewd better begin to draw hey! and the hamsausage fingers flexing and Sam wondered where in hell his guns were anyway and as he did Tex pulled that Gene Autry custom-tailored coat open with slow significant convulsive trembling and Sam saw two enormous Colt ·45 revolvers hanging over the bulbous pectorals from pink brassiere straps haha! He stepped back two steps three laughing madly like a hyena, asthmatically coyote laughing jeering pointing and saying, Well wait till I tell Elizabetta what I saw on *you* cowboy . . . ! You you you act a bully but you're just a cowboy, boy! And so saying cunningly twitched his hands out for those black guns, big heavy guns, hoping he'd scoop them out first, swoop him and sweep him at his draw one, and two and uh. . . .

. . . Three! Lie still a few moments more please. No no no *don't* touch them. A woman talking low beside his ear, her hands on his wrists, grappling gently.

Dimly he understood that he'd been meaning to remove some things prickling on his chest, had felt wires, a tingling series of electrical sparklings buzzings like hot dots on his heartbone, sternum he meant, over his aching ribs.

What's happening to me.

Just a small routine. EKG. Doctor wants another reading right away.

His eyes pulling open, Sam saw an impressive nurse-capped face over him, Chinese-faced, yet freckled, mulatto, hair red, hennaed like Elizabetta's, though duller, more curly. Calmly he breathed, How long have I been out?

Ohhh, she answered, noncommittal, not too. . . .

Sam watched. For an instant he had thought it was she, boldly tinted copper beneath the white cap, bangs like hers, pair of Spanish spitcurls on her cheeks over the ears, bulged brown eyes, though these eyes were off-colour, flecked with jade in the pupils and

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giving the glaucous effect of Elizabetta's contact lenses. Also the black freckles under heavy powder, the voice deep and oddrhythmed, not Southern, not Hungarian, though same general effect: gullah wullah or bahama. And the hands he felt working on him, their dry coldness: so many things as he had come to, thinking of her and those charmingly odd and sharp-pointed breasts, tipped out blackish with massive pornographic nipples, blackhaired. Secretly snapshot once, nuzzled too: by the Assistant Minister for Machine Tools, a Major in the Secret Police, a CIA fink and a professor of psychology and . . . and Nurse's, crispy in nylon, solid white against upper arm as she ripped and replaced those electrodes. Part of a dream of nonsensesenses: binary breasts: though dreams don't; make sense. Picture puzzle of sedation. Quietly he said again, How long have I been out, Nurse.

Shshshshshsh.

I said, How long have I—

I heard what you said, Mr. Carpenter. I heard. I'm just now busy with this machine, you see. Can't talk to you and read those dials can I, and you know the dials come first. Save your breath, Mr. Carpenter.

For what.

Don't start that kind of talk in here. It's bad enough as it is. I mean—

Oh? Sam said. Oh? Shut his eyes then.

I'm sorry, sir. Don't take on like that. What I meant was you're at the Stanford Hospital Medical Center Intensive Care Wing of the Heart Center Wing. Doctor D. D. Cohen is treating your case. That's all I can say for information now. And I'm Brown. Your nurse.

Aslant on her dress he squinted out the green-lettered plastic strip: Betty Brown. Her breasts weighed on his arm again as she flipped knobs around on the unit that stood beside his head; he heard the crackling currents, discerned the flickers of the gaugeneedles flipping right and left, the pens scribbling against the paper strip moving through, unwinding out the other side of the machine like a stocktape.

Very softly Sam asked, Who's he?

Doctor D. D. Cohen? Top man. Doctor D. D. Cohen? One of the best. Young, and already Associate Professor of Cardiology. He was just leaving for Washington when they brought you in, but you're getting his attention: professional courtesy to the University of Wisconsin: he was pre-med there. Knows your name. Nurse seemed to press against him, friendly, reassuring. It was good to feel her.

Oh. Sam paused. Miss Brown?

Yes.

What do you see?

I believe I've said too much already, sir. Abruptly she turned, tearing the strips of paper from the machine as a short man walked into the room. Stocky he was, built like a bear, with thick black locks, slabbed chipmunk cheeks, little black eyes and a dark mat of beard visible through his shaved skin. With a perfunctory glance in his direction, he whipped the papers from Nurse Brown's hand, scanned them, shoulder turned to block Sam's view of him. But spoke, still away from him. Good morning, Professor Carpenter. How are we feeling today. I'm Cohen, Cardiology. Took you on when they wheeled you in. What happened? Those boys on the meatwagon weren't too clear about it.

Sam briefly described it: feeling perfect, had stopped for luggage, was due now at International Computer Conference in San Francisco —Cohen interrupted him, remarking, Yes, I had to pass that up for Washington, take the cash and let the credit go and so forth, but now here we are, aren't we, Carpenter?—and had tripped and, perhaps, suffered a coronary or something.

Let's not practise without a licence, eh, Carpenter? You tell me what seemed to happen and I'll diagnose the patient, right, Carpenter?

Sam went into it, and the cardiologist nodded, saying only at pauses in the story, Ahum . . . and, Ahum. How long had he been under, Sam ventured.

Ohhh not long. Ahum. Only two days, let's say. This is it. Third day. I had hoped, I mean I'd . . . his voice trailed off, seeming to be breathing to itself in a deep, black cave, a sort of hollow remote cavern into which Sam peered mentally, and saw nothing, nothing at all, a void, dark, blank.

All right, Sam said. I understand. Tell me something.

Not that, no, it's not that.

What is it then. Why did you just say you—

I was merely going to observe that I had expected to see a marked improvement in your EKG today. That's all.

Tell her to take it again.

Oh please. Miss Brown knows her machine all right. This is it, I guess.

Nurse Brown grinned a full smile at the doctor. Her left hand was stripping electrodes from his chest, and then swiftly she powdered Sam, deftly rubbing the talc in, buttoned his pyjama and rolled the sheet back up to his chin.

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But stayed next to him, her arm familiarly resting against his shoulder, her fingers almost unconsciously kneading his neck, soothing him where the aftereffect of the sedative lingered, aching.

THE ROOM WAS BRIGHT with sunlight tilted up through the slats of the blind. Flowers vivid on the table at the window. California sun, golden, full of moist air cool from the grey Pacific. Doctor Cohen dressed in a dark blue finestriped and very expensive suit, his shirt blue with a white collar and plain black thick raw-silk tie. Golden coins for cufflinks half-protruding from his sleeves as he folded his arms over his massive chest that rose deeply with his calm respiration. Sam waited for him to go on.

What do *you* think, Professor Carpenter.

Coronary.

Ahum.

How bad though? I mean, *is* it a coronary?

I believe I ought to tell you what you want to know. So I will. Agreed? I had you put under for two days, hoping to get you back today. All right? I've had you cardiographed at regular intervals for sixty hours. All right. A full registration. But, your EKGs vary. They're either positive or a little . . . ambiguous. I *had* hoped to clear it up today, the . . . ambiguity. So what do you think?

Sam regarded the flowers in the vase. Watched a drooped poppy detach one petal, watched the red petal fall. Sighed and spoke as he had never supposed he could speak. You mean, I'm dying.

Frankly, yes. You've got all the indicatives. Symptoms. More than I need. Two hours ago the tape was ambiguous. This one's positive. So. . . .

Sam saw the nurse grinning, shyly, away from him. But he saw her. What the hell was so satisfying about the electronic jiggles that prescribed a man's death.

You're sure, Sam said. You're positive.

Now look, Carpenter, I've seen thousands like this, just thousands, and I know what I see. Sorry. I think you should be in a position to take care of yourself, call home, for instance, if you want to. . . . I mean, you're married, aren't you? I mean, for you to call yourself . . . ? While you had the time? I didn't commit you, you know, and I think you should be the one to handle this, uh, situation by your self. All right?

You're kidding. Doctor Cohen, you're kidding me.

Wish I could. I don't kid hearts.

I don't understand.

Yes you do. You're a dying man, Carpenter. Sure I'd like to get you through. At least today. Of course I want to make damned sure what I interpret as ambiguous cardiograms aren't, at least for the record. It's, ahum, problematical. Follow me? For the record? Look Carpenter, we've got a project going, uh, cardiac file. You should appreciate this one: I mean, we're building a computed index up here, and it's vital that we get a thorough profile every time, uh, right through the whole case. You can, uh, appreciate the principle, can't you.

Sam pondered his face. The black eyes, pinched in their pleats of skin, never actually looked at him but at the floor, or his hands or at the general region of his suffering chest, never his eyes though.

Oh, Sam said. I see what you mean.

Good. Public Health's renewed the seven million dollar grant I swung to start this project here, and we're just getting our working sample carded after three years. It's been a long pull. We're working out some fascinating programmes, you'd be interested in them, I think. You understand the, uh, methodology don't you. Of course, it's your kind of thing. I want to link this centre up on a world-wide scale, oh say Northern Hemisphere, and then we'll have data to burn.

Sam wasn't feeling as bad as he thought he should be somehow; nevertheless there was a scary tremor in his stomach, a drop of nausea. He wondered, a little wildly, what getting through this third day was going to be like, this one but maybe not the next, ever . . . and to be leaving behind a complete set of data for processing tomorrow into cards that would be slipped into Cohen's index.

NURSE BROWN'S FACE seemed impervious to his intense, yet unexpressed thoughts as she went out and returned with some folded-up contraption. Her eyes, though, her eyes were glowing at him, saying something he couldn't read off. Rather, he might have, were he not where he was, and what he was: a dying case. She began unlocking the chrome tubes, snapping them into position. It made up into a sort of ladder, three steep steps. She set it down in the middle of the room and stood aside to look at him. Doctor Cohen was studying a phenomenon over Sam's face, something there, yet not on the wall

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nor related to him: he seemed in fact unfocused, although his voice rolled out firmly enough.

Carpenter, these are the thirty-nine steps. You are going to sit up now. You are going to get out of bed. You are going to walk these thirty-nine steps for me.

What?

Three steps up. And step down. Thirteen times. Up. Down. Three times thirteen. Equals thirty-nine. Understand?

And then? Sam asked.

We'll take another EKG. Immediately. To confirm my diagnosis.

Of moribundancy?

Of moribundancy. All right. Let's get moving.

Sam obeyed. Sitting up, swinging legs off, easing out. The floor was warm with sunlight to his feet, discreetly checkerboarded with pink and red vinyl. For a dizzy moment he thought he stood on roses. Sam approached the thirty-nine steps. Lifted one leg, then the other. Began his climb. At the top, he hesitated, looking down on Doctor Cohen now. The cardiologist was facing away, glancing at his gold wristwatch exposed on one folded forearm. Sam felt awful, all over his body: his heart was pounding again, and he realised he hadn't even felt it beating for nearly three days now. And he was pouring with perspiration, spine and groin forming channels for it to run down his legs. He looked the other way, towards Nurse Brown. She too was not watching him. She had bent away and was adjusting the top of her gauzy white stocking, her large brown hands tucked up fiddling under the hem of her skirt. For a long moment, Sam stood there on the third step, surveying from his peak the scene in the room. It was as though both Doctor and Nurse had forgotten him as he ascended; it was as though he'd left them far below, far away, and they'd turned to their ordinary concerns once more. Still he waited, seeming to feel himself grow, expand, in some odd way diffusing through the room, the parts of his body at that height separating from each other freely and drifting from their accustomed moorings in space, or in time.

COME DOWN! said Doctor Cohen peremptorily, bringing him back. Sam came down. Up again, please! His little eyes were gazing out the window into the sunlight, squinting nearly shut as his voice boomed out, commanding. Again Sam climbed. He felt even worse than before: shaking, rattling inside himself, the blood in some way draining from him, the metallic husks of his organs clattering against each other. Discreetly Nurse Brown was rolling up her other stocking, but Sam mounting the third step saw down over her shoulder, and, looking hard, saw the meat, rich, brown, smooth-freckled, yes there too, freckled between her panties and the stocking's ribbed top, saw the large pink fingers netted with fine lines in the joints deftly snapping the garter clasp, as deftly as they tacked electrodes to his ribs. Sam felt himself swaying, yawing wide.

Come down! Cohen ordered impersonally again, as to his dog. Reaching the floor at last, Sam heard him direct, Again, please! and heard that metallic note of medical irritation, heard it all too clearly. That did it for him. He turned from the rickety thing and stumbled back to his bed. He'd fallen on it and covered himself, shivering desperately, before they realised that he'd abandoned the climb.

What do you think you're doing, Carpenter! You've only gone up three times! The voice was angered, though still the Doctor hadn't turned his eyes the few degrees in his direction it required to make contact.

Sam knew right then that if he tried it once more he was lost, and that's why he had stopped his ascent, overwhelmed by the certitude of it: he'd quit, just quit. No more.

Doctor Cohen, he said through clicking teeth, let me ask you one question.

Ahum.

One single question?

Ahum.

Now tell me honestly, if you were in my condition ... would you climb those thirty-nine steps?

Cohen was silent. Sam pressed him, jaw clamping on the words, Well would you?

Carpenter.

Would you?

Frankly—I would not.

Sam practically squalled the words out: Then neither will I! Goddam it to hell, neither will I! Not for you, not for anything.

Don't blame you, Cohen replied, surprisingly soft, shrugging. I suppose I don't.

Putting all his bitter satisfaction into his face, Sam doddered his head at them. There was no more to do, except to lie here now, wait for it to happen. He watched Cohen thinking, or seeming to be thinking. The cardiologist had taken a slim gold cigarette case from his breast pocket and was holding it open on one palm, stroking a cigarette ever so lightly with the tip

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of his stubby, hairy-knuckled middle finger, and blankly staring out the window.

THREE MEN STALKED into the room then, and Betty Brown stood to attention beside him. Evidently important men, from their refined tweeds and twills and ties and haircuts and tans. Cohen ran over their names swiftly, introducing them to Sam, and told him to try to relax a bit. All he got in the confusion of listening was the information that these were all cardiac colleagues of Cohen's here, researchers, a Team. They gathered huddling around Cohen down at the window, smoking, murmuring in obscured tones. Sam made out bits of their discussion: drugs, intravenous salts, fluid balance, respirator, backup procedures for asymmetric something, potassium shock, infarction and defibrillator, where was it right now anyway . . . ? He closed his eyes, shutting them out. Betty Brown had remained near him, her cool hand on his, her thumb, he could feel, pressed subtly on his wrist. She was nicely disguising her anxiety as loving kindness and a prophylaxis. What was the use? Still, whispering, Sam said to her, Brown, I like you.

Her voice smiled back, embarrassed. That's nice, isn't it.

Sam opened his eyes. A pair of nurses were wheeling a machine into the room. Closed them again. Implements, bottles rattling in trays. Another cart wheeled in, yet another. At least he was in a lot of hands besides God's; though if that were good or bad, he couldn't begin thinking through. In fact as the question surfaced, it dragged with it a replication of the events days ago, when he'd stood at the Baggage Claim: had he not now been lying on his back, surely he would have fallen terribly to earth again, struck down. It was as if a blast of scorched electric air had been let loose against him, striking him full in the chest, pressing him quivering with the shock of it right back down against the mattress and jolting a long, quivering moan out of his throat.

THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM wheeled to face in his direction: in the midst of his pain Sam could see their eyes distended, blank with fright. Nurse Betty Brown had given his hand one convulsive shake and dropped it as though a current jangled into her from him, skipping away from the bed and coming to a stop two yards off. The pressure still increased slowly. Sam, clearly conscious as he had never in his life been conscious before, saw them all, even as his body shrank, flattened out, squashed beneath the weight of the thing assaulting him. They were actually all frozen in place, painted statues, immobilised in peculiar attitudes by the lines of force of his agony. And Sam saw them, he saw round them it seemed to him in his crystalline pain. At long last, after a hissing curve of time, he drew breath again, slowly drew down air into his deflated lungs, and the whistle of it sounded eerie in his head. Despite it all, his mind, his vision, even his thoughts were quiet, and clear: he felt that, and felt it to be very strange.

Doctor Cohen, he cried out to them all, Am I dying? Am I?

With that, Cohen came back to life, detached himself from the others at the window, bounding like a bear to him and grabbing his wrist.

Carpenter, you're having a massive heart attack. There's nothing I can do about it now. Nothing.

Am I, am I?

Yes. Undoubtedly.

And they? What about them, my god! Sam flung out his left arm, his hand trembling extended accusingly. The doctors and nurses, all cardiac specialists, five, six and more people, more crowding into the room and freezing into clumps of fear—leaning away, retreating from his hand, lining the wall, blocking the light at the window—all shaking their heads, denying him.

No one can help you now, Carpenter.

Look at me, Sam cried, anyone, please look at me! Tell me the truth.

A wordless jumble of sounds chorused from the medical people, confused syllables, senseless.

Help me, Sam cried again, help me now, my god, my god! Wildly intoning those phrases, he heard that himself as from a great distance from himself, from his own head and mind. And thought, even as he heard, that no one would, no one could. He saw them, absurd effigies, as though he was menacing them by the incredible pain of his own sudden death. They were in the presence itself. And they couldn't bear it.

Writhing in a slow effort to fight off the convulsion he felt squeezing him tightly, tightly yet so leisured in its gradual intensification, Sam now experienced one last clear thought: which was a bright shaft of contempt for them all. An illumined contempt that spread in his mind like a dawning light and filled him with laughter. *Oh you, you . . . !* He couldn't express

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it. He could only fill that sound with his supreme scorn.

Abruptly, it was over. The vice of that great clamp withdrew, letting him drop back. He felt himself fall whirling out of control, tumbling skewed into the darkness of himself in the bed.

III

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, off the plane after a stormy descent into O'Hare, and $25 fare for the reluctant cabbie who mushed his hack through a blizzard that was thickening the streets by inches as they drove, Carpenter lay once more prone on his back. This time it was in his own doctor's office. His shirt, flung from him, draped twisted over his attaché case, which in his hurry he'd carried into this room with him. Once again, EKG tapes were plastered to his chest, the wires trailing out into the same little Picker Portable machine, whose currents were buzzing and crackling in that by now too-familiar way, a line of red dots sizzling now here now there as the knobs were rotated this way and that way.

It must have been some hours afterward that he had awakened from that climax of terror and laughter to find Betty Brown dozing in the chair across the room, her head drooping and being yanked up unconsciously and like a puppet's dropping again. The sun slanted in its low winter angle into the Pacific out there, throwing beams up against the ceiling now. He had called her, she had called Cohen, and Cohen had arrived in less than a minute from elsewhere in that wing, carrying a loosely folded accordion of papers in one hand, a ream of computer printout. Otherwise he looked as impeccably unperturbed as he had before the crisis at noon, as if all his work concerned visiting the IBM in its roaring dustless air-conditioned chamber, and glancing at printouts some programmer held up hieratically and passed before his eyes for confirmation. Briefly, Sam had sat up and declared that Cohen simply didn't know what he was talking about, that he had had enough of this sheer confusion and incompetence, and that he wanted to be discharged so he could fly back to Chicago there and then.

All right, Cohen had said blandly. I wouldn't, frankly, if I were in your condition. I don't think you'll step down from that plane alive.

That's United's worry.

That's right, United's. And yours.

I'm not worried, Sam had angrily retorted, already slipping off the high bed and heading for the closet for his clothes. You're not me, Cohen, and that's all there is to this case, me. I won't be any the worse off than I am now if they pull the plug out on me where my wife can cry over the body, will I. After all, she doesn't even know I'm dying, and if I don't tell her, she has nothing to be concerned about. The less I say to any of you the better. Anyway, I'm not out of the woods yet.

You most certainly are not, Carpenter! And with that, Cohen had walked out of the room, flapping his papers against his thigh. And that had been that.

THE MACHINE was switched off finally, and Krumpli tore out the tapes with their haggard rippled graphics, holding them out to study, at the same time half-turning from Sam's curious eyes. By now that manoeuvre was too familiar to him. It was the moment, Sam thought, well, call it truth. On his back then, he waited, patiently watching the little traveller's clock on the shelf, hearing its faint ticking. Krumpli liked to wind clocks, he said, because a clock had a mainspring you could count on, at least till it broke. Central European humour. Krumpli was also Hungarian, which made two Sam knew intimately, in a way. Which was enough for him. Sam waited.

So you are convinced after all this that has occurred to you it was not a coronary, mild or otherwise, ha Carpenter?

Would you not make conversation, Doctor, please. I've had enough medical chitchat this week. Just read off what the machine tells you. Leave the rest to me and to....

...and?

...never mind.

God, I suppose, is the word? Good old God. And you a psychologist. National reputation yet. Tch tch.

I wasn't thinking of God. Hell no.

So what were you?

You'd be surprised. I was thinking of a cowboy.

Krumpli looked back at him over his shoulder. Shook his bearded face, pursing the fat lips under the shaggy grey hairs. Carpenter, I can tell you had one hell of a scare. Yes, a scare.

Not really. You should have seen the doctors! Cardiologists!

I can see why. This record here is not good. It says to me you should have stayed in your

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bed in the hospital in Palo Alto. I don't know why they ever let you go, Sam. In fact it says here you should be already kaputt! If not there, then here. If not then, then now!

Krumpli, don't yell at me.

Sam, I'll tell you something, all right? What I think it is. You can tell Beth, or the cowboy. If you want, tell God even.

Okay. I've had it. Right?

Go home, Sam, go home—no, don't interrupt me! I'll drive you. When we get there I'll come in, and we'll have one good drink, double scotch. You have soda? Sure. You and me, Sam. Then—you will go to bed. Right away. In one week—

—Krumpli you bastard Krumpli.

—in one week you'll be here or . . . back in your laboratory with your rats or your IBM cards or whatever you're playing with now, I don't care.

How do you know.

Krumpli laughed. How do I know, he asks. I would make jokes with a heart case, I would dance the czardas on his grave. I know. Because —yours is the thirteenth coronary I have treated in this last week!

So?

So they are all recovering quite satisfactorily thank you. Just like yours, coronaries. Rest is all. Good rest.

You *are* kidding, Krumpli. Coronaries like mine?

No, Sam, I tell you what it is. Thirteen hearts attacked: same symptomatology. Fallings down, sweating, constricted respiration, spasms, etcetera. Coronary, yes? But—the other twelve cases were coeds, between eighteen and twenty-one. Does that make sense to you? Not to me. No. Not in Madison, not in nowhere. How old are you?

Thirty-nine. Why do you ask? What's the connection?

You.

Krumpli!

These dying girls, these broken hearts—they are your students, no?

You're still kidding me. Sam had sat up when the doctor removed the EKG tabs, and was buttoning his shirt.

Not? So then, you must tell me.

I don't have any undergrads.

Twelve nice healthy girls. Sweet, young, strong girls. Sorority sisters. Vell, Sam?

Oho! Sam got it now. Krumpli, he said, I gave a little talk a few weeks ago: WOMAN AND THE COMPUTER.

Some talk *that* must have been, Sam.

Sam remembered it very well now. Not the talk. The candlelight ceremony after white wine with dinner, four bottles of sauterne with the filleted sole. Pro forma he had spoken a little to the inductees about linear programming for factories, libraries, schools . . . and dating games. And of course, he had kissed them all, pro forma, each one in turn, or they had kissed him. Their custom, they said, at Alpha Chi Omega. Their little custom, they said.

As he folded the tapes Krumpli went on, A catching talk, Sam Carpenter, catching. In one week, twelve juvenile coronaries. I can tell you frankly, we were all scared here. It turned out to be an exotic virus, of course, very. Pericarditis, an inflammation of the outer lining of the heart. Brand new all the way up here in Madison. I have given it a new name, since you are its thirteenth victim. The Love Fever. Good, ha?

The doctor put the tapes into a dossier and turned to a tray of implements.

Love Fever! You think you're dying. I never hope to suffer like that again as long as I live.

Oh it can kill, I imagine. But we'll fight it, we'll lick it. Here is one million units of penicillin, just to clean it off. So. Pull down your pants now, ha?

At last, at last, and yielding with relief, Sam Carpenter dropped his trousers, his shorts, and bent over the examining table. He was safe. It was no heart attack. Only the love fever. Once around was worth a lifetime. So he was safe for the time being.

For the time being, safe.

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Two Interviews

1. *André Malraux*

YOU HAVE JUST published your studies of Laclos, Goya and Saint-Just in a single volume, and in your preface you say that all three seem to you to bear witness to a crisis of the individual peculiar to the eighteenth century, at least in its last years. In what way does this crisis represent a break with the past?

MALRAUX: Well, you could pursue the analysis as far as you liked. But one feels that there really was then a revaluation of the individual unlike anything that had happened since the end of the Roman Empire. To put it crudely, what we see is the birth of the individual—Bonaparte and the heroes of Balzac's novels, for instance—and also the drama that goes with it and that may very well have been of a religious kind. There is Europe before and Europe afterwards. This is much less true of the United States, in spite of the American constitution.

—Your studies of Laclos, Goya, and even to a certain extent Saint-Just suggest that the idea of womanhood expressed in their works is already profoundly different from what had prevailed until then. How does one define the difference?

MALRAUX: Well, we have to go back in time. We could begin perhaps when the Synod of Mâcon recognises by a majority of one vote that women possess souls. After this the Crusades bring about a fundamental change in the relations between men and women because the knights, who are dubbed at thirteen, find themselves confronted by the wife of the feudal lord, who is generally less than thirty years old and whose husband is absent; they are confronted, that is, by a woman of "quality" and someone other than their own mother. This situation is consecrated and sublimated by the cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary and when the Virgin Mary ceases to have the hold over people's minds which is symbolised in the cathedrals, the goddess Venus appears. However, notice that the Venus of Titian has no accompanying divinity, unlike Aphrodite who had her Mars and more especially Apollo. (There is only one well-known painting of Venus and Mars, the Veronese in Turin.) Finally, the cult of Venus begins to fall into discredit and this is a phenomenon as important as the previous effacement of the Virgin Mary.

—When writing about Laclos you have said that his eroticism is "completely unlike the joyous lubricity of the Renaissance" and you associate this with the coming of sadism. What is the significance of this change?

MALRAUX: The feeling of humiliation bound up with sexuality. It's glaringly obvious in Laclos and Goya. In Saint-Just it is merely episodic. What is really important in Saint-Just is not the interpretation he gives of women but, as with Robespierre, the absence of women.

—As far as this is concerned, what is the role played by Goya?

MALRAUX: He questions the myth of Venus which has been predominant for two centuries. The two *Majas*, in their way, *are* Venuses—to begin with when you think of the posture they're given, which is like that of Titian's reclining *Venus* in the Uffizi. To see them as "realistic" figures is simply idiotic. Compare them with a photograph. Velasquez had invented a non-idealised Venus, but she was shown from the back with her face merely appearing in a mirror. He never gave her the look she has in Goya, like a young eagle. He never made her look as if she had been raped. This is what destroys the myth.

—You also bring up the crisis of the individual at the end of the eighteenth century when talking about Saint-Just. Why Saint-Just and not Danton or Robespierre?

MALRAUX: We know very little of what Robespierre thought, as far as this was concerned. Don't forget that none of the people we are talking about was yet forty years old. Danton strikes me as a man of the more traditional side of the eighteenth century, a successor of Mira-

ANDRÉ MALRAUX, *for many years Minister of Culture in the Government of General de Gaulle (see the Interview in* ENCOUNTER, *January 1969), has returned to his literary career. Gallimard has recently published a small collection of his essays under the title of "Le Triangle Noir." This interview was conducted by* PAUL-MARIE DE LA GORCE.

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beau. You know about the dialogue between him and Robespierre in the corridors of the Assembly shortly after his second marriage: "You're conspiring, Danton!" "Don't be an imbecile! You can't conspire and fuck at the same time!"

—You compare Saint-Just and Bonaparte and at the same time you find them different. You mention Islam when writing about Saint-Just but not when you're dealing with Bonaparte. One is rather surprised.

MALRAUX: Destiny guarantees the path of those whom she chooses. There were two men who might have successfully opposed Bonaparte, Saint-Just and Hoche. The first was guillotined, the second poisoned. (Think of the narrow corridor of the *Conciergerie* where anyone entering has to stand back to let the man who is coming out pass by. The man who was going in was Saint-Just, the one coming out was Hoche.) Islam is of crucial importance in what happened —simply look at the book again. Bonaparte wanted to become Napoleon. With or without an empire, he wanted the re-establishment of order and a hierarchy. Saint-Just was for the horsemen of Allah, the armies of the Revolution sweeping across Europe to bring about the triumph of an irrational epic, the epic of the Revolution itself. He wouldn't have been like Bonaparte appointing his brothers as kings.

Oddly enough, this is the first time that his thought has been interpreted in this way and yet it's patently clear from his writings.

—In your preface you say that this crisis of the individual is "the most obscure . . . that Europe had ever known before the crisis that confronts us today." What parallel do you draw between the two?

MALRAUX: I don't see any parallel or resemblance. They have one thing in common which only becomes clear if one tries to take no account of Napoleon, because Napoleon restored continuity in many ways, even in art—the *Majas* are replaced by Mme Récamier on her *chaise longue*. But try to imagine in the nineteenth century a literature following on from the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, a school of painting in the tradition of Goya or a history which was a continuation of the kind of history dreamed of by Saint-Just. There are no successors to Laclos, whether you consider his literature or his politics. There are painters who imitate Goya's use of colour but none who take up his accusation of the world. Saint-Just has no successors at all—even if you think of the importance to him of energy, this wasn't his invention and his dream of another Islam was obliterated by the Empire. What all three have in common with the drama of today is their power of negation. But I repeat, it was thanks to Napoleon that *their* drama was deferred, the drama, I mean, of the fundamental re-appraisal of man. We can see the same process being carried forward in our own time in psychology (think of psycho-analysis), in society (we live in an age of revolution), and in modern art. Perhaps the only precedent for all this is the end of the Roman Empire and then again there were two respects in which this was a period of hope: there was Christianity and Stoicism. Moreover, the Roman Empire was in its death throes, whereas our own crisis is that of the most powerful civilisation the world has known. At the end of the eighteenth century a few men posed the question: "What is man?" and did so in a peculiarly arresting manner. What an innocent preface when you think of it today! Today it isn't man's nature we're questioning but his very *raison d'être*, something singularly more dramatic than the Leftist or Rightist tendencies that go with it. And our reply to the question is that there's little point in conquering the moon if we're only going to commit suicide on it. Yet even in Rome it was hope that triumphed. . . .

—Couldn't one say that the crisis we're going through today has as its corollary an immense hope?

MALRAUX: The crisis of our own time hasn't yet given a form to its hopes. Saint-Just, we mustn't forget, was merely dreaming of Islam, but Islam, none the less, exists, whereas there was no Islam in May '68. You can try and persuade people if you like that there were a number of deaths, whereas in reality there was only one or that there were great changes afterwards, which is completely untrue. In actual fact, one has to go to China today to find something corresponding to what Saint-Just was looking for. After all, the kind of hope represented by Mao is truly immense.

Our own eighteenth century imagined a total metamorphosis of the world, yet as far as I can see today, there are only protesters here, Dostoevskians and people contorted into various aggressive or nihilistic attitudes, in other words various forms of hopelessness.

We have neither the power nor the population we had at that time. What Frenchman could really imagine that we're capable today of giving the world a shaking comparable to the Revolution of 1789? Yet at the time every Frenchman believed it, some like Saint-Just absolutely; others, like Mirabeau with more moderation, like Danton too, of course. But today if you say that things are going badly because privileges exist, you're far from defining the modern crisis of the individual. (Then there was the question of the monarchy of course, but the

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Revolution at first was over privileges; at the beginning no one objected to the monarchy; the Republic was born at a later stage.) Today if you know what you want, or rather what you no longer want, you're already behaving in a bourgeois manner, because, if you like, of our "Dostoevskian" way of thinking about such things. One is lost today as soon as one defines one's object, one's actual goal. This is the essential difference between ourselves and the eighteenth century.

Eighteenth-century youth thought that it was going to change the world, rebuild it as it ought to be according to its own lights. In 1789, in other words, men were essentially optimistic. Today we are witnessing a fundamental pessimism. I believe myself that the Spanish Revolution was the last great expression of hope and not the Second World War. Even when we knew we were going to win the war, we didn't for a moment think that Europe was going to be transformed fundamentally, firstly and above all because of the atomic bomb.

We mustn't forget that at the time the atomic bomb played an enormous role in our unconscious if not our conscious minds. Bernanos once asked me what, in my opinion, was the most important event of our time and I replied: *Le retour de Satan*. The first manifestation of his return was obviously the concentration camps. The bomb and the camps are the two characteristic phenomena of our time, in other words the two major threats it presents, one of them shattering and cataclysmic, the other one silent, though no less menacing. And yet we've become accustomed to living in a world of extermination. When we first heard of the German camps we thought of them simply as prison camps, at the most as disciplinary or reprisal camps, but nothing worse than that. When David Rousset published his book, *L'univers concentrationaire*, the idea not of concentration camps but of a concentration *world* stupefied everyone. Personally speaking, I never knew what really went on inside the camps before the collapse of the Third Reich in 1945. We were fighting a war. no one questioned the rules of the game. And yet we were representatives of the first civilisation that failed to understand the meaning of the rules. By contrast, the eighteenth century understood perfectly the rules it had chosen. Liberty is partly a myth, but a myth is something you can live by.

—Saint-Just thought he knew where he was going.

MALRAUX: Absolutely. He was a man without complexes. There is no equivalent in the eighteenth century to the conflict today between social justice and what I would call "American" values. Liberty was then a universal value, or one that could be thought of as such. Social justice too. But there is no equivalent today of either.

—Just now you were mentioning China. Do you think that the kind of "hope" represented by Mao has the same universal dimension as that you find in the eighteenth century?

MALRAUX: No, my own feeling is that there is no universalism in China. Mao has realised that if you create a kind of universal Maoism, you will reinforce Chinese culture, which is extremely useful but not for him of any fundamental interest. Reality, as far as he is concerned, is probably, as always, what goes on in China. As you know, Peking airport is 27 kilometres from the centre of the city. So you lay on two lines, each 27 kilometres long, of female dancers and with the dancers holding ribbons from end to end, who goes down the middle between the ribbons? The President of Zanzibar—and you can take plenty of photographs. Underneath a caption is printed saying that one of the friends of China has come to visit the President and tell him how much and in what ways our country has helped him liberate his own.

Nehru once said to me: "As soon as China becomes itself again, it will turn out once more to be an imperialist power." I told him that I didn't think it was as simple as that because, in my own opinion, China had never been all that imperialistically inclined. In fact the only Chinese who can be described as conquerors are the Mongols. If it had wanted to, the Chinese army during the last few years could have gone much further than Tibet: it would have found absolutely nothing to oppose it.

—Hope is no longer expressed in the simple, obvious form which at one time inspired nations, masses, men. Unless it's in the name of Marx. Do you think that's true?

MALRAUX: Well, what is hope for a Marxist? The taking over of the means of production by the people as a whole. Certainly if we wish to speak in orthodox terms, we have to say that only the proletariat is entitled to take over the benefits of production in the name of the people as a whole and that only the Communist party can lead the proletariat. But the idea of seizing the means of production remained an Utopian idea until 1914. It wasn't that Marx was thought to be wrong—and as for Lenin, he wasn't mentioned, since at that time, as it were, he didn't exist; people thought that Marx was a great genius but that his Marxism was very Utopian and that it was all rather like Saint-Simon. And then suddenly, with the Russian Revolution,

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Marxism ceased to be Utopian, not because it had become scientific, but only because all at once it had turned into a verifiable hypothesis, a possible reality.

—More because of Lenin than Marx, would you say?

MALRAUX: Absolutely. From that point of view, the Russians are right to talk of Marxism-Leninism because in fact, if you go through Marx's writings, you will find that it isn't altogether obvious that the Revolution will take place through the seizing of power by the Communist party. It will certainly have been brought about by the proletariat. But does this mean that the Communist party alone can bring about the Revolution? In the *Communist Manifesto*, certainly. And the *Manifesto* is a crucial text. But if one reads Marx's letters to Engels, one can see that he goes much further. He talks of the progressive diminution of the number of economic sources of power, the coming to consciousness of an increasingly strong proletariat confronting a capitalist system which is more and more concentrated and which it will eventually overthrow. From then on, according to Marx, the Communist party will make the proletariat conscious of its revolutionary mission. However, Leninism *was* the seizing of power. Until then Marxism had been merely a Utopia, an aspiration towards social justice. After Lenin there was communism and with it, broadly speaking, social justice. But at what a price....

That is the essential fact. For a long time people had felt that after all it would be enough to throw out the kings, to found the Republic or overthrow Capitalism in order to bring about social justice. There would be a revolutionary government, no more problems and no more difficulties. This was something one could believe at one time. Today even a six-year-old child would laugh if you tried to tell him it was true.

2. Günter Grass

HE IS *smaller and neater than I was expecting. Even the moustache, which only a few months ago* Time *described as "Dutch-comic soup-strainer," is trimly barbered. In an open-necked shirt and tweed jacket, he sits rolling his own cigarettes and talking fluently. I'd been to see his latest play* Davor (*written* 3–4 *years after* The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising) *at the Schiller Theatre and then been surprised to find the same story in his new novel* Local Anaesthetic.

GRASS: I wrote them parallel with each other. It's not as though one was written first and then the other. I wrote the middle section of the book twice, once as a play and once as a continuation of the novel.

—That's a new way of working.

GRASS: Yes, finding it was a big stimulus for me, especially with the changes I had to make in the dialogue. But I don't know whether I'll ever work that way again.

—You no longer avoid flashbacks as you did in The Tin Drum.

GRASS: No, but they're not tiresome memory processes brought in to move the story backwards and forwards. In *Local Anaesthetic*, the dentist has introduced a television set into his surgery and my aim at least is to make everything objective.[1] The point about *Local Anaesthetic* that our critics hardly noticed was that it's a satirical novel. Here it was received with a great deal of sour seriousness and it was left to the foreign reviewers to respond to the desperate humour in the book—especially in the dentist. People missed the vision and the fantasy of *The Tin Drum* and *The Dog Years*, but they're there in *Local Anaesthetic*, only in a different form, and adapted to the very trivial present. In *The Tin Drum*, *Cat and Mouse* and *The Dog Years*, I was predominantly concerned with the past, especially the German past. All three books were oriented to great events—war, dictatorship, the collapse of the dictatorship, surrender, big troop-movements—though all this was reduced down to Danzig and the petty bourgeois atmosphere. This phase of my work is provisionally finished. *Local Anaesthetic* is my first book about the present. The action is set

GÜNTER GRASS' *latest novel, "Local Anaesthetic" has just been published in London by Secker & Warburg. This interview with the author in Berlin was conducted by* RONALD HAYMAN.

[1] The pictures on the screen facing the patient set his mind wandering through memories and fantasies.

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during peacetime, with the Viet Nam war only on the fringe of the plot. Scherbaum and Vero Lewand belong to a generation which has grown up in peace-time. The book's not about power politics but the impotent protest-gesture of burning a dog. That's the difference between the two kinds of material, and of course it's a very conscious engagement with the theme of peace, which offers very different tensions from war.

—In the blurb of the English edition, it says the theme is "the resignation of the middle-aged to only rarely being able to influence the younger generation.

GRASS: I wouldn't call it resignation, but there are limits to the possibility of communicating experiences one's had oneself. And limits to what can be taught. Every new generation insists on its rights to have its own experiences and make its own mistakes.

—In some of your political speeches you've attacked the "classroom revolutionaries" who stop protesting when they get married and have to concentrate on earning their own living. Obviously there's no possibility of democracy, of government by the majority, if the majority isn't interested in having anything to do with politics.

GRASS: Let me give you some examples. You can read in today's papers about the election of students' representatives at Cologne, a university with over 20,000 students. Thirty-eight per cent voted in the election. During the student troubles the figure went up to 60–65%. It hasn't taken long for it to sink back to a very low level, which shows how apolitical attitudes begin while students are still at the university, concentrating short-sightedly on their exams and such things. Today when we speak about Student Protest, we're making the mistake of generalising. It's only a proportion of students who are at all interested in politics and naturally inside that group a small section has become radical. But it's an overall minority which has any interest at all in politics or gets involved in any political activity. The same is true of the schools. So it's nonsense to assume that in the aggregate, the younger generation is far more political in its reactions than the older generation or than previous generations. What's more, the students and the high school children with their New Left principles are of course more privileged than the others. In school and in university they're in a protected position. Many of them are scared of leaving university because they know very well that their workaday life is about to begin and that compromises will be demanded of them. They have a presentiment—many of them have watched their elder brothers and sisters—that it's no longer going to be so easy to have absolute standards. So altogether, although it gets a good deal of sympathy, it's basically an infantile attempt to prolong childhood, to hold on to the status of irresponsibility.

The more serious political consequence is the widening rift between the intellectuals and potential intellectuals with higher education on the one hand and the mass of the working class population on the other. This is very ominous, as we can see in America, where a large part of the Trade Union movement, the "hard-hat" building workers for instance, may well continue their defence of Nixon's policies and go all out against "the intellectuals." We've seen similar signs here in Berlin at the time of the student troubles. But it's not the fault of the workers. At least, not entirely. When a Left Wing student decides to work on the factory floor for three months to learn about capitalism's forms of oppression, as he calls them, the worker will be suspicious of that. The student will have the feeling "Now I'm one of the proletariat—for three months." But the worker is serving a life sentence, standing by his job, working at the conveyor belt. That's the irremovable difference. In *Local Anaesthetic* I try to clarify the basis of the struggle, to show where it begins—in school.

Another point that hasn't been noticed by the critics is that there are two protest movements in *Local Anaesthetic*. The first happens in the middle of the 1950s—the protest of the former soldier Schlottau and his companions against the character Krings and against German rearmament, the *"Ohne mich"* movement, which was the protest of a generation that was fed up to the teeth with the war. This "without me" attitude is a refusal, an abstention, like many of the gestures of protest made today, which are also passive.

—How much of a problem is it for you to divide your life between literature and politics?

GRASS: It's a big problem. I've divided the two completely. When I'm working on a book, I disappear for several weeks or months. I go away three or four times a year and work on nothing but the book. Political activity is for me not like a solitary walk but a political orientation, which is to say an orientation towards the European working class movement and its history, but especially towards the Social Democrats. All this has always been influenced by England, in a way that's never been sufficiently studied, particularly in relation to revisionism inside the Social Democracy. Eduard Bernstein was very deeply impressed by the Parliamentary tradition, and he spent many years in England. Engels, too, was deeply impressed by the early form of English socialism and also by the pragmatic way conflicts could

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be resolved in England without letting absolute ideas distort the horizon, although many mistakes were made through the exclusively pragmatic way of beating time—through Pragmatism, in fact. So for me it's not a question of entering into some form of political activity side by side with literature, but it relates to a strand of the European Enlightenment, a strand which is capable of political development. With all the fragmentation and cellular division that have gone on in them, Socialism as a whole and the European working class movement belong to the Enlightenment. Inside this movement is German Social Democracy, which particularly interests me, and which, here in the centre of Europe, has achieved a moment of stability. The Social Democrats didn't want a war and didn't have to redeem a war. They are the permanent guarantee in Germany of what is still necessary—the development of democratic traditions.

—How has your attitude to the S.P.D. changed now that it's in power?

GRASS: Precisely because it's now the government, my attitude has become more critical. There are two factors, the S.P.D.'s share in the government, the leading role we must play as a party, and the condition of the Party itself. There there is a great deal to reform. Most of the Party behave as they did before—as if they still had to live on the defensive, as an opposition party. They've not yet fully understood the consequences of having to take on the other democratic function—that of governing. The Party must now give a proper priority to the claim it has been making since 1959—that it wants to become a people's party—through an opening of the Party, getting away from narrowness and reserve. That was the gist of my contribution to the S.P.D. Party Conference at Saarbrücken.

—I very much liked the line you took in 1968 over Czechoslovakia, when you said that the European Left should have done more to support Dubcek.

GRASS: The European Left is too full of literary utopianism. There are too many writers who go out looking for a Utopia, side-stepping the difficulties on their doorstep. If they can't take Cuba as a model, then it has to be China, because it's so hard to know what's happening there. So they talk to you in detail about the horizon without noticing what's going on in front of them. Many of them haven't understood that the Czechs were making the first serious attempt at de-Stalinisation to be made anywhere and making it with reference back to Marx. The New Left is always appealing to the example of China without realising how badly it's slipping into Stalinism. And however critical the New Left imagines itself to be, it keeps going uncritically back to the concept of Marxism-Leninism, which is a contradiction in itself. The correct concept would have to be Leninism-Stalinism. The break from Marxism came with Lenin. What happened in Czechoslovakia, as the theoreticians knew and the vast majority of the population didn't, connects up with the defeat of the first demands that were made for a humanisation of socialism. Very early on, Rosa Luxemburg criticised Lenin and prophesied exactly what would happen—the departure of Lenin and Leninism from the basic requirements of Marxism. The New Left ignores this. To make a genuine start with de-Stalinisation, the first sacrifice would have to be Lenin. If there had been no Lenin and no single-party system, if the separate Soviet Republics hadn't been deprived of all power, there could have been no Stalin. Social Democracy in Czechoslovakia had an excellent alternative to offer both to the East and the West. In the East it wasn't understood that with the help of Czech democratic socialism, communism could again have become socially feasible. In the West there should have been great excitement and a bridge could have been built. For the first time, the dogmatic tyranny of the Party was being challenged and with it the Soviet domination of the whole Eastern block.

—In many ways, the interest you take in the whole field of politics, in history, in the whole of Europe, seems to resemble the interest most people take only in their own families. You write with a kind of intimacy about a wide range of public issues.

GRASS: Because I refuse to take politics or history unconditionally. Here in Germany we have to cope with the war and its aftermath. We can't wipe out the idea of a war which we started and lost. With the younger generation I notice a growing tendency to want to step out of history, to start again at zero. That is unhistorical and can only lead to catastrophe. Basically they're making the same mistake as their fathers, who in 1945 thought "Now it's all over, now we can start again at zero." But there was no zero. There was an unconditional surrender, but that was the consequence of something. Like the situation today, it can only be explained in terms of a development which had its main sources not in the Nazi era at all but in the Weimar Republic.

—You spent many of your formative years in the Hitler Youth.

GRASS: Yes, it's that time which made me immune to ideologies.

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—And then the German Army and the American prison camp. In one sense you lost your youth.

GRASS: Yes, but I wouldn't have missed those experiences. It's because of them that today I'm very quick to notice when for instance the language that the younger generation uses is still rational but the goal is irrational, though that's a tendency that's less marked in Germany than in America.

—Still, you couldn't have had much fun from the age of sixteen to twenty. But as an adult you seem to have much more fun than most writers do. Obviously there's a huge enjoyment behind the way you mix ideas and memories, history and social satire."

GRASS: Art is play for the most part. It's not a sacred process and if you behave as if it were, you don't produce books but tracts. A great deal in art has developed out of playfulness. Take a painter like Picasso, whose revolutionary inventiveness could only have come out of his playfulness with forms and materials."

—You seem to be merging forms together less now than you did in your earlier work.

GRASS: *Local Anaesthetic* is very carefully worked out as a novel. It's a dialogue novel, so it's not surprising that the middle section was written both as a play and as prose. But that doesn't rule out the possibility that later on I shall go back to mixing verse and prose forms—which also happens in passages of *Local Anaesthetic*. Everything I've so far written has its origin and impulse in the lyrical.

—But the earlier novels and plays are more visual, the later ones more dialectical.

GRASS: That all developed out of *The Dog Years*. That's where I started to work dialectically. I don't want to imitate myself and go on writing *The Tin Drum* all over again. I have to go forward, and I don't know where.

—K. L. Tank's book on you[2] suggests that jazz was an important influence. He says, "A studied monotony, exactly calculated displacements, and pizzicati passages are as characteristic of his work as is the disappearance and re-emergence of melody."

GRASS: Earlier on I played a lot of jazz, especially Dixieland music, as a drummer, and naturally that had a strong influence, which is still there, because musical forms are for me often a mode for literary forms—a rondo-like treatment of a theme, for instance, or strongly rhythmic writing.

[2] *Günter Grass*. By KURT LOTHAR TANK (Frederick Ungar, New York, 1969).

—The other non-literary factor must be the training you had as a sculptor. I think one sees this in the way you make metaphors organic, build whole structures around them.

GRASS: Although I'm a writer, my whole working discipline is really that of a sculptor. I know, as a sculptor, that when I alter one detail, one proportion, however insignificant, this will have consequences throughout the whole work. And as a sculptor I learned to see all round a subject. Many of these experiences translate into the writer's work.

—And the habit of standing up to write?

GRASS: Yes, and working for long stretches of time and thinking in terms of a long time-span. When I start a novel, I know I'll be busy with it for the next year, that it won't drip spontaneously off the end of my pen, but only be achieved by working. So far I've written each book three times. The second draft is always more precise, more detailed than the first, but it's also more boring. The third aims to combine the spontaneity of the first with the exactitude of the second. I've also learnt that I need a strong overall conception before I begin.

—You obviously like doing things with your hands. You roll your own cigarettes and you like cooking. Somehow this seems to extend to the way you use words.

GRASS: It's sometimes said that my diction is very plastic, rooted strongly in objects, in visible things. That's connected with sculpture too.

—I believe you've said Melville was an influence.

GRASS: Yes. *Moby Dick* is a mixture of realistic precision and the pursuit of fantasy as part of reality. The world of the imagination is integrated with the external world. That's what I've taken from *Moby Dick*, that's where the affinity lies.

—Have you been influenced by Brecht's use of the German language—the way he imports colloquial speech into literature?

GRASS: Not really. Early German Expressionism had a far deeper effect on me than late Expressionism. Very early on, at the end of the 1920s, Brecht went into the style of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* and that had very little influence on me. Even the poetry. Early Expressionist poetry—and French Surrealism—had far more importance for me. Brecht became a great classic and lived to see and to advance his own classic standing. I'm more attracted by a writer like Döblin who always started anew, whose new work always put his earlier work in question.

—This could, I think, equally well be said of Günter Grass' work.

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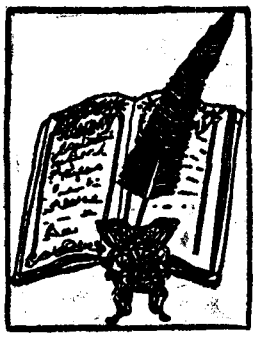

Column

I LEFT ENGLAND early on the morning after the General Election, before the final result was known but aware that something totally unexpected had happened. The election party I had attended the night before was composed mainly of Labour sympathisers and supporters and when I arrived there was a general air of euphoria, which Webster defines as "a false sense of well-being," and a delightful expectation of victory. Bets were offered at generous odds on various estimates of the Labour majority; drink flowed freely as guests raised their glasses to the triumph of Mr. Wilson, and there was much speculation about the composition of the new government, in which some of them had hopes of being included. There was a mellow sense of good fellowship, of rest after struggle, ease after effort, as the tired warriors relaxed from the exertions of the campaign.

Within half an hour it was, as everyone realised, all over. The atmosphere was now something like that at one of those prize fights in which the champion has entered the ring, clasped hands raised aloft to acknowledge the cheers of the fans, dances confidently forward to meet a despised challenger—and the next moment is flat on his back, out to the world. "They can't do this to the champ!" Dempsey's entourage sobbed after his defeat by Tunney, and at the party there was something of the same air of stunned disbelief that the order of nature had been overturned, as if the sun had failed to rise in the morning.

Reactions to the shock were strange. There is something peculiarly naked and exposed about politicians in the moment of defeat. Conversation withered away; one saw men, and women, sitting alone in corners in agonising reappraisal of future plans and expectations. The fall of a government is accompanied by innumerable personal defeats, and there was no time for talk, gossip, speculation, laughter, as each retired into a gloomy survey of his own fortunes. A chilly, mournful air began to pervade the party; life had gone out of it, and one by one people began to slip away long before the dawn, which should have been of victory, revealed the full extent of the defeat.

There was something both comic and pathetic about the scene; certainly it was an odd memory to carry with me as we crossed the Channel, and it lingered for some time as we drove across Europe. But it faded very rapidly, with no English newspapers to sustain it and the paucity of information about the election results in the continental press showing only too obviously what little interest Europe takes in our local affairs. Besides, the World Cup was in progress, and with Italy in the final to represent her, Europe had no time to spare for a crestfallen Mr. Wilson or a triumphant Mr. Heath. But if Europe was self-absorbed, to me at least it seemed to have acquired a new dimension with the certainty that, under Mr. Heath, Britain would make the most determined of efforts to achieve membership of the European community. It is impossible to look at Europe with quite the same eye if one feels that, within a relatively short space of time, one will be a part of it oneself; it is no longer *their* Europe, but, to some extent at least, one's own also, and its manners, customs, habits, ways of behaviour, suddenly cease to be matters that only concern foreigners and become, one is sharply aware, of the most direct and personal importance to oneself. One can hardly look into a shop window without making a rapid calculation of just how much, and in what ways, it is going to cost us to get into the market.

BUT TO MAKE any coherent estimate of how entry into the market will affect us, not merely financially or economically, is difficult, if not impossible, because Europe itself is today changing so rapidly that one can hardly say what kind of community it is one is going to join. It is changing almost under one's very eyes; and the most obvious change is perhaps the progressively rapid urbanisation of European life which almost overnight is transforming and destroying rural and agricultural communities which until now have subsisted unchanged for centuries. Courmayeur, at the foot of Mont Blanc, so close that one feels one has only to stretch a hand out of one's hotel window to touch the summit, was only yesterday an isolated village visited in its Alpine snows only by skiing enthusiasts and mountain climbers. The opening of the Mont Blanc Tunnel and the continuation of the motor road from Milan have made it accessible to thousands of tourists who pour in every day by motor bus so that it is almost impossible to move in its narrow streets and have opened to it a brilliant future as a holiday resort.

Indeed, through the Alpine passes there now streams a continuous horde of German tourists who, wielding the irresistible weapon of the Deutschmark, are conquering and occupying the lands where the lemons grow far more

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effectively than their ancestors ever did by force of arms. It is a flood reminiscent of the Teutonic migrations and every peasant yields to it on the principle that it is much easier to milk tourists than to milk cows. Garda today is a German, not an Italian lake, and the little plaque at Torbelone which commemorates Goethe's stay there on his famous *Italienische Reise*, so longed for, so difficult to achieve, so overwhelming in the wealth of impressions it left on him, now reads like some enigmatic oracle foretelling the day when every German, as it seems, is in a position to repeat his travels, though not alas! to repeat its wonderful results. Goethe noted that Virgil's line about Garda, the Latin Benacus:

Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens Benaco marino

was the first line of Latin verse of which he had seen the subject with his own eyes. Today, it is only ignorance of Latin, not the difficulties of travel, which prevents a hundred thousand Germans from repeating the sensation which this gave him.

The vast tourist invasion of even the most secluded and isolated corners of Europe gives one the impression that the entire continent is on the move; at the same time the evidence of new building one sees everywhere, new factories, uncompleted motor roads running like scars across the landscape, new power stations, new apartment blocks gives one the sensation that Europe is simultaneously not only on the move but under construction, a tentative approximation to what it will eventually become. It is common to complain of the Americanisation of European life, and indeed many of its beauties and pleasures are rapidly disappearing under its impact; but in fact this "Americanisation" is not an alien importation from across the Atlantic. It is something which springs spontaneously out of the conditions of European life and the creation of the Market, of a continent which is only half finished and cannot wait to complete the task. By comparison, conditions in Britain seem almost infinitely relaxed, easy-going, almost lethargic, as befits a country in which the substitution of Mr. Heath for Mr. Wilson is a memorable event. One is confirmed in the view that, if and when we enter the Market, it will require an almost convulsive change in the English way of life if we are to adapt ourselves to the new conditions.

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I DO NOT USUALLY admire Tom Wolfe, who too often, I think, displays the very faults and failings which he professes to expose. But I cannot help being dazzled and almost excessively amused by his long article, in the 8 June number of *New York* magazine, which a friend kindly preserved for me while I was away. The occasion which provoked it was a party, which shows signs of becoming historic in New York's social annals, given by Mr. Leonard Bernstein, the self-proclaimed *egregio maestro* of American music, in his 13-room penthouse duplex on Park Avenue to raise funds for the Black Panthers. Perhaps it is unfair to call it a party. A chastened Mr. Bernstein (pronounced, it seems important to know, not *-steen* but *-STEIN*) described it as a meeting, and its serious purpose was demonstrated by the presence of such representative figures of New York's progressive culture as Otto Preminger, the producer, Roger Wilkins, of the Ford Foundation, Livingstone Wingate, of the New York Urban League, and Bob Silvers, of the *New York Review of Books*. Mrs W. Vincent Astor was invited, but indignantly denied being present. Mrs Peter Duchin, however, "the rich blonde wife of the orchestra leader," was delighted to be there. "I've never met a Panther," she said. "This is a first for me."

And of course there were the Panthers themselves, like Black Panther Field Marshal Cox and the huge Robert Bay, out on bail on a charge of "criminal facilitation," "the one with the black leather coat and the dark glasses and the absolutely unbelievable Afro, Fuzzy Wuzzy-scale in fact"; and their wives, "so lean, so *lithe*, as they say, with tight pants and Yoruba-style headdresses, almost like turbans, as if they'd stepped out of the pages of *Vogue*, although no doubt *Vogue* got it from them." The presence of these real revolutionaries, says Wolfe, "runs through Lenny's duplex like a rogue hormone." But the meeting also had all the appurtenances of a party, the drinks and the canapés and the maids in uniform to serve them, only on this occasion they are, for obvious reasons, white servants and not black ones; while entertaining coloured victims of oppression,

> obviously you can't have a Negro butler and maid, Claude and Maude, in uniform, circulating through the living room, the library and the main hall serving drinks and canapés. Plenty of people have tried to think it out. They try to picture the Panthers or whoever walking in bristling with electric hair and Cuban shades and leather pieces and the rest of it, and they try to picture Claude and Maude with the black uniforms coming up and saying, 'Would you care for a drink, sir?' They close their eyes and try to picture it *some* way, but there *is* no way. One simply cannot see that moment. So the current wave of Radical Chic has touched off the most desperate search for white servants. . . .

The servant problem, however, is only one of the many embarrassments and complications

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which arise when rich, white, American intellectuals entertain black men whose sincere desire it is to "mau-mau" their hosts and everyone like them; and Mr. Wolfe certainly makes the most of them, much to his own and our delight. His rendering of the three-cornered discussion between Leonard Bernstein, Otto Preminger, and Field Marshal Cox, each totally incapable of understanding the others, would be a masterpiece of burlesque if it were not also a masterpiece of reporting. One would wonder which of the three was the most absurd, if it were not that there was a kind of murderous overtone to Cox's incoherencies, as compared with the sheer inanity of his interlocutors.

BUT WHILE WOLFE MAKES uproarious farce out of Bernstein's extension of the hand of fellowship to the Panthers, there is also a serious purpose to his article, which is to analyse the social phenomenon which he calls *Radical Chic*, and this he describes as a combination of newly acquired wealth and position with a romantic *nostalgie de la boue* which makes their beneficiaries identify themselves with the manners, customs, and aspirations of the most depressed classes in society. The follies to which such a combination can give rise are inexhaustible; one of Wolfe's best examples comes from a food column in *Vogue* entitled "Soul Food." "The cult of Soul Food," it ran, "is a form of Black self-awareness and, to a lesser degree, of white sympathy for the Black drive to self-reliance. It is as if those who ate the beans and greens of necessity in the cabin doorways were brought into communion with those who, not having to, eat those foods voluntarily as a sacrament. The present struggle is emphasised in the act of breaking traditional bread." *Vogue* goes on to give a recipe for Sweet Potato Pone, flavoured with cinammon, powdered cloves and nutmeg, eggs, melted butter, and molasses or honey ("Molasses gives the authentic pone; honey a dandified version") and it all reads like a parody of *haute cuisine*.

Sacramental Pone! There could be no better description of the kind of entertainment and nourishment, the communion offered by Mr. Bernstein to his Panther guests. It would be easy of course to take so perverse a love-feast as a symbol of a liberal and affluent bourgeoisie so totally demoralised by its incapacity for effective political action that it can do nothing better than dream up such a travesty of a sacrament. For to be fair to Mr. Bernstein, and even to Vogue, they are by no means the only purveyors of Sacramental Pone. It is eaten daily, as a substitute for crow, on university campuses where faculty members and administrators yield to every Black student demand even though it implies and intends the destruction of the university. Its literary equivalent is to be found in what Wolfe describes as "the chief theoretical organ of Radical Chic," *The New York Review of Books*, also

> referred to good-naturedly as *The Parlour Panther*, with the *-our* spelling of Parlour being an allusion to its concurrent motif of anglophilia.

It is perhaps sad, though also salutary, that the story of Mr. Bernstein's party has an unhappy ending. For in his no doubt well-meant endeavour to make the Panthers *salonfähig* he had offended the susceptibilities both of thousands of Black men who do not, like Mr. Bernstein or *The New York Review of Books*, accept the axiom that the Black Panthers are "the legitimate vanguard of the black struggle for liberation," and of his own race, to whom their anti-Zionist and pro-Arab stance is only anti-Semitism in another form, "tied up with such less theoretical matters as extortion, robbery and mayhem by blacks against Jews in the ghetto areas." It is not to be expected, says Mr. Wolfe, that "Lenny and Felicia could . . . comprehend a complex matter like latter-day friction between blacks and Jews," and to his surprise the innocent Lenny, accustomed as he is to the love and adulation of the public, suddenly found himself the object of condemnations which ranged from the *New York Times* to the Jewish Defence League and even to individuals as chic as himself.

"The group therapy," wrote the *New York Times* in a leader,

> plus fund-raising soirée at the house of Leonard Bernstein . . . represents the sort of elegant slumming that degrades patrons and patronised alike. It might be dismissed as guilt-relieving fun spiked with social consciousness, except for its impact on those blacks and whites seriously working for complete equality and social justice. . . . Black Panthers on a Park Avenue pedestal create one more distortion of the Negro image. Responsible black leadership is not likely to cheer as the Beautiful People create a new myth that the Black Panther is beautiful.

Suddenly, innocent fun had become serious. "Fools, boors, philistines, Birchers, B'nai Brithees, Defense Leaguers, Hadassah Theatre party piranhas, UJAviators, concert hall Irishmen, Wasp ignorati, toads, newspaper readers—they were booing him, Leonard Bernstein, the *egregio maestro* . . . Boooooo. No two ways about it . . . stretching out before him in New York was a great starched white-throated audience of secret candystore bigots, greengrocer Moshe Dayans with patches over both eyes." One almost finds it in one's heart to sympathise with the *egregio maestro*.

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Philip Rieff

The Impossible Culture

Oscar Wilde & the Charisma of the Artist

I SHALL BEGIN by quoting at length from Edward Carson's cross-examination of Wilde, during the first of the three trials, when Wilde was still plaintiff in that ruinous case of libel he brought against the Marquess of Queensbury.[1] Then we shall see at once the quality of Wilde's wit, his view on certain aspects of culture and how far we have come toward Wilde's view in the three-quarters of a century since his martyrdom.

WILDE: I do not believe that any book or work of art ever had any effect whatever on morality.

CARSON: Am I right in saying that you do not consider the effect in creating morality or immorality?

WILDE: Certainly, I do not.

CARSON: So far as your works are concerned, you pose as not being concerned about morality or immorality?

WILDE: I do not know whether you use the word "pose" in any particular sense.

CARSON: It is a favourite word of your own?

WILDE: Is it? I have no pose in this matter. In writing a play or a book, I am concerned entirely with literature—that is, with art. I aim not at doing good or evil, but in trying to make a thing that will have some quality of beauty.

CARSON: Listen, sir. Here is one of the "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young" which you contributed: "Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others." You think that true?

WILDE: I rarely think that anything I write is true.

CARSON: Did you say "rarely"?

WILDE: I said "rarely." I might have said "never"—not true in the actual sense of the word.

CARSON: "Religions die when they are proved to be true." Is that true?

WILDE: Yes; I hold that. It is a suggestion towards a philosophy of the absorption of religions by science, but it is too big a question to go into now.

CARSON: Do you think that was a safe axiom to put forward for the philosophy of the young?

WILDE: Most stimulating.

CARSON: "If one tells the truth, one is sure, sooner or later, to be found out"?

WILDE: That is a pleasing paradox, but I do not set very high store on it as an axiom.

CARSON: Is it good for the young?

WILDE: Anything is good that stimulates thought in whatever age.

CARSON: Whether moral or immoral?

WILDE: There is no such thing as morality or immorality in thought. There is immoral emotion.

CARSON: "Pleasure is the only thing one should live for"?

WILDE: I think that the realisation of oneself is the prime aim of life, and to realise oneself through pleasure is finer than to do so through pain. I am, on that point, entirely on the side of the ancients —the Greeks. It is a pagan idea.

CARSON: "A truth ceases to be true when more than one person believes in it"?

WILDE: Perfectly. That would be my metaphysical definition of truth; something so personal that the same truth could never be appreciated by two minds.

CARSON: "The condition of perfection is idleness: the aim of perfection is youth"?

WILDE: Oh, yes; I think so. Half of it is true. The life of contemplation is the highest life, and so recognised by the philosopher.

CARSON: "There is something tragic about the enormous number of young men there are in England at the present moment who start life with perfect profiles, and end by adopting some useful profession"?

[1] Edward Henry Carson, Q.C. (1863–1928), later Lord Carson, had been Wilde's classmate at Trinity College, Dublin, in the 1870s and probably shared a general reluctance to take Queensbury's defence against Wilde. He knew, from the beginning, that he could counter-attack the celebrated playwright through his published writings.

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WILDE: I should think that the young have enough sense of humour.

CARSON: You think that is humorous?

WILDE: I think it is an amusing paradox, an amusing play on words.

CARSON: What would anybody say would be the effect of *Phrases and Philosophies* taken in connexion with such an article as *The Priest and the Acolyte*?

WILDE: Undoubtedly it was the idea that might be formed that made me object so strongly to the story. I saw at once that maxims that were perfectly nonsensical, paradoxical, or anything you like, might be read in conjunction with it.

CARSON: After the criticisms that were passed on *Dorian Gray*, was it modified a good deal?

WILDE: No. Additions were made. In one case it was pointed out to me—not in a newspaper or anything of that sort, but by the only critic of the century whose opinion I set high, Mr. Walter Pater—that a certain passage was liable to misconstruction, and I made an addition.

CARSON: This is in your introduction to *Dorian Gray*: "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written." That expresses your view?

WILDE: My view on art, yes.

CARSON: Then, I take it, that no matter how immoral a book may be, if it is well written, it is, in your opinion, a good book?

WILDE: Yes, if it were well written so as to produce a sense of beauty, which is the highest sense of which a human being can be capable. If it were badly written, it would produce a sense of disgust.

CARSON: Then a well-written book putting forward perverted moral views may be a good book?

WILDE: No work of art ever puts forward views. Views belong to people who are not artists.

CARSON: A perverted novel might be a good book?

WILDE: I don't know what you mean by a "perverted" novel.

CARSON: Then I will suggest *Dorian Gray* as open to the interpretation of being such a novel?

WILDE: That could only be to brutes and illiterates. The views of Philistines on art are incalculably stupid.

CARSON: An illiterate person reading *Dorian Gray* might consider it such a novel?

WILDE: The views of illiterates on art are unaccountable. I am concerned only with my view of art. I don't care twopence what other people think of it.

CARSON: The majority of persons would come under your definition of Philistines and illiterates?

WILDE: I have found wonderful exceptions.

CARSON: Do you think that the majority of people live up to the position you are giving us?

WILDE: I am afraid they are not cultivated enough.

CARSON: Not cultivated enough to draw the distinction between a good book and a bad book?

WILDE: Certainly not.

CARSON: The affection and love of the artist of *Dorian Gray* might lead an ordinary individual to believe that it might have a certain tendency?

WILDE: I have no knowledge of the views of ordinary individuals.

CARSON: You did not prevent the ordinary individual from buying your book?

WILDE: I have never discouraged him.[2]

WILDE correctly said: "A great artist invents a type, and life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in a popular form, like an enterprising publisher." He also agreed that "Literature always anticipates life." Nowadays, the type Wilde created, not least in himself, has been reproduced in very popular form. I like to think that Wilde would have despised all the cheap reproductions of his prophecy, especially among the young. Perhaps Wilde might have agreed that there should be limits, not on a great artist's invention of a type but, rather, on the enterprise of reproducing it in popular form. Certainly, Wilde was suspicious enough of the ways in which new character types are commercially exploited and, in their success, cheapened almost to the point of contradiction.

Can invention and reproduction really be separated? I suppose the imaginative invention of a type, and its reproduction, is inseparable from the cultural process of choosing a pastoral guide for the conduct of life. This supposition on the changeable character of human types in any society specifies the power of art, even as Wilde wanted to use it—and even as others, at least since Plato, have wanted to censor precisely that power.

There are no neutral powers in the permanent war of culture. In his own way, representing the ordinary and established hypocrisies, Carson knew that he was attacking one of the great commanders of the forces subverting his culture. Wilde's subversive spirit has been made obsolete by the cheap and massive reproduction of that rare spirit throughout the educated and televisioned strata of western society. It is the Carsons, now, who are on the defensive. But Wilde can never win. For he imagined an impossible culture, one inhabited by consummate individualists, freed from the inherited inhibitions necessary, at least until our own time, to culture itself. As guides through the future maze of choices, leading nowhere but attractive in their activity of choosing, Wilde named a type he imagined opposing all conformities: the "artist." In certain great artists of the past and present, including himself, Wilde found imitations of a future at once socialist (universally rich) and free (universally expressive). This artistic dream is, perhaps especially in advanced

[2] See *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (ed. H. Montgomery Hyde, 1948), pp. 122–124.

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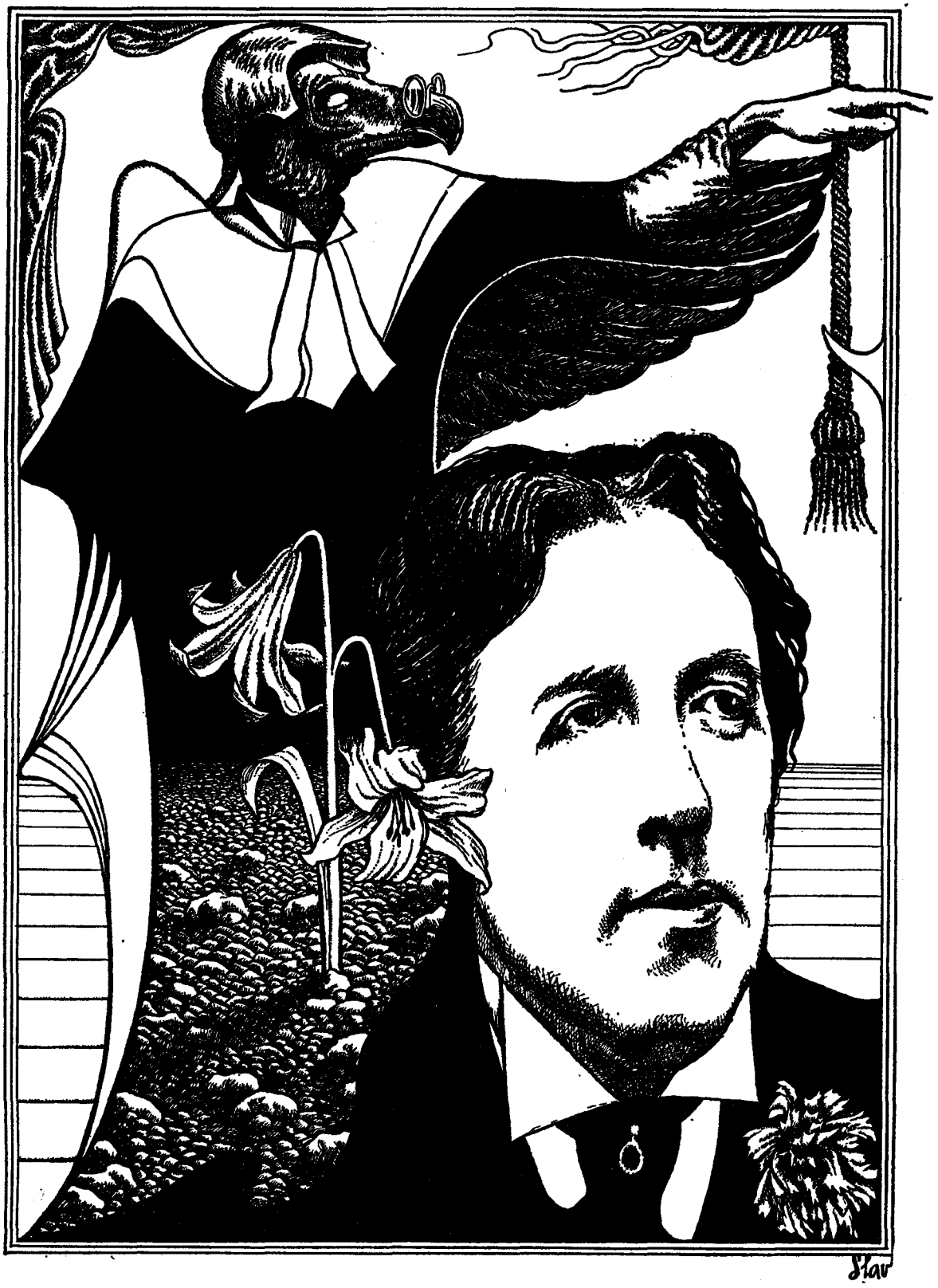

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technological societies, more revolutionary than the dream of Marx.

FOR WILDE, THE ARTIST is the true revolutionary figure. Only the artist is fit to play the role of guide in the next culture. He is fit, because *"he expresses everything."* Wilde italicised that sentence. The artist, radically different from any revolutionary figure preceding him, precisely by his special freedom to express everything, plays the prophetic role in Wilde's entertainments. Indeed, in the artist, revolutionary and entertainer merge. Nothing is more contemporary than Wilde's imagination. Almost a century after his time, young revolutionaries in advanced industrial orders conceive themselves more artists than proletarians: their aim is to express everything.[3] Here the resemblance between Wilde and his epigones begins to fade. Those latter-day epigones are, mainly, failed artists, relying on their assertions of freedom to express everything rather than upon the wit, grace and reticence with which Wilde believed everything should be expressed. Yet, precisely as failed artists, his successors follow Wilde in asserting the primacy of the artist as a guide to the next culture. What separates them from Wilde may be fatal to their art but vital to their success in a society increasingly uncertain about what it will, and will not, permit. Indeed, some confuse this uncertainty with civilisation itself.

Shamans, Priests & Subversives

IN EVERY CULTURE, guides are chosen to help men conduct themselves through those passages from one crisis of choice to another that constitute the experience of living. Once criteria of choice are established, guides are often self-chosen. Shamanry becomes hereditary; priesthood becomes an institution of those who would be ordained. The bandwagon effect operates in every culture. Men enjoy best those roles in which they can exercise an authority which is not their own, and yet does not belong to the people they guide. Power may come out of the barrel of a gun; but authority comes out of the projection—and introjection—of ideals.

The rank-and-file members in idealising institutions of guidance used to be called "laities": laities were those who listened to whatever the mouthpieces of idealising institutions had to say. A crisis in culture occurred whenever old guides were struck dumb, or whenever laities began listening to new guides —new, because they encouraged their laities to do what heretofore they had not done (and not do what they had done). The crisis of modern culture adds something new to the history of such crises: the defensiveness and guilt of those who now know that they have nothing to say is compounded by the ascendancy of those who say that there should be no guides. Wilde is one of those permanently putative guides, ordained by his art, who have helped our culture advance beyond its unsuccessful Protestant phase, in which every man would have been his own priest.

In the next culture, there are to be no priests, not even secular ones. We are not to be guided —rather, entertainment, stimulation, liberation from the constraints drawn round us by narrowing guidelines, become the functional equivalents of guidance. Where creeds once were, there therapies will be. Oscar Wilde was a brilliant herald of therapeutic culture, when, near the turn of the century, the promise of it seemed dazzling. Neither the design nor implications of Wilde's heraldry are obvious to the naked eye. Wilde entertains so well that a guest at one of his feasts of words may easily forget these pleasures have a purpose beyond entertainment. The philistines wanted only entertainment, to be reassured by him in an amusing manner. And Wilde used his talent to entertain, precisely in his most popular plays, such as *The Importance of Being Earnest*. It is in his best essays that he tried to achieve the other purpose of art, which is not to entertain but to insinuate alternative prophecies of how men ought—and ought not—to act; and to make these insinuations at a level of character deep enough to help transform a culture. Plato was the first to acknowledge the seriousness and power of art in the transformation of character and society. Wilde denied this penultimate power only when he was in the public dock; there he defended the purity of art in a vain effort to save his life from the vengeance of philistines. But the philistines who had him cornered, knew, almost as well as he, the power of art and its difference from entertainment. As entertainer, Wilde threatened nothing; only as an artist was he a threat to established culture. There is pathos in the separation of Wilde's talent as an entertainer from his genius as an artist; that genius appeared more in his life and essays than in his plays. He was a relentless performer, intent mainly upon himself and the impression he made. It was only upon those who knew him that Wilde made his greatest impressions. We who come long after his per-

[3] In America, the allegiance of these young revolutionaries has shifted from proletariat to black lumpenproletariat, because in blacks they believe they see a culture even less inhibited than their own parental one. I consider the Negroes, at least in the young white artist's understanding of them, by far the most powerful influence in contemporary American culture.

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formances are left with his supreme talent as an entertainer. But there is that other side of Wilde: his subversiveness as an artist.

Gods and Anti-Gods

A CULTURE SURVIVES the assault of sheer possibility against it only so far as the members of a culture learn, through their membership, how to narrow the range of choices otherwise open. Safely inside their culture—more precisely, the culture safely inside them—members of it are disposed to enact only certain possibilities of behaviour while refusing even to dream of others. It is culture, deeply installed as authority, that generates depth of character; indeed, "depth" is an edifying word for the learned capacity of rejection and acceptance. Members of the same culture can expect each other to behave in certain ways and not in others.

As culture sinks into the psyche, and becomes character, what Wilde prized above all else is constrained: individuality. A culture in crisis is good for the growth of individuality; deep down things no longer weigh so heavily, to slow the surface play of experience. Hypothetically, if a culture could grow to full crisis, then everything could be expressed and nothing would be true. To prevent the expression of everything: that is the irreducible function of culture. By the creation of opposing values[4]—of ideals, of militant truths—a seal is fastened upon the terrific capacity of man to express everything.

Priesthoods preside over the origins of a culture, and guard its character. If they did not preside, then a culture could be established without the mixed blessing of authority. A priest is whoever guides men by teaching them truths, or ideals. Sociologically, a truth is whatever militates against the human capacity to express everything. Repression is truth. God is not love, except as he is authority. When Wilde declared himself against authority he did not know how he weakened what he was for: love. Authority will not be separated from love. To be for love and against authority is a paradox upon which no institution, socialist or otherwise, can be built.

Wilde tells a different story. In a culture without authority—Wilde calls it "socialist"—the artist would teach each man, even the least talented, how to become more like himself. Freed by technology from labour, and by socialism from bondage to private property, each man would become what he can be: an individual, enjoying his own life, not degraded by poverty, not absorbed by possessions. Imagine: not an art which has become popular, but a populace become artistic. We would entertain ourselves: self-entertainment is the final human autonomy.

> Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realisation of Utopia.

We will have to tease out this new kind of prophet, the artist as every man who would inhabit Wilde's Utopia—until he spies a better country.

Certainly, the new prophet will be more witty and less serious than any who came before him. This is not a small point towards the understanding of Oscar Wilde. The artist is he who can take all God-terms lightly. Because Wilde's new prophet possessed the comic spirit, he is self-possessed—as no other man has been before him. The alternative to self-possession is to be possessed by some God-term.

BY "GOD-TERMS" I mean values that forbid certain actions and encourage others. "God-terms" express those significant inhibitions that characterise us all alike in a culture. They are compelling truths. To take God-terms unseriously, while admitting their existence, seemed to Wilde the main, saving "pagan idea." Wilde put himself entirely on the side of the pagans and against Jerusalem, because he knew that the terms in which our particular God was conceived could exist only so long as they limited the capacity of man to express everything. The "pagan idea" was treated in the 19th century by a small group of supremely talented European minds as the refusal of this limit.

That Wilde had a most inaccurate notion of any actually pagan idea is beside the point. Like others gifted with a revolutionary imagination, Wilde meant by "pagan" some ideas that he considered would release men from their impoverishing inhibitions. To believe that man is the supreme being for man—supreme even over those primordial powers to which real pagans submitted: this is a subversive idea of modernity without precedent in any "pagan" culture. Like Marx, or Nietzsche, Wilde is a very modern man. What characterises modernity, I think, is just this idea that men need not submit to any power—higher or lower—other than their own. It is in this sense that modern men really believe they are becoming gods. This belief is the exact reverse of the truth: modern men are be-

[4] "Values": whenever I hear the word, I reach for my pillow. It is a poor misleading word. In order not to expand the argument even more, I beg leave to use it, sparingly, in this essay.

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coming anti-gods. Because, as I have said earlier, the terms in which our god was conceived can exist only so long as they limit the capacity of man to express everything, our old god was never so uninhibited as young man. Our god was bound, after all, by the terms of various covenants.

THUS, WE CAN IMAGINE, all too easily, Wilde's parody priesthood of deinhibitors pitted against the repressive élites left over from the God-terms and institutions of the past. In Wilde's time, the struggle was still unequal; and Wilde himself has been considered a martyr in the struggle. That martyrdom, the trials and jail sentence, was due less to the repressive élite of English culture, which was more than willing not to have its hand forced, than to Wilde's own imperfect artistry. He intruded deeply into a struggle of son against father—Bosie Douglas against the Marquess of Queensbury—without realising what it was about. More important, Wilde may have been led into the fatal step of prosecuting Queensbury for slander (the Marquess was naïve enough at first to accuse Wilde merely of "posing" as a homosexual with his son) by his own sense of guilt. A more perfect artist of life should have been able to shatter the connection between guilt and culture. But the repressive culture was still enough alive inside Wilde, I think, to destroy him when he blundered into a direct confrontation with its official inhibitions. Wilde lost his personal battle, in 1895, the moment he went to court, against his own knowledge (not admitted to his lawyers) that he was a practising homosexual. That battle lost, Wilde's side appears now to be winning the war, even in the courts.

The Artist & the Child

IN THE HISTORY of Western culture, churchmen have played the leading role of pastoral guide. By Wilde's year of success and wreck, 1895, all except the obtuse understood that the clergy had lost whatever sense of direction they once may have had. The office of guide, the most important in any culture, was vacant. Why should not literary men, or artists, or scientists try to step in? Wilde commended this seizure of moral power. Such a seizure was in no way bizarre or out of the question. The modern political struggle appears to urban sophisticates to be an enlargement of their own personal struggles: over differences of style—life-style—rather than over distributions of the privileges and deprivations that determine differences of style.

Of course, at the turn of the century, many churchmen were still unaware of their default. Ibsen's Pastor Manders is an immortal characterisation of a guide upon whom it never dawns that he has nothing to say. Mrs. Alving twice appealed to him as her figure of authority, only because her own conversion to the art of life is bookish—a matter of idle chatter; deep down, she still submits to the old authorities. Oswald is doomed by the fact that he is her son, the child of a destructively fictionalised past. The culture that Ibsen denounces so heavily, and that Wilde dismisses so wittily, must be called neurotic. But Wilde and his circle are products of that very culture. They are examples of posh Bohemia, deviant entertainers whose subversive attitudes can be at once supported and denounced by the philistines in imperial cities. Posh Bohemians become a pseudo-élite, easy to sacrifice and replace if they go too far out of line and forget that they are not really heralds of a new culture but entertainers of a society in search of kicks.

WHAT HAS CHANGED since Wilde's time? First, the artist has become a popular type, reproduced now in massive numbers among the young in Western societies; second, the philistines are less self-confident and more easily persuaded that the Bohemian life-style is something more than shocking entertainment, exhibitions intended chiefly for their embarrassed pleasure. The philistines can now read *The Soul of Man under Socialism* more sympathetically than in Wilde's time. Even so, he remains the kind of figure who attracts philistine hostility precisely by asserting a near relation between artistic genius and deviancy.

Not only respectable philistines feel hostility to those who challenge their established sense of limit particularly on the range of allowable deviancy. Prostitutes danced outside the Old Bailey, and lifted their skirts in mock salute, when Wilde was convicted. Were they mocking Wilde alone? The respectable philistine prosecutors of Wilde might well avert their eyes; they too were being mocked, I think, for reaching up to the talent of their own most celebrated entertainer and destroying him for a deviancy he had kept quite private.[5] A culture in control needs first of all to preserve that control by not reaching its legal arms too far into the labyrinths of private life. The guardians of any culture must constantly protect the difference

[5] Wilde was punishable under a bill that almost casually included a section which created as a new offence indecencies between male persons in public *or private*. The clause making deviant behaviour in private an offence had only become law in 1886.

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between the public and private sectors—and encourage forms of translation between the two sectors; that is the meaning of ritual in all traditional cultures. Wilde never advocated his private deviancy through his public art, as it is done nowadays. On the contrary, "stage Bunburying" masks and transforms very different home truths. Wilde dealt brilliantly with the relations between art, lying, and truth. (See his duologues on "The Decay of Lying.") It is the stage honesty of his successors that makes them failed artists. Their failure to realise the superiority of "stage Bunburying," in all its forms, is a subversion of art itself and inadmissible in any culture. By their failure to respect the rights of privacy, and its sovereign deceits, respectable philistines have played into the hands of the new revolutionaries who, unlike Wilde, use honesty to oppose culture itself. For the very life of every culture depends upon its powers to mask and transform private motive into something very different, even opposed, when it appears in public. In this sense, art, including Wilde's art, ought to function as an equivalent in modern culture of our lost opposing values. Art should be expressive and repressive at the same time. This, after all, is what is meant by sublimation.

IN WILDE'S TIME, as a side-effect of their humourless insistence upon honesty, the philistines (this was what Wilde called "the great propertied public") had created a high-mindedness that they mistook for culture. In this kind of culture, with the space between public and private sectors of feeling too narrow, anything of beauty was likely to give its viewer a case of what Wilde once called the "Protestant jumps."[6] Early in his life, Wilde determined to escape high-mindedness. The philistines, even those who called themselves socialist and engaged in good works,[7] were his natural enemies. The one difficulty with this ethic of escape is that it has become so easy; it can be achieved without the slightest talent. To be an escape artist without talent contradicts the meaning of art, installs things that are ugly as equal with anything beautiful, and smashes up those structures of conformity from which alone art can emerge. This helps us understand why all those failed artists among the contemporary culture revolutionaries shout as one of their favourite words, "Smash." On walls everywhere in Western societies, graffiti invite us to Smash this and Smash that—solemn calls to an iconoclasm undignified by the slightest hint of alternative achievements of public meaning. Our young revolutionaries might learn from Wilde the real worth of wit. His genius lay in doing away with both the solemnity and incipient violence of serious argument. What should a free man, an artist, do when he is arguing against authority as such? Wilde's wit and good humour, his style, are the essence, not the ornament, of his case.

Under the needling of such wit, under those comic revelations of the Tartuffery of ideals that come from the best writers of the 19th century —Marx, Freud, Nietzsche, Wilde among the more strictly literary—we moderns have fled from all militant ideal conceptions of our own character. Those conceptions once supplied bridges between the private and public sectors of our experience, without abolishing the difference. On the contrary, a bridge of militant ideals functioned to establish and maintain the difference between what is private and what public, although at the expense of certain necessary tensions, now variously called "guilt," "alienation" and other pejoratives. Against those separations of public and private, installed inside ourselves as our good name, we once learned to fear even the faintest dispraise and willingly put up with a diet of admonitions as our earliest form of moral nurture. Personality was identified with an idealised image of itself.[8] Wilde was an early modern opponent of militant ideal conceptions of the self, despite the fact that by such conceptions the private and public sectors of experience are kept discreet and in order, the one a transformation of the other. That order cannot be established, as art or society, if no dialectic of translation occurs between private motive and public experience. Without thereby eliminating what is an eternally renewable difference between culture and morality, the point at which they meet and become inseparable is wherever a transformation of private motive occurs. A culture that does not moralise is no culture at all.

Militant ideals are not another name for public poses; if they are that, then they become the outward and visible signs of some private hell. A transformation forbids what would otherwise be allowed. A deceit, so far as the joke is not on the deceiver, allows precisely

[6] *The Letters of Oscar Wilde* (ed. Rupert Hart-Davis, 1962), p. 30.

[7] The highest-minded Socialists have also been philistines; the Webbs, and other fighters for Humanity in the abstract, come most easily to mind.

[8] In contrast, modern children are often educated early in a rejection of authority, and hear little about themselves except praise. At the same time, militant ideal conceptions of character are mocked as injurious to the creative potential of the child. This revolution in child-rearing has occurred mainly among the educated classes in Western societies.

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what it would forbid. Tartuffe was a poseur, immediately comic, at least to maid-servants and theatre audiences. But not all poses are comic. Kurtz, for example, made "Civilisation" to mean "exterminate the brutes." The best way to read every cultural translation is backwards, from public experience to private motive. Thus read, backwards, too many translations evoke laughter, if only in order to avoid tears. Wilde chose laughter. As a guide, his artist is deliberately intended to suspend belief; he must ensure his own harmlessness.

To emphasise the harmlessness of the new man, Wilde shifted from the artist to the more traditional image of the child. In his greatest essay, *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, Wilde offers for our guidance both the artist and the child.

> It will be a marvellous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord. It will never argue or dispute. It will not prove things. It will know everything. And yet it will not busy itself about knowledge. It will have wisdom. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything, and whatever one takes from it, it will still have, so rich will it be. It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet while it will not meddle with others, it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us, by being what it is. The personality of man will be very wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child.

This is one of Wilde's more sentimental passages. Nothing in it hints how human personality can stabilise its ambivalences except by installing oppositional ideals. Wilde's sentimentality derives from the ancient logic of so-called antinomian thought: if nothing is prohibited, then there will be no transgressions. But in point of psychiatric and historical fact, it is *No*, rather than *Yes*, upon which all culture, and inner development of character, depends. Ambivalence will not, I think, be eliminated; it can only be controlled and exploited. Ideal self-concepts, militant truths, are modes of control. Character is the restrictive shaping of possibility. What Wilde called "personality" represents a dissolution of restrictive shapings. In such freedom, grown men would act less like cherubic children than like demons, for they would disrupt the restrictive order of character and social life.

Anyone who so disrupts a restrictive order is performing a demonic function. Just such disruptions seemed to Wilde the mission of the artist. The main, sociological question is never whether such disruptions occur but only whether they occur in the public or private sector of behaviour. Wilde understood this difference between public and private disruption. In public, the art of "Bunburying" meant one thing; in private, it meant quite another.[9] The artist is a bridge between the private and public sectors of a culture. Therefore, by Wilde's implicit argument, the artist becomes a dangerous and necessary figure—dangerous because he disrupts the established order by casting doubt upon it, necessary because through such doubt progress towards another mode of expressiveness occurs.

The Cross of Authority

WE ARE NOW better placed to understand the precision of Wilde's wittiest and most famous interpretation of himself. André Gide had asked him how it happened that Wilde had failed to put the best of himself into his plays. Wilde replied:

> Would you like to know the great drama of my life? It is that I have put my genius into my life—I have put only my talent into my works.

Wilde understood that in the established society this was an inversion of the energies appropriate to the private and public sectors. In our culture, any man who exercises a genius for intimacy is bound to find it becoming public and therefore scandalous. He may be rewarded by public martyrdom. If some rare individual should be cursed with genius, then the safe course, in any society, is to put that genius into work, while reserving his talent, which can reassure friends and entertain associates, for living. So Kierkegaard arranged his life, after all, in the critical case of his genius *versus* Regina. In this way are preserved the sacred distances between desires and their objects. Ordinary men will rarely tolerate, except occasionally in politicians or prophets, a steady confusion of the public and private spheres. Yet it is precisely men who aspire to confuse the public and private sectors, putting genius into their lives, who become putative guides towards a different way of life. Following Weber (but with Freud's help) we now title such men *charismatics*. This merely argues the uncharitable character of charismatics, for they will not leave people alone in their privacies.

Even now, with all their experience of default

[9] Just as in public, the word "artist" might mean one thing, and, in certain private circles another. In one of Wilde's circles, the word "artist" also meant homosexual.

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among candidates for the office, ordinary men still crave guides for their conduct. And not merely guiding principles. Abstractions will never do. God-terms have to be exemplified in order to be taught; or, at least, vital examples must be pointed to and a sense of indebtedness (which is the same as guilt) encouraged towards the imitation of these examples. Men crave their principles incarnate in enactable characters, actual selective mediators between themselves and the polytheism of experience.

Until recently, it seemed true that without imitations of compelling characters, *character* itself could not develop. Morality abhors impersonality. In this sense, so far as science develops through a transfer of truths impersonally, there can be no such cultural phenomenon as a scientific morality. In science, a truth ceases to be ideal and militant. Wilde had some premonitions of the dissolving effect of science upon culture, and, as an artist, declared the amity of art and science—and both with socialism. Only under this triumvirate—art, science, and socialism—could the New Man exist as anything more than an occasional rebel sport of the world as it is. But under the triumvirate of art, science, and socialism, Wilde looked forward, with a messianic smile, to a culture of many truths, none of them set up as ideal and none militant. In this way, authority as such—not merely this authority or that—would be defeated.

THERE ARE counter-arguments. What Wilde dismissed as mere imitation of authority, as well as authority itself, may turn out to be one way necessary to decide questions of internal development. Culture must always come to each man with certain claims ready-made, to set deep within him answers that can prevent disorganising questions from arising. To conceive of an individualism that "does not come to a man with any claims upon him at all" destroys the established meaning of culture. Wilde could accept this destruction because he conceived of authority as completely external, like the cross he had heard of being carried through the streets of Jerusalem by some madman imitating Jesus. That madman seemed to Wilde acting out all "lives that are marred by imitation."

Wilde's attack on all authority is too easy. When authority becomes so external, then it has ceased to be authoritative. The heaviest crosses are internal and men make them so that, thus skeletally supported, they can bear the burden of their flesh. Under the sign of this inner cross, a certain inner distance is achieved from the infantile desire to be and have everything. Identification is a far more compelling concept of authority, and includes

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imitation. True individuality must involve the capacity to say *No*, and this capacity is inseparable from the genesis of *No* in authority. A man can only resist the polytheism of experience if his character is anchored deeply enough by certain God-terms to resist shuttling endlessly among all.

Wilde uses the traditional, God-term determined rhetoric of the inner life against the inner life itself. The logic of Wilde's opposition to all authority depends upon his prototype of a new prophet, the artist. He imagined himself and others, each with his sovereign calm, self-centred, submitting only to the authority of experience and never predisposed by the experience of authority. By the grace of his opposition to militant truths Wilde helped lead an aesthetic movement away from the dominance of inwardness and towards an externalisation that works against all our received conceptions of character. The genius of modernity is in Wilde's cleverness. That genius is only now being caricatured by a culture which produces revolutionaries who are not oppressed proletarians but failed artists.

The Expression of Everything

THE HISTORY of the struggle to fill the vacant office of guide, to what men may not and may do, has taken a remarkable turn. There are powerful movements which proclaim some version or other of the doctrine that the new guiding character must make his presence felt only in order to abolish himself. By virtue of his essays, Wilde belongs in the pantheon of this movement.

Of course, there are larger figures in the pantheon. But they are all faced in the same direction. Nietzsche's future philosopher, as a humorist, is not far from Wilde's artist. The New Man for whom Marx was so impatient, and without whom the revolutionary process that he found in the hands of the unprincipled bourgeois could not be complete, is another near relation to Wilde's artist. Freud made a different and more cautious case, in the character of the therapist who is inseparable from his theory. I shall review the Freudian case briefly, for the background lighting it casts upon the Wildean case of the Artist as our New Man.

For Freud, the power of decision over the internal redevelopment of a crippled, or arrested, individuality could be acquired, or extended, in that last phase of therapeutic suffering which constitutes the psycho-analytic relation. In correct Freudian time, after necessarily protracted resistances against his own opportunities, a patient should become able to seize on the opportunity presented by the fact that the sources of his suffering are evaginated. Those sources are uncovered precisely in the patient's relation to the analyst. In the resolution of the transference, certain internal guides lose their authority and the patient therefore becomes that much freer to be his own guide. The analyst played a virtually silent critic without whom a patient could not re-create his own character, at last to say something on his own behalf. Psycho-analysis may be viewed as much a branch of moral letters, made over into a unique process of therapy, as it was of medicine.

But, with all his interest in the relation between case and collectivity, Freud never made therapy a model for culture. On the contrary, therapy can be understood as the model for anti-culture. Precisely here is the tension between Freudian therapy and his theory of culture, of which authority, incarnate in character, is a necessary part. Freud never dreamt that his genius would be used to assert a culture in which there would be no figures of authority against whom youth could react and thus achieve their own sense of the limits that define any truly human existence. Such a dream, if he had it, would batter against Freud's own colossal creation of himself as a figure of authority, locked in immortal combat against his final rival, Moses.

WILDE SHARED with the other most sensitive spirits of the late 19th century what is now public knowledge: that whatever makes authority incarnate in our culture is no longer available to it. No creed, no ramifying symbolic of militant truths, is installed deeply enough now to help men constrain their capacity for expressing everything. Wilde understood that internalisations from an earlier period in our moral history no longer held good. Western men were sick precisely of those interior ideals which had shaped their characters. The New Man had no choice except to try and become a free character. Viewed from within any among the precedent cultures of commitment, the character of the New Man must be anti-credal. Wilde's artist is another version of the anti-credal character around whom other, more notable heralds of the future have announced their designs. No less than Marx's New Man, Wilde's Artist is anti-credal because he too is conceived to live free from ideals. All the most important revolutionary movements of our culture, including the Marxist, represent various strategies of attack upon the inwardness of the Western character. They are efforts to evaginate those militant truths, functioning mainly as inhibitions,

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around which men learn to negotiate their elaborate dodges towards pleasure. Freud, Marx, Nietzsche, Wilde: these are some of the chief evangels associated with new ways towards the realisation of self.[10]

A new way has to be shown, at least until laities are so practised in it that they can find the way for themselves. But contemporary culture is in such a turmoil of new ways that none of them can show to advantage. The field is too crowded. Even more in the era of anti-creeds than of creeds, prophecy and deviant performance have become lucrative arts. Where individualism is so highly prized, charisma can be reproduced cheaply and becomes a highly profitable product. Wilde reckoned that, until the advent of socialism, full expressive individuality could occur only "on the imaginative plane of art." He reckoned without the cultural effect of the mass media—and without an alliance of art with the most philistine commercialism. Bohemia is more posh than ever, and more inclusive, in a society that will buy everything. The revolutionary arts are now mass entertainments.

By standing the artist "outside his subject," Wilde tried to make the artist revolutionary in a less easily corrupted manner. Such a lack of identification with his subject implies that the artist is a very special kind of personality. In Wilde's conception, the dissent of the artist becomes a kind of deviance. It is because he is detached from his subject that the artist can be trusted to defy authority. Such a mistaken conception of the relation between dissent and deviance permitted Wilde to indulge in some very sentimental writing, about criminals as well as artists. It helped him locate the revolutionary animus in psychological rather than in social relations.

This is not to dismiss all thought on the psychological origins of revolution. The animus of all revolution may well be summed up in one passage from Marx, where he invokes that "revolutionary daring which throws at its adversary the defiant phrase: 'I am nothing and I should be everything.'..." No phrase could be more defiant, and none could better express the infantile unconscious—if the infantile unconscious could express itself. But animus is not action. The artist who stands outside his subject is himself a subject. He is neither nothing nor everything, but, like all other men, a significant something. Culture is a tremendous

[10] New ways, in order to appeal the more readily, can be supported by intimations from an ambivalently rejected past. Wilde considered Jesus as a fore-runner, rather as Marx considered the Utopian socialists.

Dubcek
WILLIAM SHAWCROSS
When Dubcek appeared at the head of the Czechoslovak communist party with his fresh, if still inchoate convictions about reform and liberation, very little was known about him. He remains, after his fall, a magnetic but still mysterious figure. William Shawcross, after a series of inquiries in Czechoslovakia among politicians, writers, students, workers, friends and relations, shows in this important book that it was both Dubcek's unique abilities and his inescapable weaknesses that brought about his fall.
65s

Portrait of India
VED MEHTA
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70s

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articulation of compromise between equally intolerable feelings of nothing and everything.

THE CLAIM OF THE ARTIST to express everything is subversive in one specially acute sense: the claim to express everything can only exacerbate feelings of being nothing. In such a mood, all limits begin to feel like humiliations. Wilde did not know that he was prophesying a hideous new anger in modern men, one that will render peaceable existence even more Utopian than before.

To criticise Wilde's prophesy of the soul of man under socialism is not to defend a dying culture. Indeed, men who aspire to express everything can exist only in a culture grown so superficial that it can no longer perform its proper preventative functions. A culture that penetrates deeper into the interior, creating its own interior space rather than growing ever more disposable, is not made to order. Professors do not renew a culture. The sources of renewal are no less irrational than the sources of revolutionary death sentences against it. We can only wait and see which character will dominate the future: the credal or anti-credal. Meanwhile, Wilde's essays survive mainly in their best intention: as a prophecy, at once entertainment and art, of the anti-credal character in an impossible culture.

Cantata for Council Flats

The very rich live, unlike us, in lodges
Eating their money between folds of bread.
The guineas crumble like digestive biscuits
When sharp white teeth meet meat in Wickhamstead.

O teeth, O teeth, I sing thy apotheosis.
You are filled with ivory, elephants, or gold.
Outside the lodge the ice drifts upon the windows
But you never need to chatter with the cold.

The very rich glide encased in blubber.
Great whales, they spout pure ambergris
Which perfumes all the air around them
And makes us think, Will wonders never cease.

Be thankful the rich are still among us.
Their presence though extrinsic purifies the air.
Clerk or char, messenger or mountebank, scholar,
Shoemaker or drab: upon your scarfed knees
Praise God for every Polish millionaire.

What if you have to squat for shillings?
You still are trendy-randy Now
And nightly on King's Road can wear elf boots
And helmet hair and plaids designed
To let you peacock as the cameras bow.
Stuffed moonlight is exactly what you have, but never mind—
You sing somehow.

Carl Bode

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NOTES & TOPICS

Points of Confusion

Mr. Justice Douglas' Rebellion

By Sidney Hook

I WISH to begin by indicating the standpoint from which I shall criticise Justice Douglas' book.[1] From the time I began to think about social problems, I have been an active supporter of socialistic measures not only because I believed that the main stream of the economy should be directed to serve human needs but because I regarded such direction as necessary to the extension of democracy as a way of life, to the development of human dignity. Property in the social means of production is not only power over things but over people, too, especially those who must live by their use. Therefore it must be made responsible by various controls. In a free society, not only government but all social institutions derive their validity from the consent of the people.

I am therefore prepared to go much further in programmes of social reconstruction than Justice Douglas. Why, then, do I find his book profoundly disquieting? For many reasons. The chief one is its confusion about the foundations of democracy, its apparent readiness to sacrifice the democratic process if it cannot achieve desirable social reforms, thus converting necessary points of reform into points of rebellion. Coupled with this is a vast disregard of the remarkable social and political gains won by the democratic process. This total absence of historical perspective leads him to misleading descriptions of American society, and to an account of American intellectual life and culture that is sheer caricature.

The first serious confusion in *Points of Rebellion* is between the nature and place of dissent in a democratic society, and the nature and place of violence. Freedom of dissent is integral to a democratic society because such a society presupposes the freely given *consent* of the majority of the adult governed. But violence is not a legitimate form of dissent because, among its other evils, it is coercive of consent.

Justice Douglas is not altogether clear about whether or not there is significant freedom of dissent in the United States today. In one breath he tells us that "A black silence of fear possesses the nation" (p. 6) and that "we have fostered a climate of conformity" (p. 12). In another that we have "a current régime of dissent" so much so that "dissent looms ominously" over the country after a "decade of protests that is in many ways unique." The actual facts if measured by the frequency and intensity of its expression reveal that dissent has never been so free, so unrestrained, so widespread in the history of the nation as it is today. The universities, far from being tools of "the Establishment and the status-quo" (p. 13) are the centres of the greatest dissent in the country, more so than ever in the past. His charge that "faculties are subordinate to the orthodoxy of the trustees" flies in the face of the evidence. It is not only false but demonstrably false to say that students are "compelled to resort to violence to get a hearing." The worst excesses have occurred at Columbia, New York University and other institutions not only after students have received a *hearing* but after the university was restructured to give students representation in the University Senate and all disciplinary and judicial bodies.

But dissent in a democracy is one thing; violence is quite another, and Justice Douglas fails to distinguish them properly. Dissent that does not take the form of illegal action or incitement to such action cannot "loom ominously" over us. Only violence or the threat of violence can—a violence that oddly enough at no point is condemned by the Supreme Court judge. Although Justice Douglas presumably is speaking from a democratic point of view, in places he seems to be either identifying legitimate dissent with violence or regarding violence, or at least some expressions of it, as a species of legitimate dissent. This compounds the confusion. Speaking of the uses of violence in the United States, he tells us:

> The historic instances of violence have been episodic and have never become a constant feature of American life. Today that pattern has changed. Some demonstrations go on for months: and the protests at colleges have spread like prairie grass fire.

If this means anything, it explicitly asserts that today violence is no longer episodic but systematic. It implicitly acknowledges that the demonstrations and protests are instances of violence and embrace the assaults, the vandalism, fire bombing and other types of forcible confrontation spreading like prairie fire from one campus to another.

Then, as if to mystify us further, Justice Douglas goes on to say that "these modern-day dissenters and protesters are functioning as the

[1] *Points of Rebellion*. By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS. Random House, $4.95, paper $1.95.

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Sense & Nonsense

Washington

THE PRESIDENT *and most members of the Cabinet have avoided the main academic war zones this year.*

It really is disgraceful that the President and the members of his official family can no longer go on to most large campuses in the land with assurance of civility or even security.

This is one of the oddities of our present legal system. In recent years, the Congress has enacted specified federal remedies for interference with the right to employment, to housing, to vote—but no adequate remedies for interfering with the citizen's most fundamental rights under the First Amendment.

When the Eisenhower Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence in America recently made an extensive compendium of federal civil rights laws, it found that there was only one ancient statute that even attempted, however inadequately, to deal with government *denials of the First Amendment rights of free speech and press, the right of peaceable assembly and the right to petition for the redress of grievances. And there was* no *statute whatever to deal with the* private *bully-boys who break up or shout down Cabinet members or private citizens making perfectly legal public speeches.*

Fortunately, there is now a bi-partisan effort to correct this oversight. Rep. William M. McCulloch, the wise ranking Republican member of the House Judiciary Committee and Rep. Hale Boggs, the Democratic whip from Louisiana, have agreed on a bill that would authorise federal court injunction and damage suits against both official and private interference with the exercise of First Amendment rights.

This bill, entitled the First Amendment Freedoms Act, would authorise federal court suits for damages and injunctive relief against any official or private person seriously preventing another person from exercising his constitutional right even to talk nonsense.

Thus, under the Boggs-McCulloch bill, a sheriff's posse would be liable if it broke up a legal meeting of the Black Panthers, and equally the Black Panthers would be subject to damages if they broke up a speech by a member of the President's Cabinet, or Gov. Maddox of Georgia.

No doubt the bill would make allowance for any poor citizen who couldn't stand it any longer and shouted "nonsense" occasionally—there being so much nonsense around these days—but disrupting meetings by physical violence, or stopping a meeting by verbal violence, or hustling professors out of classrooms or drumming Spiro Agnew off the stage or throwing deans down long flights of stairs or denying students the right to hear irregular or even subversive doctrine—all this would be punishable under the new law.

James Reston
in the INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

loyal opposition functions in England." But surely there must be some error here. The loyal opposition in England—whether it be Tory to Labour or Labour to Tory—does not resort to violence of any kind. If anything, the loyal opposition is a stickler for the English niceties of tradition. And surely Justice Douglas must be aware that the violent dissenters "calling for revolutionary changes in our institutions" emphatically declare that they do *not* consider themselves a loyal opposition *within* the existing system but wish to bring it down about our heads.

THIS RAISES a fundamental question to which Justice Douglas gives an uncertain answer. The question is: Can a person or a group of persons who profess allegiance to the democratic system and wish to function as a loyal opposition within it, rightfully resort to violence to impose their will on the majority if and when they believe that the majority is too slow or too torpid or stupidly mistaken? I say that Justice Douglas seems uncertain about the answer to this question. Not only has he become doubtful about Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes' doctrine of "the clear and present danger" as limiting dissent, if it incites to unlawful *action*, he has explicitly endorsed an opinion in which the following sentence appears: "I believe that the First Amendment forbids Congress to punish people for talking about public affairs, whether or not such discussion incites to action, *legal or illegal* (Yates v. U.S. 354 U.S. 340) [my italics]." But when inflammatory words of a racist demagogue denouncing school desegregation to a crowd incites them to mob action—what else is he talking about if not public affairs? The Black Panthers and *SDS* factions which not merely advocate but incite and passionately urge the use of violence always do so in the course of talking about public affairs.

Morally, if an action is wrong, the incitement of the action is also wrong. If I am not mistaken, in law if an action is criminal, the incitement of it is also illegal even if punishable to a lesser degree. This is true for at least some criminal actions. In a democracy, political due process cannot prevail if dissent takes the form of direct action whenever a minority fails to persuade the majority. The "exceptional case," where violence is used to bring about what subsequently may be regarded as good, still signifies the breakdown of democratic authority. Every violation of due process, every resort to violence appears as an "exceptional case" to those who perpetrate it. Even then we must not forget that, as Carlyle once put it, "violence done is always sure to be injustice done, for violence does even justice unjustly."

It seems to me politically unrealistic to ignore

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the fact that in a democracy every case of successful defiance of law by resort to *violence*, even when it is a bad law, as was the Volstead ("Prohibition") Act, tends to make successive cases of defiance more likely. "In a democracy," Justice Frankfurter once wrote, "the appeal from an unenlightened majority is to an enlightened majority." If I understand Justice Douglas, the appeal from an unenlightened majority—when, in the judgment of an impatient minority, the majority moves too slowly to redress grievances—may justifiably be to rebellion. Whatever can be said about the wisdom of such an appeal, it cannot be justified by the principles of democracy.[2]

[2] ED. NOTE.—In a letter to the Editor of the *New York Times* (19 April) Professor Hook wrote: "As one who has been a critic of Justice William O. Douglas' views on violence as a legitimate expression of dissent in a democracy, I believe that any attempt to impeach him for the expression of these views is extremely ill advised.... The political health of the nation would be far better served if Justice Douglas' views were made a matter of national debate than if he became a target of an impeachment process."

Black Panthers . . .

New Haven

THE MORATORIUM COMMITTEE *called a mass meeting in Ingall's Rink for the purpose of shutting down the entire university in sympathy with the Panthers who were on trial. All presumption of guilt or innocence in the alleged murder of Alex Rackley, whose tortured and mutilated body had been discovered in Middlefield swamp in the spring of last year, was now being swallowed up in the general indignation caused by the legal harassment and police suppression of Panthers throughout the nation, the extradition of Bobby Seale from Chicago to stand trial on a murder charge in New Haven, and, most recently, the six-month contempt-of-court sentences handed out by the presiding judge to David Hilliard and Emory Douglas, two Panther officials, for minor infractions of courtroom rules (both sentences were suspended when the men apologised to the court).*

Just a week before, some Panther speakers had urged Yale students to demonstrate their revolutionary commitment by getting guns and occupying Beinecke Library, where the university stored its rare books.

The turnout at Ingall's was huge—the estimate was 4,500—with every bleacher in the hockey rink and most of the playing space crammed with excited students and faculty members as well as wandering newspapermen carrying movie cameras and tape recorders.

Unlike a similar meeting last spring, when university members met to consider the question of R.O.T.C. on campus, this meeting was not open to discussion or votes. It was organised rather as a series of exhortations delivered by Panther officials, black faculty members, black students, black community representatives and delegates of other groups, to support the call for a university-wide strike....

A NUMBER OF *muscular, glowering black men in leather jackets began to take up positions on the floor and along the aisles of the bleachers, standing with their arms folded while Charles Garry, the Panther defence counsel, introduced the principal speaker of the evening, the Panther Chief of Staff, David Hilliard. Hilliard entered the rink to tumultuous applause and a standing ovation. The students raised their clenched fists, shouting "Right On!" and "Power to the People!"*

Hilliard took the platform, backed by four burly bodyguards in black berets, and waved his arms to the enthusiastic crowd. "There is a very basic decision facing racist America," he began, "as to whether we will allow this country to become openly fascist or whether we will wage revolutionary struggle to bring order to the disorder of this country. When black men are snatched out of courtrooms and taken to prisons, then brought before judges and reprimanded as if we were criminals to apologise for wrongdoings that were meted out against us, then I see that somewhat as a compromise. But there are distinctions between revolutionary compromises and reactionary compromises. That statement was necessary to allow us another day of freedom."

Hilliard paused. "But just because we were crafty enough to outwit the stupid, demonic persecutors of black people in this country, we're going to take the opportunity to say, '——— the judicial system!' Next time we're going to rot in jail rather than compromise. And that's my confession to Yale."

"We have a revolutionary brother in Berkeley," Hilliard continued. "The brother is charged with four counts of attempted murder of four pigs. And I don't think that's wrong. Because everybody knows that pigs are depraved traducers that violate the lives of human beings and that there ain't nothing wrong with them taking the life of a mother——ing pig."

The cries of "Right on!" were now getting confused with some boos from the crowd that began to mount in volume as more of the audience absorbed what Hilliard had just said. "That's the best thing that happened here tonight," Hilliard continued. "Those boos. Because you give me room to tell you people my real feelings.... I knew you mother——ers were racists. I didn't have any doubts."

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JUST AS PUZZLING as his views on dissent and violence is Justice Douglas' conception of American society. He conceives of the U.S. "Establishment," as C. Wright Mills did, as an integrated power élite, monolithic in structure, ruthlessly exploitative of men, driven only by quest for ever-renewed profit, arrayed against the downtrodden and poor who are denied access to the political levers by which social change can be achieved. This view of the Establishment is a myth. There are many Establishments. If it be conceived as *one* then the fact that Justice Douglas and his colleagues are a powerful part of it, that Main Street is often more influential than Wall Street, that the organised trade union movement plays a substantial part in reorienting the economy, that the standards of living and civil freedoms are higher than they ever have been in the past—although still far from satisfactory for all—all this and a thousand other phenomena point to the inadequacy of *the* Establishment model of American power.

What happened at Washington when Judge Carswell of Florida was denied confirmation to the Supreme Court, what happened at

. . . on Campus

THE BOOS DID NOT *diminish in volume after this outburst, and this made Hilliard's anger blossom. "Boo me right on out of this mother——er. Boo me right back to Litchfield jail. Go boo me again, racists! . . . Go on back, to your humanities classes, go back to your psychology classes, or your English 3 or whatever it is." The booers paused for a moment, perhaps shaken by Hilliard's accusations concerning their racial feelings and academic commitments.*

"Because we know this is a real situation, because we're suffering," Hilliard said as the crowd grew quiet. "We're dying in the streets, we're facing the threat of torture in the electric chair, and I say Yale has a long way to go if they don't think we're hostile and that we're not angered by the inactivity of a bunch of young stupid mother——ers that boo me when I speak about killing pigs. I say——you!"

The boos had begun again, louder than ever. Hilliard stared at the crowd stonily. "Boo. Boo. Boo," he began to join in. "Boo Ho Chi Minh. Boo the Koreans. Boo the Latin Americans. Boo the Africans. Boo all the suffering blacks in this country. You're a goddam fool if you think I'm going to stand up here and let a bunch of so-called pacifists, you violent mother——ers, boo me without me getting violent with you."

His tone was suddenly restrained. "Because," and here he paused to let the audience absorb the full libertarian impact of his words, "because I understand that although you don't agree with what I have to say, you should be intelligent enough to tolerate that rather than boo me."

AT THIS, THE BLACK STUDENTS *and faculty ranged in the bleachers behind the platform rose to their feet and applauded Hilliard; and this brought a number of white students to their feet as well. A more tolerant spirit began to fuse through the crowd, and Hilliard found it possible to smile once again. In this more friendly atmosphere, Hilliard reminded the crowd of the possibilities of race war and of those who say it is inevitable in this country. "I think such a war might just be headed off," he said, "but that statement is supported when you all boo me."*

As if reminding himself of his unpleasant reception, Hilliard began to warn the crowd: "If there's any assassinators in the audience, if there's anyone crazy enough to come up here and supplant that booing by sticking a dagger in my back or shooting me in the head with a . . . Magnum, then let's do that, because I know that will be the one spark that will set off the reaction that will civilise racists in this country and hopefully in the mother——ing world."

Hilliard paused for a little consultation with the strategists in front of the platform, none of whom looked happy at the turn of events. When he spoke again, his tone was milder and more humorous.

"Now you got me talking to you like a crazy nigger, you got me talking like your mothers and fathers talk to you. I've called you everything but long-haired hippies. . . . And now I want to compound my sin by calling you long-haired hippie Yale mother——ers. —— you."

THE BOOING *had stopped, but an air of puzzlement permeated the crowd over whether Hilliard was putting them on. Hilliard resolved this by holding out his arms and saying, "Now I'm going to take it all back—I take it all back, everything I said to you. On the grounds that you repudiate your boos." The assembly responded to this new revolutionary compromise with deafening applause. Good-natured liberalism was about to prevail after all. Hilliard began to shout into the mike: "Power to the People! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!" The crowd took up the chant, rising to its feet and holding up clenched fists.*

Robert Brustein

(*Dean of the Yale Drama School*)
in THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

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Albany when the old Abortion Laws were repealed, makes nonsense of the theory of a monolithic Establishment.

Justice Douglas overlooks the extent to which political action has transformed the economy. After all, what made the right to collective bargaining part of the law of the land? What changed the character of the pre-Roosevelt Supreme Court? What induced the Federal government to recognise the *principle* of social responsibility for the minimum welfare subsistence of its citizens, thus permitting escalation to more adequate levels—if not the democratic political process? And nothing prevents us from pressing on to agitate for a federally guaranteed annual wage for every family which would wipe out all pockets of poverty, for the adoption of A. Philip Randolph's Freedom Budget to reconstruct our cities, for converting the Welfare State into a state genuinely concerned for the welfare of all.

HERE IS HOW Justice Douglas sees the picture in the United States today. "On the one side are powerful lobbies such as the military industrial complex, the agro-business lobby, and the highway lobby. These have powerful spokesmen." Opposed to them are "the poor, the unemployed and disemployed—and these are not well organised." But what has happened to the rest of us—the at least eighty per cent who do not appear in this confrontation? Justice Douglas does not tell us but he does say the following about the opposition between the Establishment and the poor:

> The use of violence as an instrument of persuasion is therefore inviting and seems to the discontented to be the only effective protest (p. 78).

But the use of violence, especially in the white community, comes not from the poor, the hungry, and unemployed but from the youth of the affluent middle classes in the North, and from lower middle classes in all sections, especially the South, resisting measures of desegregation. It is not the wretched and deprived who make and plant bombs but the fanatics without compassion for their possible victims. Violence today is inspired not so much by hunger, unemployment and other physical needs as it is by an ideology rooted more in psychological need than in objective conditions. For when objective social conditions were far worse than today violence was far less.

If it were true that the poor are confronted by the all-powerful monopoly of military-industrial power, how can "the use of violence as an instrument of persuasion [appear] inviting" rather than an invitation to disaster? Justice Douglas is a bad analyst of the plight of the poor and an even worse counsellor. The poor, the hungry, the unemployed, in coalition with other groups of the population can do more, much more, to improve their lot, as indeed they have in England and in some of our own states, by political action and effective use of the ballot than by resorting to violence, whose only certain effect is to provoke a fierce backlash against all reform.

THE MOST HORRENDOUS of Justice Douglas' views is his comparison of the Establishment with George III and his association of it with Hitler. One rubs one's eyes in astonishment when we read in his *Points of Rebellion*:

> We must realize that today's Establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honoured in tradition, is also revolution (p. 95).

What were the tactics of George III against which the American colonists revolted? It was his refusal to grant adequate representation, to approve laws adopted by existing legislative bodies, to respect an independent judiciary, to submit tax laws and other requisitions to the consent of the people—in short his refusal to permit the establishment of political mechanisms by which grievances could be peacefully redressed. But once the methods of registering and implementing freely given consent have been introduced, there is no longer the same moral basis for revolution that exists against tyrannies that deny political freedom. The American colonists were not self-governing when they made their revolution. And when they did establish self-government, they placed all sorts of restriction on the franchise. Today when the conditions of the American franchise are wider and freer than they have ever been in the past, when dissent is more institutionalised and protected than ever before, when despite its many shortcomings and imperfections, the level of human welfare is higher than ever before, and recognised for the first time as the legal responsibility of government, Justice Douglas makes the preposterous comparison between our democratic political system with the brutal tyranny of George III and smears the American government as part of "the powers that be" as an echo of Hitler—and this on the strength of an apocryphal quotation from the *Führer*'s writings—a passage that no one can find![3]

[3] During a panel discussion of Justice Douglas' book at the Brooklyn Law School (10 April) I asked him for the source of the unidentified passage from one of Hitler's alleged speeches on p. 58 in which

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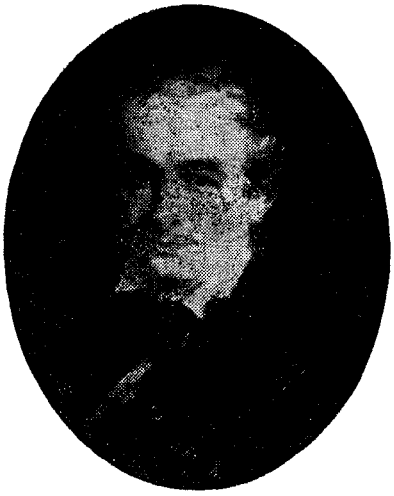

Prosper Mérimée

A. W. RAITT

This first major study of Mérimée in English, since the publication of his letters, commemorates the centenary of his death this month. Although his reputation is chiefly founded on his stories, among them Carmen and Columba, Mérimée was also a dramatist, archaeologist, translator, letter-writer, artist and administrator. It is this versatility that A. W. Raitt explores. All Mérimée's major writings are analysed and appendices include some unpublished letters and the French text of quotations.
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> Where grievances pile high and most of the elected spokesmen represent the Establishment [Justice Douglas writes] violence may be the only effective response (p. 89).

Whether violence is the most effective response is very dubious. What is not dubious is that response by violence violates both the letter and spirit of democracy. If the spokesmen of the people have been properly elected and can be turned out of office, what is the objection to them? That they vote differently from the way Justice Douglas would have them vote? Then let us elect others if they can convince us that their programme is better for the Republic. The crucial question is whether we are free to elect others. And although there are obstacles to that freedom, we are freer today than ever before. Why, then, resort to violence? Democracy is impossible if all who lost elections are prepared to recontest them by violence.

What Justice Douglas' *Points of Rebellion* indicates is that he is more concerned about specific programmes of social change than he is about the methods of change, that he is willing —one sees this clearly through the pattern of the book's verbal confusions and contradictions —to sacrifice democratic due process for some specific social objective. I submit that whoever places greater emphasis upon the product rather than the process, upon the results rather than the methods of achieving them, upon some all-sanctifying social end independently of the means to that end, is willy-nilly opening the doors to anarchy. Both Plato and Aristotle realised that where human beings are compelled to choose between anarchy and despotism, they will more readily choose despotism because anarchy is the violent, shifting and precarious rule of a thousand tyrants. Faith in the democratic process is a faith in a viable alternative that rejects both anarchy and the police state. Those who resort to violence or write apologias for rebellion are preparing the way for the very police state they fear.

The avenues of democratic reform are still open in the United States. Whether Americans

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Hitler deplored student rioting in the universities in 1932 and called for "law and order." He was frank in admitting that he read no German, did not recall where he had seen the passage quoted, and said he had instructed his publishers to drop it from the next printing. Meanwhile that passage has surfaced all over the country in connection with attempts to discredit all criticism of student violence. The passage first cropped up in Berkeley in an attempt to smear those opposed to student violence as "echoes" of Hitler. The only students rioting in German universities in 1932 were followers of Hitler.

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can use them effectively depends on their courage, intelligence, willingness to work harder in the face of occasional defeats and their political skills in surmounting the obstacles of ignorance, indifference, prejudice and vested interests. The difficulties are great enough. Justice Douglas makes them greater by his exaggerations, by his loose talk and even looser thought.

International Commentary

Towards a New Congress of Vienna?

SALT in Old Wounds — By Don Cook

Harold Nicolson, in his lucid and entertaining study of the Congress of Vienna written a quarter of a century ago at the end of World War II, took the precaution of warning his readers against the temptation to seek historic analogies too readily.

> We can learn little from history unless we first realise that she does not, in fact, repeat herself. Events are not affected by analogies; they are determined by the combinations of circumstances. And since circumstances vary from generation to generation it is illusive to suppose that any pattern of history, however similar it may at first appear, is likely to repeat itself exactly in the kaleidoscope of time.

It would indeed be difficult, however tempting, to cast the Foreign Office's Sir Alec Douglas-Home in the role of a latter-day Castlereagh, or picture the State Department's William Rogers as a 20th-century Metternich—let let alone envisage Leonid Brezhnev acting the part of the benevolent Christian architect of peace in Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals and creator of the Holy Alliance, Csar Alexander I. It would have been possible to see Maurice Couve de Murville (but not, I am afraid, France's present foreign minister, Maurice Schumann) playing Caulaincourt or Tallyrand again. (When Caulaincourt, Napoleon's foreign minister at the peace negotiations at Chatillon in February 1814, was cornered on some point by the plenipotentiaries of the Grand Coalition, he replied with a retort which might well have curled from Couve de Murville's lips, and indeed more or less has: "I am well aware that France has the honour of being alone.") Or again, it could have been Couve instead of Tallyrand replying icily to Csar Alexander's accusation during the Congress of Vienna that he had been "a traitor to the common cause": "That, Your Imperial Majesty, is a question of dates."

Even though historic analogy lacks much validity and can be downright misleading, it is still tantalising. That, in fact, is one of the reasons why the Warsaw Pact powers have had such good propaganda effects with their repeated proposals for a European Security Conference. Why not another Congress of Vienna? The idea has such simple nostalgic appeal. It conjures up the romantic vision of Europe dancing its way to peace under candlelit chandeliers with the scent of eau-de-cologne in the air. It recalls a Europe of travel without passports, trade without restrictions, of benevolence and good-will ruling in every ancient capital. Even if the historic realities of the nineteenth century were a great deal more harsh, the dream is still there, the melody lingers on. Today after thirty years of world war, cold war, and little wars there is an elemental yearning in every simple soul for Europe to order its affairs in peace once again, and by so doing resume its civilising heritage and mission for the rest of the world. The Congress of Vienna may have been not only Vienna's finest hour, but Europe's as well. Is it beyond the wit and wisdom of European statesmen to repeat what was achieved in Vienna one hundred and fifty-five years ago?

When the Congress assembled in Vienna in October 1814, Napoleon was on Elba and his domination of Europe was at an end. Fifteen

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years of war or threat of war had produced physical and political exhaustion. Napoleon's escape from Elba, the drama of the Hundred Days and the close-run Battle of Waterloo were an interruption which served primarily to underscore common determination to organise a pan-European settlement which would provide stable and lasting peace. The task of the diplomats in Vienna was to work out an acceptable status-quo, a balance-of-power settlement which would be in the common interest of all Europe to maintain.

The "Big Four" of that day on whom the major decisions rested—England, Austria, Russia, and France—were surrounded and inhibited by a myriad of other delegates and hangers-on including thirty-six minor German princes with wives and mistresses. The patchworks, compromises, and imperfections of their work were inevitable. It could not have been otherwise with boundary and territorial settlements involving more than thirty-five European states and empires. Of course there was no great political or ideological division of Europe to be overcome or acknowledged. It was the heyday of monarchy, and the starting-point for the Congress was re-establishment of monarchical legitimacy in every capital. But English public opinion in particular was quick to differentiate between good kings and bad kings. The cynical consigning of minority peoples (*e.g.*, the Serbs, Croats, Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Slovaks) to the distant despotism of some Hapsburg or Romanoff was regarded in those days with much the same kind of intellectual outrage which greeted Soviet occupation of Prague in 1968. Castlereagh's critics in the House of Commons were incensed at his collusion in the Vienna card-game, dealing out thrones to unctuous and ingratiating Bourbons and Bonapartes, Hohenzollerns and Hanoverians, Wittelsbachs and Parmas and other light-opera royalty. Castlereagh finally had to go home to London to defend himself. The Duke of Wellington arrived in Vienna to take over in February 1815 (when the negotiations on the Polish settlement reached the crucial stage) and remained at the Congress until he left for Waterloo at the end of March.

The Polish Question was the key to almost everything in Vienna. The argument centered on how far west the Polish border was to be pushed, and the farthest which was proposed was the Oder-Neisse line. But this gain by Poland at the expense of Prussia would have forced a compensation for Prussia at the expense of the King of Saxony, and would have pushed the Prussian border westwards, closer to France. The thought of increasing Prussia's weight in Western Europe was too much for the Great Powers; and they sacrificed Poland by relegating a truncated state around Warsaw to the none-too-tender protection of the Czar of the Russians. The Poles of that day could not have been much happier about their fate than they are today. But once this piece of the map was drawn, the rest of the jig-saw fell fairly rapidly into place around it.

THE INDUBITABLE HISTORIC FACT was that the settlement worked. Monarchical urges to seek territorial conquest or fresh political expansion against neighbouring peoples were either satisfied by the settlements of Vienna, or were thereafter checked and subordinated by the overriding common interest in keeping the common peace. Of course the arrangements of 1815 went through subsequent changes and shocks—notably Bismarck's rise to power, the creation of the German Empire, and the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. The Hapsburg kings were continuously engaged against rebellious subjects somewhere in the Austrian Empire. Yet, remarkably enough, the general balance-of-power structure held broadly intact, and the conflicts of the nineteenth century remained localised. There was no general breakdown of peace, no general European war until 1914. Meanwhile, peace enabled the Industrial Revolution to send Europe's economic capacities surging upward. Trade and 19th-century imperialism carried Europe to supremacy around the globe. True, there was injustice, cruelty, industrial horror, and police-state repression beneath the trapping of monarchical benevolence. But still, in an important perspective, the overriding achievements of the Congress of Vienna live on in nostalgic appeal.

THE DREAM IS ALL THE MORE tantalising because in many ways Europe does at last seem to be approaching that "combination of circumstances" which may yet offer historic opportunity to bring about some kind of a new pan-European understanding to reinforce peace from the Atlantic to the Urals with something besides military force. A sense of movement and change is dominating foreign policy considerations in every European capital, East and West, and politicians and diplomats are either worried or excited depending on whether they see risk or opportunity. In part the change is demographic as well as political. Boys who were fifteen years old when World War II ended are in their forties today, in positions of growing responsibility and power. For them the old dogmas, slogans, and shibboleths which have been the reflex guidelines of foreign policy are simply running down and wearing

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out. In the words of Willy Brandt, who reflects and personifies this change of outlook in Germany: "Facts have come into being in twenty-five years which we cannot simply reverse. We must proceed from their existence if we are to move forward. . . ."

The *status quo* of Communist control of Eastern Europe would appear to be one of those facts. In the West until very recently, the stock response to the Communist proposal for a European Security Conference (and it has been surfacing regularly since 1954) has been: "The democracies can never accept the division of Europe and the permanent subjugation of the Eastern European states to Communism." But in fact the West has repeatedly acknowledged the *status quo* by not intervening in 1948, in East Berlin and Posen in the uprisings of 1943, in Hungary in 1956, when the Berlin Wall went up in 1961, or in Prague in 1968. Today the Stalin doctrine has been updated by the Brezhnev doctrine, a twenty-year occupation treaty has been imposed by the Russians on Czechoslovakia, and Communist control over Eastern Europe is more firmly embedded than ever.

Nobody in the West has been emboldened by these events to start talking again about "liberation" or "roll-back." The political division of Europe between Communist and non-Communist states has evidently become one of those facts from which one must proceed if one is to "move forward"—and in reality the tacit acceptance of this has ceased to be anathema for just about everybody except the French, who remain locked in Gaullist sloganising about the "dissolution of the power blocs." Indeed, perhaps the greatest diplomatic breakthrough of Chancellor Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has been to demonstrate clearly in the West that it is possible to accept (and even to embrace) the *status quo* and put it to work for you. One year ago a meeting between the two heads of government of East and West Germany would have been almost unthinkable. Today there have been two such meetings, and when East German Premier Willi Stoph journeyed to Kassel for his second confrontation with Brandt in May, Brandt even went so far as to propose membership in the United Nations for both East and West Germany! Perhaps only inflexible German Marxist law professors can explain why such an offer has to be turned down because it falls short of "recognition." But in fact East German public opinion has become so aroused and excited at the prospects of some "normalisation" of relations with West Germany that Stoph's reflex reaction has been to withdraw nervously behind the iron curtain. He scurried back to the security of his Wall like a rabbit before a fox, resorting to wounded denuncia-

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Philip Hobsbaum

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tions of the lack of real police security in West Germany.

UNTIL BRANDT'S INITIATIVE, the Communist powers have enjoyed a free propaganda ride with their demand for "recognition of the *status quo*"—which, in their terms, has been designed to gain two major political advantages. The first would be to get the West to accept the Brezhnev doctrine and acknowledge the permanency of the Soviet Union's control over its satellite empire in the newly defined terms of the "friendship treaty" between Moscow and Prague. The second big plum which the Warsaw Pact powers desperately need is trade and credits in the West to keep their ramshackle and stagnating economies in some kind of forward motion. Accordingly, they have had to replace the worn-out language and threats and political policies of the Cold War with the more soothing talk about the acceptance of realities. From the standpoint of Russian self-interest there is nothing at all contradictory about playing *détente* in the West and Stalinism in Prague and asking that each be accepted and endorsed for the good of Europe's future. This, of course, is precisely the kind of *status quo* which the West has so far been resisting.

Yet there is another element in the diplomatic situation which has been pushed recently with quiet insistence by some Polish diplomats in careful conversations with neutral friends in Western Europe. The Poles are arguing that the only way for the Eastern European states to gain any "room for manoeuvre" at the end of the Soviet tether will be through some European Security Conference arrangement in which the West would acknowledge Soviet control over its Warsaw Pact allies. The Poles argue that the Czechs tried to do it "the wrong way round," and sought to normalise political and trade relations with the West in a fashion which then aroused the Russians with visions of disintegration of their security system. The result was Prague, 1968.

This is one of the principal reasons why the Poles have been the strongest proponent of the Security Conference idea in the Warsaw bloc. The Soviet Union gives the impression of caution while the Poles carry the ball, but this has led to some very unusual diplomatic conversations and secret strategies. When the Warsaw Pact powers gathered in Prague in October of 1969, they produced some agenda proposals for a Security Conference which had clearly been watered down by the Russians in order to reassure the East Germans, but emerged so thin that they looked almost ludicrous. The Poles, fearful that the proposals would be rejected out of hand by the NATO Foreign Ministers due to meet in Brussels last December, instructed their ambassador to Italy to undertake a delicate conversation with the Secretary of State of the Holy See. He was told to express Poland's appreciation of the Vatican's support for the European Security Conference proposal, and to inform the Vatican of Poland's ideas for the agenda for such a meeting—a much more realistic set of proposals than those put forward in the Prague declaration. (The Polish ambassador even went so far as to tell the Secretary of State that he was "free to take notes" of the conversation!) The expectation of the Poles was that the Vatican would then inform the Italian Government which in turn would pass the notes of the conversation on to NATO in Brussels. Their hope was that NATO would not react too negatively to what had emerged from the Prague meeting, and would at least keep the ball in play. And it was kept in play, culminating at the NATO meeting in Rome in May with a clear declaration of readiness in the West at least "to explore when it will be possible to convene a European security conference" and an instruction to the Italian government to make initial soundings "with all interested parties, including neutral and non-aligned governments."

WHY, A WESTERN OBSERVER MIGHT REASONABLY wonder, should the Russians play with a diplomatic proposal which would allow the Poles, or the Czechs, or the Hungarians, to repeat in some new form in the future the kind of independent manoeuvres *vis à-vis* the West which Alexander Dubcek tried to get away with in 1968? Indeed, has not the fashion in which Willy Stoph ran away from Willy Brandt's offer of membership in the United Nations been a clear demonstration of the risks and dangers to the Communist system if "*status quo*" in effect turns out to be "liberalisation"? If this is really what the Poles and the other small Warsaw Pact powers are angling for, can the Russians really be serious about a European Security Conference?

In fact, only time will tell; and, in any case, this is no reason for the West to pass up the diplomatic initiative. If the Warsaw Pact powers suddenly begin to retreat from their own proposals, need that be an embarrassment to the NATO powers? Most probably the Polish argument is largely self-illusory. The Soviet Union remains in firm control and is taking no substantial risks with the European Security Conference proposal, the outcome of which it continues to control anyway. Meanwhile it is certainly true that since 1968 there are plenty of Poles, Czechs, Hungarians and Roumanians who are desperately yearning and seeking for some "light at the end of the tunnel," some way out of the iron grip which has been re-

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newed and reinforced by the subjugation of Prague. If these hidden Dubceks *feel* and *believe* that they will gain some "room for manoeuvre" as a result of a European Security Conference, then at least the West's acceptance would offer them something more positive than mere lip-service denunciations of Soviet intervention in their affairs. That, at least, has certainly been implicit in Willy Brandt's new-style *Drang nach Osten*.

SOVIET INTENTIONS about Europe's future in fact can be better gauged right now not in the degree of enthusiasm which they might show for the European Security Conference proposal, but in the very considerable range of diplomatic negotiations on specific problems which they have either accepted or initiated in the last twelve months. There are the strategic arms limitation talks (SALT) which began in Helsinki in November, are continuing now in Vienna and will return to Helsinki for what probably will be a definitive stage this fall. There are the negotiations with West Germany for a declaration of non-use of force and normalisation of trade and consular arrangements. And there are the Four-Power talks in Berlin which are aimed at seeking a formula for normalisation of the status of the city, its traffic arrangements and political relations, even though the East-West starting-points so far are still very far apart.

But these talks have to be seen as the essential preliminaries to an eventual Security Conference. Before the "Big Four" arrived in Vienna in 1814, they had first concluded the Peace of Paris and restored the somewhat hapless Bourbon, Louis XVIII, to the French throne. (It was he of whom Tallyrand made his famous remark about having "forgotten nothing and learned nothing.") They had held a series of bilateral talks in London, Paris, and Vienna which determined the framework and the main objectives to be tackled at the Congress itself. Whether the present-day bilateral negotiations and manoeuvres will eventually carry Europe to some 20th-century equivalent of the Congress of Vienna remains to be seen. But at least the objective and the goal now seems to be there if successful diplomacy can fit the pieces together and control and direct and channel self-interests into a common cause.

THE SALT TALKS, conducted by American and Russian diplomats in sober business-suits, furtively slipping in and out of each other's embassies to discuss in deepest secrecy such esoteric horrors as "megaton overkill" and "multiple re-entry intercontinental ballistic launch vehicles," have scarcely set Vienna dancing again with some romantic sense of history-

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in-the-making at the Hofburg. But even if SALT is first and foremost an affair of the superpowers, who are trying with apparent sincerity and conviction to get away from the costly and increasingly meaningless spiral of reaction and counter-reaction in the nuclear field, the talks also are an essential preliminary to any future pan-European political settlement or understanding. To put it another way, it is highly unlikely that a European Security Conference could ever take place if the SALT talks fail. Neither the NATO powers nor the Warsaw Pact powers would find any security or understanding on a limited European basis if the leaders of the two blocs go on spiralling upwards in the nuclear arms race.

SALT therefore must produce agreement, however limited, if the diplomatic climate and momentum for Europe in general, is to be maintained. After that, the parts of a European package are Willy Brandt's negotiations in Moscow for a mutual declaration of non-use of force and his negotiations with Warsaw for the same kind of a declaration which would include *de facto* acceptance on paper by the West German Government of Poland's Oder-Neisse frontier. As far as Brandt and the *Bundesrepublik* are concerned, the sorting out of relations with East Germany, and the modalities of the "two Germanies side by side," can take its time. It is not a priority matter, and it is not part of a package. But agreement over Berlin *is* part of the package, and indeed is the key to the situation today just as the Polish question was the key to success for the Congress of Vienna. Brandt has informed the Russians and has stated publicly that he will present nothing to the West German Parliament for ratification until the Four Powers have successfully concluded an agreement on Berlin.

It is, in point of fact, one of the more encouraging and interesting diplomatic aspects of this complex scene that the Soviet Union has not so far resisted or denounced the linkage of these various elements in a "package deal." Indeed, the Russians agreed finally to go ahead with the Four-Power talks on Berlin only *after* they had been informed by Brandt's special envoy, Egon Bahr, on his first visit to Moscow last January, of the insistence of the West German Government that the problem of Berlin be "clarified." The talks then started in March. It may well be that the Russians have decided that it would be a prudent and sensible course right now, with so much on the move between the two Germanies, to use a new round of Berlin talks to underscore the Four-Power status of the city. Having spent the last twenty years denouncing the Potsdam Agreements, they may now have found fresh diplomatic virtue in resurrecting Four-Power machinery in Germany. But never mind the motive. The Congress of Vienna worked because self-interest found satisfaction in a common cause. If Russia finds a self-interest in a new Four-Power settlement of the Berlin question which then in turn can be inserted and reinforced in a European Security Conference package, it would conceivably be no undesirable outcome.

Brandt has thus materially strengthened an otherwise rather weak Allied hand in the Berlin talks. If the Russians want trade, credits, and "normalisation of relations" with West Germany—and if the Poles want an agreement covering the Oder-Neisse question—then an obvious and reasonable price to pay would be an agreement which would renounce the harassment of the people of West Berlin and recognise the *status quo* attachment of the city and its liberal-democratic life to the German Federal Republic. This may be difficult for East Germany to swallow; but, again, that need not concern the West.

I would venture to suggest that in any other hands but those of Willy Brandt, the Russian-German talks might be stirring up all kinds of talk and fears in Europe about another "Rapallo" or "Hitler-Stalin pact." But Brandt is of a new German generation, annealed and tested from the days when he fought the Nazi Brownshirts on the streets of Lubeck, and as a Social Democratic resistance fighter with the Norwegian underground. He is not only carrying a majority of his countrymen with him in his *Ostpolitik*. He also has the confidence to a remarkable degree of dozens of European statesmen and political leaders whom he has known as an anti-Hitler refugee, as a journalist in post-war Germany, as Lord Mayor of Berlin, as leader of Germany's Social Democratic party, and as a Foreign Minister (until he became Chancellor last October). His tactics have been as reassuring to the Western Allies as his personality and his intellect. Not only has he insisted on "packaging" any agreement which West Germany makes with Moscow alongside a new Allied agreement on Berlin: he has also given equal weight in his foreign policy to enlargement of the European Common Market and the consolidation of Western Europe. He is not remotely seeking to play off his ties with the West or Germany's place in democratic Europe for the sake of a "new Rapallo."

AS A RESULT, even the reluctant French swung round at the May NATO meeting, if for no other reason than to avoid being left with "the honour of being alone" while diplomacy moves on. They have decided to support the NATO probe on a Security Conference with the obvious provisos that the soundings include neutrals and non-aligned countries to get away

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from any bloc-to-bloc negotiations, and that progress has to be registered in the Berlin talks and in West Germany's negotiations with Russia. In the Berlin talks, France of course plays the role of a Power as a victor in World War II, and by all accounts the French ambassador has been playing it to the hilt.

A DIPLOMATIC PROCESS can thus fairly be said to be underway—a process which Britain's Foreign Secretary hopes eventually will be channelled into the convening of a "preliminary commission of officials and experts" from all interested states to exchange views formally on the organisation of a Security Conference and the preparation of an agenda. There are optimists, even American optimists, who believe that if SALT goes well and the Bonn negotiations with Moscow result in agreement and the Berlin talks begin to move, then such a preliminary meeting as the British have proposed could take place next spring.

As to agenda, the proposals which have been formally put forward by the Warsaw Pact powers last October and by the NATO powers in Rome in May are remarkable diplomatic examples of how each side views the *status quo*. The Warsaw Pact agenda was:

> The ensuring of European security and renunciation of the use of force or threat of its use in the mutual relations among states in Europe;
>
> Expansion of trade, economic, scientific and technical relations on the principle of equal rights aimed at the development of political cooperation among European states.

The NATO agenda was:

> The principles which should govern relations between states, including the renunciation of force;
>
> The development of international relations with a view to contributing to the freer movement of people, ideas and information and to developing cooperation in the cultural, economic, technical and scientific fields as well as in the field of human environment.

It would not take a Marxist lawyer very long to see that NATO's proposal for "principles of relations between states including the renunciation of force" would clearly imply a renunciation by the Soviet Union of the use of force against its own Warsaw Pact allies. Nor would it take a Communist theoretician long to smell danger in an agreement for "freer movement of people, ideas and information" in Europe. One man's Mede is another man's Persian. Each side, inevitably, is going to manoeuvre to obtain definition of the *status quo* to his advantage.

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ously by the United States, for "mutual balanced force reductions." It is difficult to see why it would hold any interest at all for the Russians as long as the Mansfield resolution calling for massive American troop withdrawals from Europe remains before the U.S. Senate. It is also difficult to see why, if Willy Brandt ties his entire *Ostpolitik* to the success of negotiations over Berlin, the United States does not hitch its force reduction proposal to the same star. At least this would be a strong and logical political position to fight off the Mansfield resolution while delicate and perhaps decisive East-West diplomatic negotiations are under way. If a Berlin agreement does emerge, then obviously the improved political climate of Europe will make troop reductions a much more equitable prospect for NATO.

If all these preliminaries fall into place, what really would there be left for a European Security Conference to do? What would be its form and its purpose? The answer is that while essentially it should only be a "ribbon ceremony conference," rather than a complex negotiating conference along the lines of the Congress of Vienna, it would nevertheless have the essential and overriding purpose of endorsing, legalising, and legitimising a European settlement on the widest possible basis.

The language which Willy Brandt works out with Moscow on "non-use of force" would presumably become the basic language for such a declaration for all of Europe. Whatever Brandt agrees with the Poles on the Oder-Neisse question would in turn become part of a European Security Conference Agreement which would finally settle that territorial issue. Although new arrangements over Berlin would be the sole responsibility of the Four Powers, there is every good reason why they should then be endorsed and guaranteed by a European Security Conference. After that the Conference itself could decide how it wishes to handle trade and economic questions, cultural questions, and the free movement of peoples. A continuing "commission on European security problems" might emerge with the study and negotiation of "mutual balanced force reductions" as one of its tasks, to the end of time.

It might not be another Congress of Vienna, but it hasn't been tried in a hundred and fifty-five years.

Simon Jenkins
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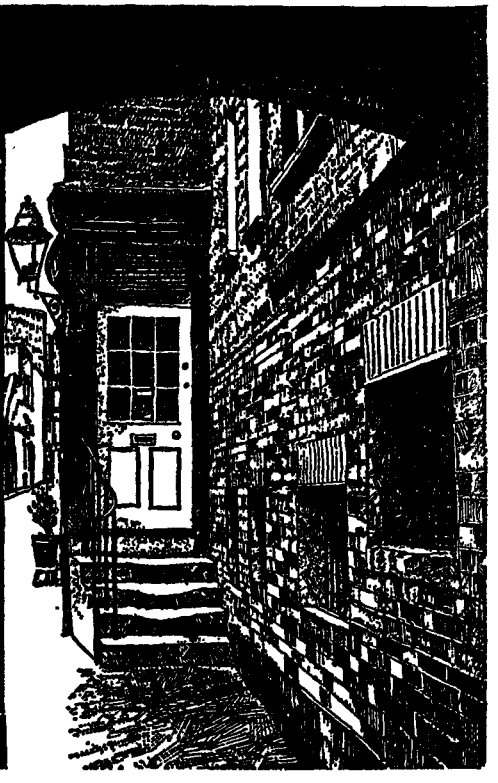

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A Special Book Section

Art & Architecture

Aesthetics Adrift

By Edward Lucie-Smith

THE STALENESS, flatness and unprofitableness of a great deal of contemporary art is something which journeyman-critics such as myself only mention in whispers: that is, when we can pluck up the courage to mention it at all. Our usual practice is to grapple with each new movement or -ism, hoping against hope that we shall encounter, in our exploration of it, a genuine rather than a factitious complexity. Thus, from the desert of Minimal Art (elaborate explanations concerning simple objects), we drag ourselves to the adjoining desert of Conceptual Art (elaborate explanations about an absence of objects). The truth is that we are caught in the standard modernist trap: we feel compelled, both by circumstances and self-interest, to proclaim our faith in the sovereign value of novelty.

But we are also struggling with a bigger problem, which is how to find an explanation for the increasing degree of separation between the world of art and what one may loosely describe as the world of common experience. Modern art is to some extent an established idiom; modernist assumptions continue to propagate all over the world, so that a country like Canada, for example, produces artists whose work has the closest possible links with the work of artists almost anywhere in the western bourgeois democracies, to the point where it seems absurd to insist (as a new survey tends to do[1]) upon the special identity of Canadian art.

On the other hand, it is increasingly difficult to discover the social relevance of this art to what surrounds it. The problem is summarised by Kenneth Coutts-Smith in the penultimate paragraph of *The Dream of Icarus*, a lively and well-documented study of current avant-garde activity.[2]

> Reading the paper, watching the news, art seems trivial activity in the face of events around us, sometimes even an impertinent one, with suffering and civil war and revolution all about. But that is perhaps because of what we have made of art. We have demystified it, materialized it, trivialized it. We seem to have lost the faculty of using it as a common activity, as a way of sharing our experience of the universe.

We can test the relevance of his strictures for ourselves by looking at two collections of art-historical essays which have just been published in paperback.[3] Fritz Saxl and Erwin Panofsky are scholars cast in much the same mould, interested in much the same fields of study. On occasion they collaborated, for example in making a study of Titian's "Allegory of Prudence," (which is now in the National Gallery, London). The complexity of meaning which Panofsky and Saxl discovered in this particular painting is not, of course, to be found in all pre-modernist works of art. But their respective studies in iconography amply demonstrate how rich were the resources which the Renaissance masters employed almost as a matter of course. The modernist artist is seldom able to avail himself

THIS *is the fifth in a series of Special Book numbers. In previous* ENCOUNTERS *there appeared "Aspects of English Education" (May 1969), "The Uses and Abuses of History" (October 1969), "Aspects of Sociology" (March 1970), and "Literature & Criticism" (June 1970).*

[1] *Canadian Art Today*. Edited by WILLIAM TOWNSEND. Studio International, 55s.

[2] *The Dream of Icarus*. By KENNETH COUTTS-SMITH. Hutchinson, 45s.

[3] *A Heritage of Images*. By FRITZ SAXL. Peregrine Books, £1. *Meaning in the Visual Arts*. By ERWIN PANOFSKY. Peregrine Books, £1.

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of such compacted layers of meaning, and one of the characteristic figures of our time is, I think, the "learned" artist whose learning makes no apparent impact on his work. Such artists are often praised for their spontaneity, their escape from a damaging sophistication, but I confess I often wonder how much creative power is wasted in bottling up these dangerous resources of knowledge.

INDEED THE PROBLEM of "knowledge" characteristically bedevils all contemporary systems of education in the fine arts. Stuart Macdonald's recent, and profoundly depressing book, *The History and Philosophy of Art Education*[4] spares the reader little. An assessment of the follies of 19th-century art education (those months and years spent learning how to draw and then shade a simple sphere, until all creative talent was crushed out of the unfortunate pupil), is followed by an almost equally hostile account of current attitudes. Macdonald remarks at one point that

> it is a fact that those art institutions which have achieved the highest reputation at various times, namely the Slade, the Central School, the Glasgow School, and the Royal College, have done so at that time when they deviated from national art education policies.

This tends to suggest, not only the strains which modernist orthodoxy with its emphasis on spontaneity, the primacy of the unconscious, expression rather than communication, etc., places upon any system which seeks to educate artists, but also the great difficulty which we find in establishing a relationship between modern art and society as a whole. The elaborations of a book such as Harold Osborne's *The Art of Appreciation*[5] seem to me especially characteristic of a situation in which, while worshipping the spontaneous, we have nevertheless become extremely self-conscious about our reactions to the objects which are presented to us as works of art.

Osborne's book contains two remarks which I find especially significant. In the first chapter, the author asserts that

> the appreciation of beautiful things, and the fine arts in particular, calls for a skill resulting from the cultivation of capacities which are common to the majority of people, though both the capacities themselves and the impulses to develop them vary greatly from person to person.

This shows a combination of democratic and élitist attitudes which has been common in the twentieth century. So, too, has the mistrust for the perceptual process which Osborne evinces later, saying flatly that "our ordinary perceptual experience is vague, imprecise and jejune, keyed to the practical needs of life."

This second assertion represents an attitude which is now being challenged by experimental psychologists. The two most interesting texts in the group of books before me are both of them concerned with the mechanics of perception, and with the conclusions to be drawn from a study of these mechanics. Professor Gregory[6] is worried about the way in which man is becoming divorced from the "biological past" of direct perception; that is, with the way in which the hypotheses we make about the world, which are derived from what we see, are being undermined by disciplines whose discoveries have taken them beyond the bounds of what the senses can test. Professor Arnheim[7], on the other hand, believes that the perceptual process is inseparable from the thought process, and that no distinction can be drawn between seeing and reasoning. Both writers make use of psychological laboratory experiments; Arnheim is the more inclined to try and discover a relationship between these experiments and the theories advanced by philosophers, from the pre-Socratics onward.

In his concluding chapter, Arnheim makes one especially important, if obvious point. "The discipline of intelligent vision," he claims, "cannot be confined to the art studio; it can succeed only if the visual sense is not blunted and confused in other areas of the curriculum." To which, no doubt, Gregory would reply that the extension of human knowledge into areas of abstract speculation has confused the visual sense irrevocably.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO DENY that both authors have a point, even if there are occasions on which their arguments seem to be contradictory.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH (*born 1933 in Kingston, Jamaica*) *was educated in England. He has written art criticism for* The Listener, *the* New Statesman, The Times *and the* Sunday Times, *and used to be a regular member of the BBC Critics. His most recent books are "Movements in Art Since 1945" (Thames and Hudson), and "Art in Britain 1969–70" (Dent); he is currently working on a history of culture in Britain since the war.*

[4] *The History and Philosophy of Art Education.* By STUART MACDONALD. University of London Press, 84s.

[5] *The Art of Appreciation.* By HAROLD OSBORNE. Oxford University Press, 50s.

[6] *The Intelligent Eye.* By R. L. GREGORY. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 42s.

[7] *Visual Thinking.* By RUDOLF ARNHEIM. Faber & Faber, £5 10s.

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200 illus. 55s

An Organic Architecture
Frank Lloyd Wright
Reissue of a key work, based on lectures given in London in May 1939. A champion of Wright has called the book 'one of the best statements of his principles and his ideas'.
42s

Sources of Modern Architecture
Dennis Sharp
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Towards an Australian Architecture
Edited by Harry Sowden
Featured in this book are 19 firms of architects who are helping to change the face of Australian architecture and who typify the original contribution that architecture in Australia is making today.
300 illus. £5

Lund Humphries

Significantly, however, they tell us very little about aesthetic values in the old sense. Having established the fact that thinking/perceiving often forms a single matrix, they have little advice to offer about standards, rather than processes, of judgment.

At this point, I believe, one can find a connection between the examples and theories of Arnheim and Gregory, and what is actually going on in the visual arts. Those elaborate explanations of inert and rudimentary objects which nowadays tend to serve us for art-criticism, frequently have certain features in common. We are usually told, for instance, that the artist has been concerned with the perceptual process; or, if he is a figurative artist, there will be some mention of his interest in conventions of representation. That is, the work of art is itself a critique of the way in which the spectator comes to grips with it.

The general public, having now, as in the past, little interest in technical philosophical problems, is tempted to look for other, and easier explanations; the art-reviewer or commentator, on the other hand, is at a loss to find a means of communicating the content he believes to be there to anyone but a convert. One surprise, is, of course, to find such problems being tackled by means which, at first sight, seem to be so thoroughly inefficient, and in particular, so very much subject to the accidents of circumstance. If the work of art is to be thought of as an exerciser for the perceptual processes, a sublimated vaulting-horse or set of parallel bars, then the subject of the work of art is of course the perceptual process itself, contemplated not at rest but in motion. The laborious explanations of the reviewer are therefore a little like the paragraph in a textbook which tries to define the steps and arm movements of an elaborate dance, which in any case may vary with the dancer and the setting.

YET, AS I HINTED in my first paragraph, we instinctively find such explanations not only boringly laborious, but over-strained. Works of art, we feel, ought to have qualities of "isness" and "thusness" so obvious that explanation is unnecessary. In fact, the *avant-garde* work of art is not only a commentary on the thinking/perceiving mechanism, but an attempt to insert a new object into the context of the natural order, without disturbing the continuity of that order. We reject, therefore, the long accepted, and once almost axiomatic, notion of the artificiality of art.

This is not the place to explore the concepts which we embody in words such as "nature" and "the natural." It is perhaps enough to remind the reader that such concepts, as we now know them, were the characteristic products of

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the Romantic Movement. The romantics were the first people to try and displace man from his central place in the creation, and it may, I think, be possible to argue that the work of art was one of the victims of this displacement.

A conclusion which I have not discovered in Arnheim and Gregory, but which in fact suggests itself as one reads their pages, is that a more efficiently schooled perceptual mechanism would tend to make works of art otiose, and we would ourselves, thanks to our acquired delicacy of perception, have access to all the sensations and ideas which we would normally need to have concentrated and edited for our use by the work of art.

There is at the moment in the English art world, as in the art world of the United States, a tendency for people to make themselves into amateur scientists. A lecture on linguistics will arouse the enthusiastic attention of the art public to a greater extent than a talk about some aspect of the visual arts. This betrays an impatience with what the artists themselves are providing, a loss of faith which is, I think, without parallel. It will be interesting to see if the artists, so long the leaders of the modern movement, the very vanguard of the *avant-garde*, will be able to reassert the claim to primacy which seems to be rapidly slipping away from them. The books I review here are very diverse, but what they all suggest, either directly or indirectly, are reasons for the continuing creative enfeeblement of the visual arts.

The Great & the Dead

By John Summerson

To those of us old enough to have been disturbed, illuminated, converted and enchanted by *Vers une Architecture* when it was circulating in the mid-1920s there is a monitory thrill in the eighth and (presumably) last volume of the *Complete Works* of Le Corbusier.[1] We are thirty-five years older. We have seen the architecture of the whole world change in a way for which "Corbu," more than any other single man, was responsible. We cannot fly over a great city or look out of a high window without seeing buildings which could never have been conceived (or alas! misconceived) without his vision. He has swept the world of architectural form as only, perhaps, Michelangelo ever succeeded in doing before. He died five years ago and was buried with majestic honours. His works now face us with haunting questions about him and about architecture.

One thing separates Le Corbusier distinctly from the other great innovators—from Frank Lloyd Wright, Gropius, and Mies. He belongs to Modern Art. Wright never did, Gropius was concerned with it but not of it, Mies barely concerned. Le Corbusier was, all his active life, a painter-sculptor, one of the initiators of Purism and after that a continuously inventive and vigorous performer in the wake of Picasso and Léger. His painting performances may not be of much consequence in themselves; the important fact is that it was through his vision as a Cubist painter that his architecture emerged and that it could not have emerged otherwise. In the '20s it was this vision which enabled him to abstract from the inarticulate world of industrial building, forms which, redeployed, became bizarre, startling, altogether unforgettable and, ultimately, capable of infinite and often meaningless imitation. Looking back now at the Ozenfant studio (1922), the villa at Garches (1927) or the Pavillon Suisse (1932), it is extraordinarily difficult to recapture the successive moods they induced—resistance, malaise, fascination, and finally conviction. To the young of today this chain of moods is presumably meaningless. The Le Corbusier classics are in every architectural primer and the student will, in any case, have arrived at them after awareness of their myriad prostitutions. He will have queued under the segmentally-arched canopies

Sir John Summerson *is Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum and the author of "Georgian London" (Penguin), and "Architecture in Britain, 1530–1830" in the Pelican History of Art. His most recent book is "Victorian Architecture" (Columbia University Press).*

[1] *Le Corbusier: Last Works.* Vol. VIII of the Complete Architectural Works. Edited by Willy Boesiger. Thames and Hudson, £8 10s.

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of the Plaza Cinema long before he has discovered the *maisons* Jaoul.

If Le Corbusier had died in the war years he would still be the most important architect of the century. But he survived to add twenty years of creative work to the twenty before 1939. The content and character of these two periods are strikingly different. His circumstances were different. In the pre-war years he was a frustrated innovator with relatively little of his paper work coming up solid; he made the most of his frustrations and relished listing them, as if they had nourished his creativity (which perhaps they had). In the post-war decades he was the world's most widely acclaimed architect; frustrations, if found, were at a pretty high level. Chandigarh, a whole new capital, was commissioned in 1951. How do the two periods compare? With the whole set of *Oeuvres Complètes* before us, this is an answerable question, and an important one because the reputation of Le Corbusier is going to roll on for a very long time and it is as well to try to determine what is inside it.

LOOKING ACROSS THE RANGE of achievement one sees at the early end the acute perceptions of the mind conditioned by Cubism and the consequent discovery of an architecture in the raw material of the technological environment as it then stood. At the late end there is an entirely different situation. The technological environment has changed and the excitement of discoveries within it is no longer possible; there is, in fact, a modern architecture in being, to which Le Corbusier has been only one of the contributors. Now the challenge is to produce architecture within a mature architectural context. It is no longer "towards an architecture" but *architecture*; and what is architecture? Le Corbusier's answer is reflected in the buildings illustrated in the book under review—the *unité*, the youth centre, and the church at Firminy-Vert; the Capitol, including the Palace of Justice and the Parliament Building, at Chandigarh, and the Centre Le Corbusier at Zurich. These are exercises of great power and invention in a region stretching between international Neo-classicism on the one hand and some kind of abstract sculpture on the other. The seven-bay frontispiece of the Parliament at Chandigarh evokes the antique and evokes it as a primitive force perpetually resident in anything called architecture. But on the roof of the same building is a skylight like a half-dismantled cooling-tower, nostalgic and nightmarish. Le Corbusier seems to tell us that architecture may move simultaneously towards its ancient roots and

R. Buckminster Fuller

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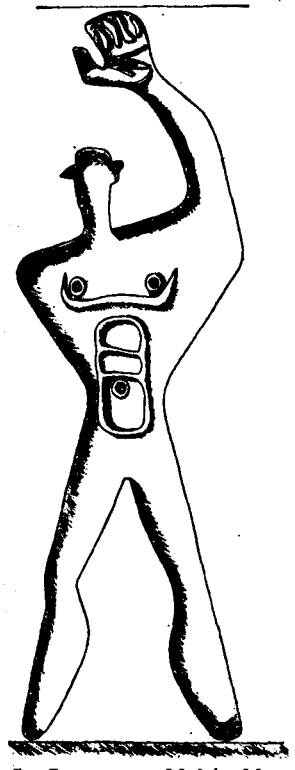
outwards into sheer wildness and feverish enterprise. There is nothing, perhaps, absolutely new in that. Borromini transmits much the same message; and Inigo Jones, earlier, had felt the truth of it when he wrote of the inward parts of men and architecture as "sometimes flying out, as nature herself doth oftentimes extravagantly, to delight and amaze us, sometimes move us to laughter, sometimes to contemplation and horror. . . ." Inigo, to be sure, took the view that in architecture this "flying out" should be kept indoors. Le Corbusier explodes on the roof. But as one turns the picture-pages of Chandigarh, the 17th-century words come into the mind with new poignancy.

Le Corbusier's early architecture was liberating architecture: liberating for others besides himself. Each new building was a discovery which, complete in itself, widened the possibility of architecture, often by some simple, paradoxical gesture. The late architecture is quite otherwise. The thing has become a game — a game played by one man with his own rules and within his own unapproachable arena of experience. Looking back from the late to the early one can see the inevitability of this. The interest in *tracés régulateurs*, displayed somewhat naïvely in *Vers une Architecture*, led on to the sophisticated *Modulor* of 1948–50. For Le Corbusier, the *Modulor* was both a discipline and a guarantee of freedom. *Modulor* in hand he could do what he liked and this sense of unlimited freedom came at exactly the moment in his career when the world offered him freedom on a grand scale. The game could be played to the full; and it was.



LE CORBUSIER: *Modulor Man*

ONLY TWO OR THREE MEN in a century are able to match genius with opportunity on this scale and in considering Le Corbusier at Chandigarh one cannot help being reminded of the architect of another Asian capital—New Delhi. Le Corbusier's *Modulor* and Edwin Lutyens' more private but no less refined system of proportion have in common that they became necessary to their originators as their responsibilities increased and their original isolation from their contemporaries became dangerous to themselves. In the present volume is a piece of writing by Corbusier, said to be his last, and it contains the following:

> Everything within the rules—that's my motto! Nothing outside the rules!... There we have the key to the situation. A reason for existing: to play the game.

Lutyens could have written that.

IN ANY ANALYSIS of Le Corbusier's work and, indeed, of the work of any of the century's architectural innovators, the inextinguishable force of classical authority has to be reckoned with. Mostly one wants to say *Neo*-classical, because of the primitivist and romantic overtones coming along from Laugier and Ledoux. But even the over-ripe and unromantic Beaux Arts practice had something to contribute as we see in the career of the Viennese master, Otto Wagner, who was one of the main channels of this influence. Wagner was a princely *Oberbaurat* of the old régime; he died, half starved, in the Vienna of 1918. His early designs have the suffocating virtuosity which was precisely what the next generation so fervently resolved to destroy—a process in which Wagner himself was enlightened enough to assist. In the fully illustrated but rather pedestrian monograph by Geretsegger and Peintner,[2] we can watch it happening. The passage from rhetorical Beaux Arts classicism to Art Nouveau is completed within a decade. First comes a twist from the conventional civilities to a nice mixture of Italian Mannerism and Viennese Rococo, eloquently exploited in an apartment house of 1888 and more grandly in the architect's own town mansion of 1890–1. From 1895 the stations on the suburban railway network of Vienna provide a sharp challenge both as to form and materials. In the first station the ironwork is still a rich potpourri of Roman shields, scrolls, and palms. By 1896 these have given way to Rococo plant forms. Then comes the famous Karlsplatz Station (1898–9) with its thin iron frame holding cavity walls made of plain marble slabs. The Rococo has stepped out of its period role and become something else.

Wagner never built anything more engaging

[2] *Otto Wagner, 1841–1918: The Expanding City, The Beginnings of Modern Architecture.* By HEINZ GERETSEGGER and MAX PEINTNER. Pall Mall Press, £7 10s.

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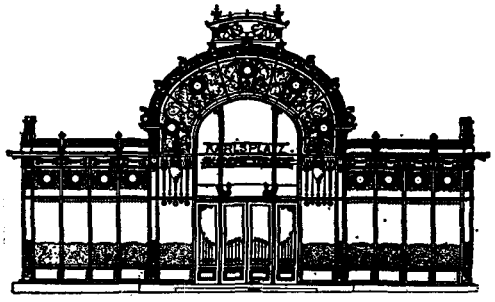
than this little building—about to be, if not already, destroyed. His more substantial works, nevertheless, are honourable. The Post Office Savings Bank (in Vienna, 1903) was in its time a severe lesson in structural elegance and decorative resource, still well within the terms of classicism but without the apparatus. The sanatorium church Am Steinhof (1905–7), Wagner's presumed masterpiece, is less convincing. It is a kind of Superga with all the antique elements left out and a brilliant code of noughts and crosses, dots and dashes put in. It is a cathedral of that Art Nouveau spirituality which is, today,



OTTO WAGNER: *Karlsplatz Station, (1898–9)*

the least sympathetic aspect of the movement. But by the time this was built Wagner's assistants, Joseph Olbrich and Josef Hoffman, had extracted their own lessons from the master's teaching and begun to exercise their talents in more adventurous ways.

THE HISTORY of modern architecture is being written all the time, mostly in the way either of monographs like this on Wagner or of more or less superficial studies of schools and styles. These are the easiest ways. Modern architecture as part of social history is a much more difficult proposition and there is very little of it—perhaps none. It is difficult because if we are to move from the consideration of one significant architect, his life and works, into the social structure to which these belong we need information about many people besides the architect: notably, about the architect's indispensable partner, the client. One architect may have had fifty or a hundred or two hundred clients and laid out millions of their money. Who were they? Why did they choose him and not somebody else? What factors of wealth, class, religious or political affiliation are involved? Sometimes it is easy to generalise and in studies of the remoter past to generalise on rather scant data is all one can hope to do. In modern times generalisation is both more dangerous and less inevitable. The rise of an architect is subject to more variables and, on the other hand, information about his employers is likely to be retrievable. They may not even be dead.

Clearly, an account of modern architecture in its social relationships requires a rigorous methodological approach. Professor Eaton in his study of the clientele of two Chicago architects of the early part of the century has faced this fact and conducted a very remarkable piece of research.[3] His aim, in the first instance, was to distinguish the kind of people who employed Frank Lloyd Wright to build for them in the early part of his career and who thus facilitated one of the main architectural revolutions of modern times. This project, however, he found inefficacious without a parallel enquiry into people who did *not* employ Wright to build for them but employed somebody else. The somebody else had to be chosen with care and on specific grounds. If Wright's architecture was revolutionary the other's must be conventional. The choice fell upon Howard Van Doren Shaw, only two years younger than Wright and an eclectic designer of no little charm. Professor Eaton has envisaged his two characters as the attacker (Wright) and the defender (Shaw) of the establishment stronghold—a stronghold which did not fall. His method has been to collect information on as many as possible of the clients of the two men—42 in the case of Wright, 52 in the case of Shaw. The information was then sifted in the light of a questionnaire and the answers tabulated. On these results Professor Eaton elaborates in chapters on Wright and Shaw, with an additional chapter on "the failure of the siege," where he probes the reasons why the Prairie School of house-building failed to penetrate the post-war world and was forgotten for almost a generation.

The book is scarcely less interesting for the sectional glimpses it gives of mid-Western society than for the light it sheds on Wright's career. The net results are not, perhaps, particularly striking. Thus, the typical Wright client emerges as a practical businessman with a leaning towards the technological side of his work, a flair for invention, no special knowlege of the arts but a liking for music. He plays golf and tennis. A Shaw client is a wealthier, better educated type, a member of the business élite and of five or six sports clubs, which "constitute a major channel for the employment of his psychic energy." His taste is conservative and English-oriented. Which, looking at the pictures of the houses, is much what one would have guessed. But it is less for specific results than for the way results have been obtained that one values Professor Eaton's book. Much architectural history is being written, and much of it is moderately good. Very little indeed is in this class.

[3] *Two Chicago Architects and their Clients: Frank Lloyd Wright and Howard Van Doren Shaw.* By LEONARD K. EATON. M.I.T. Press, $10, 93s.

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The Moment of Mannerism

By Francis Haskell

IT HAS FOR A LONG TIME been a characteristic of the history of art that broad generalisations about styles and periods have tended to precede detailed studies of the individual artists who are held to exemplify the main trends being considered. Books on the nature of the Baroque appeared well before the first serious monographs on Bernini, let alone Pietro da Cortona or Borromini, and in recent years there have been a number of very interesting works about Neo-classicism, despite the fact that the literature on Canova and the followers of David is still terribly inadequate.

In part this tendency is inevitable and perhaps even desirable. We can understand the tree better if we have some feeling for the wood in which it grows. Indeed it is only when we have some wider perspective that we can gain any insight of value into the ideals and achievements of the individual artist and thus avoid suggestions such as the one, so beloved by non-historians, that El Greco elongated his figures because he suffered from astigmatism.

But there obviously comes a moment when the theories that have been advanced about wider movements must be tested against a thorough examination of the individual artists who contributed to them. That moment has now arrived with the phenomenon of Mannerism—the label that is still usually given to all European art outside Venice between the later years of Raphael and the last decade of the sixteenth century.

Recent discussions of Mannerism have on the whole been extraordinarily interesting and suggestive. When, during and soon after the first World War, German art historians first "rediscovered" these painters who ever since the seventeenth century had been lumped together as degenerate imitators of Raphael, Michelangelo and the other masters of the High Renaissance, it was claimed that the strange and apparently anti-rational character of their art reflected a spiritual crisis of the kind that had shaken Europe in 1914. The style was held to be a reaction against the self-confidence of the early years of the sixteenth century, and a number of reasons were sought to account for it: the sack of Rome in 1527, the religious crisis engendered by the Reformation, the decline of the bourgeoisie and the reassertion of aristocratic values were a few of the more influential theories produced. There was much support for the view that Mannerism was in some way the style of the Counter-Reformation—that doubtful privilege had earlier been granted to the Baroque—despite the fact that virtually every religious writer of the period castigated its complexities and longed for a return to something more simple and more obviously devout.

IN RECENT YEARS these theories have been powerfully challenged and in every case emphasis has been laid on continuity rather than break. Historians have stressed how great was the dilemma faced by artists who believed that Raphael and the young Michelangelo had reached an unattainable peak of achievement, but have suggested that these artists in no way wished to react against the immediate past but rather to build something new upon it. It has been claimed, for instance, that many of the anomalies of Mannerism can be explained not by a turning away from antiquity but by an exaggerated attention to certain late classical sarcophagi; and Mr. John Shearman, especially, has proposed that we should look far more carefully at the original implications of the term *maniera* and has put forward the English term "stylish" as a good, approximate word to characterise the movement as a whole. Indeed Shearman's admirably stimulating Pelican book *Mannerism* (1967) cut through a vast amount of cosmic brooding and invited us to see in the art of the mid-sixteenth century a highly sophisticated and elegant style, related to similar developments in music and literature, which developed a number of tendencies already apparent in the art of the High Renaissance.

Shearman's thesis was highly persuasive, but it could only be maintained by virtually excluding from the concept of Mannerism certain artists—or, rather, certain works of art—which had hitherto been held up as characteristic of

FRANCIS HASKELL *is Professor of Art History, Oxford University, and a Fellow of Trinity College. His books include "Patrons and Painters" (Chatto & Windus, 1963), and "Géricault" (1966). Among his articles in* ENCOUNTER *are "Royal Avant-Garde" (March 1966), "Generalisations" (July 1965), and "Visionaries" (April 1965).*

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TADDEO ZUCCARO: *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*

the style. Since the appearance of his book it has become more than ever necessary to look, either once again or (more usually) for the first time, at the many, widely differing painters, sculptors and architects who have generally been bracketed together under a single label.

VIRTUALLY EVERY STUDY of Mannerism contains the name Zuccaro at the end of the index, but hitherto we have had to be satisfied with little more. It is the supreme merit of John Gere's admirable and beautifully produced book[1] that that name now comes to life and that we are introduced to an artist (or, at least, a draughtsman) of absolutely superb gifts. Both of this and of Henri Zerner's *School of Fontainebleau*[2] it can be said at once that they are the first books for a very long time that have brought to light such thrilling and unfamiliar material. And as Taddeo Zuccaro lived through the crucial years of the Counter Reformation, copied the works of Raphael and Michelangelo and was employed by some of the greatest clerical and aristocratic patrons of the day, Mr. Gere's book also provides us with much valuable and concrete material for returning to the debate on the notion of Mannerism.

Taddeo Zuccaro (so often confused with his younger, weaker, and long-lived brother Federico) was a famous figure in his time, and when he died in 1566, aged 37, his contemporaries saw nothing incongruous in burying him in the Pantheon next to Raphael who had died at the same age. However, for the last three hundred years his works have been either despised or neglected, and Gere's principal task has been to resurrect a figure about whom very little of value has been written (except by himself) since Vasari.

It is hard to praise adequately the manner by which he has achieved this, and anyone remotely interested in the problems of connoisseurship would be well advised to study this book for such reasons alone. For apart from its imaginative scholarship its most interesting feature is the detailed and lucid explanation of method that he gives at every stage of his argument.

Reconstructions of the lives and works of unfamiliar artists have a way of looking wholly convincing at first sight and then gradually becoming modified as more knowledge about contemporary painters is made available. The Vermeer of even so sensitive an observer as Thore-Bürger is no longer entirely our Vermeer, and it is possible that after a few years not every drawing at present attributed by Gere to Taddeo Zuccaro will be accepted by other scholars—or perhaps even by himself. If revisions come to be made, however, historians will have at their disposal not only a fundamental tool with which to work but also an acknowledgement by the author that he is always as aware of the problems that will face them as they themselves can hope to be. Connoisseurship can only be the product of one fallible man's response to a given amount of material backed up by as much outside evidence (documents, early biographies, signatures, etc.) as he thinks reliable. While presenting his arguments with the most persuasive force Gere admits that "most of the attributions here put forward were based on nothing more substantial

THE SUPPOSED JUSTE DE JUSTE: *Pyramid of six men*

[1] *Taddeo Zuccaro: His Development studied in his Drawings*. By J. A. GERE. Faber & Faber, £12.

[2] *The School of Fontainebleau—Etchings and Engravings*. By HENRI ZERNER. Thames and Hudson, £6 6s.

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than personal conviction (though an encouraging proportion were subsequently confirmed by external evidence)..."; and this modesty (and realism) carries far greater weight than the mixture of bombast, pseudo-science and loose reasoning that is so often to be found in works of this kind.

Though lavishly illustrated and most attractively written, the book is austere and scholarly, and it is a pity perhaps that Gere is so reluctant to give us any general conclusions based on his detailed studies. Only once does he venture into the debate that has been outlined above, when he refers with approval to John Shearman's characterisation of Mannerism. And certainly the example of Taddeo Zuccaro, as here presented to us, gives little support to those who would like to label all Roman art of the mid-sixteenth century as either heavily derivative or morbidly expressive. It is true, of course, that the achievements of the High Renaissance were always present to his mind, but the illustrations show what brilliant and subtle uses Taddeo was usually able to make of his heritage. His range is a wide one, and (in his drawings especially) he can move from stately rhetoric to the most delicate fantasy of a kind that we often associate with the eighteenth century. Thanks to this splendid book room will have to be made for Taddeo Zuccaro in our *musée imaginaire*.

If we follow John Shearman and conceive of Mannerism as an ultra-sophisticated, complex and artificial style whose principal aim was to please, we can hardly doubt that one of its most fruitful manifestations occurred at Fontainebleau. To this palace François I managed to attract a number of very talented Italian artists whose elaborate decorations, though ultimately derived from Italy, established new standards of elegance, beauty and fashion throughout Northern Europe. And under the impact of this influx of Italians the French themselves were stimulated into producing architecture, paintings, sculpture and engravings of the most exquisite refinement.

Though much of the decoration in the palace itself was subsequently destroyed or drastically "restored," such products of the so-called *école de Fontainebleau* as survived never went wholly out of fashion and were particularly admired during the second half of the nineteenth century. Unlike the drawings of Taddeo Zuccaro, therefore, they have been studied in some depth. In England the story of this chapter of French art has been told by Sir Anthony Blunt in his important volume in the Pelican History of Art, and in France Madame Sylvie Béguin of the Louvre has written an admirable volume on the movement as well as organising in Bologna last year a major exhibition of the

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works of Nicolò dell'Abate, the most poetic of all the Italian artists who worked at Fontainebleau. Until now, however, there has been no fully illustrated study of what is in some ways the most amazing product of all this brilliant stream of Franco-Italian creativity: the etchings and engravings which helped to diffuse the style of Fontainebleau throughout Europe.

The problems that faced M. Henri Zerner in making good this omission were formidable. Almost nothing is known—sometimes not even the names—of these engravers, and their plates are often very rare, occasionally unique or untraceable. This book also consists therefore for the most part of very austere scholarship—scholarship which is absolutely essential and which has been most admirably carried out, but which cannot at times avoid seeming somewhat incongruous in view of the wild fantasy and eroticism of the plates to which it has to be devoted.

Zerner divides his material into two groups: those print makers who reproduced the works of other masters (Giulio Romano, Rosso, Parmigianino, Primaticcio and others) and those who made their own designs. But all of them belonged to a very closely knit culture, and though there are wide differences of style and subject matter, the over-all effect is one of consistency, the more so as even the first group imposed the very distinctive style of Fontainebleau on its original models.

The large number of splendid plates shows us a group of artists intoxicated with the human body to the exclusion of almost everything else. Struggling, dancing, bathing, making love; reclining, standing, crouching and seated—there seems to be no variety of posture, movement or gesture that is not exploited to the full in this stylised and fabulous world of myth, allegory, religion and, apparently, sheer imagination. At one extreme in the work of "the supposed Juste de Juste" half a dozen skeletal figures are twisted and contorted into wild and tortured acrobatics—an abstracted world of geometrical patterns, devoid—so it would seem—of any symbolism or narrative. At the other, in an etching by "L.D." *Two old persons with cloaks* stumble wearily past a hard, frightening, dominating townscape of pyramids and broken columns, their bodies bent with age and exhaustion. This extraordinary print provides an oasis of quiet in a group that is almost uniformly shrill and crowded and in which the *horror vacui* induces a certain claustrophobia. But there are prints here of the utmost beauty and expressiveness—scenes of sexuality which are both elegant and cruel at the same time and in which the rhythmic flow of the sinuous bodies formalises the episode into total unreality; scenes

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of devotion which convey poignancy and depth.

Certainly no stranger group of illustrations can ever have been brought within the pages of one book, and the rich material so scrupulously analysed by Zerner will also have to be taken into full account by any future historian discussing the nature of Mannerism. At another level it can hardly fail to attract anyone interested to observe the interplay between strict artistic discipline and wild orgiastic fantasy.

The Modern Fragmentation

Architecture & Politics — By CHARLES JENCKS

WHATEVER HAPPENED to the Modern Movement? When put to architects the question can generate a fair amount of discomposure. It has ceased to be a directional movement, ceased to be modern as opposed to historicist, and ceased to be put in capital letters. Instead it has become a series of fragmented "departures" (or "transitions") between two ports of call, both of which remain conveniently off the map. As an international utopian endeavour of the 1920s, the modern movement has become an embarrassment. There are few, if any, important architects who would appeal to an international forum such as the *CIAM* or *Team Ten*,[1] both of which are now defunct; and there are no serious ideals beyond vague generalities which effectively bind architects from different countries. When they do meet or exchange ideas, it is more the result of the "world village" and its multiple communication media than an attempt to re-establish common intellectual goals.

If the reasons for this loss of supra-national direction can be traced to any *single* cause, politics seems the most likely contender, although it is hardly ever recognised as such. Rather, all sorts of vaguely architectural reasons are given, none of which can adequately explain the undeniable loss of moral, social, and utopian drive which has characterised the last forty years of architecture. A different kind of explanation must be sought.

From a very general point of view the reason is quite clear. The modern movement and its four main protagonists Frank Lloyd Wright, Walter Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier saw their style triumph throughout the world and become the orthodoxy of the 1940s and '50s, while their social and political ideas remain unaccepted or else pragmatically compromised. This last point has only become common knowledge in recent years. Thus it has now been established that Mies and Gropius made various practical overtures to the Nazis, that Le Corbusier took his plans to Mussolini and the Vichy Government and (this is not new) that Wright happily toured Russia at the height of the Purges.[2] Now none of these practical lapses really characterised their theoretical politics which might be termed liberal, left, and slightly authoritarian. They were all idealist democrats, in one strange form or another, who personally despised the more virulent form of Fascism.

In fact, in the early '20s they were, like the Russian Constructivists, offering ideal forms of restructuring society along democratic and syndicalist lines. Thus Gropius and Mies belonged to the Utopian *Novembergruppe*; and Gropius, at least, projected a reformed society based on communal groups that would work as a team in spite of specialised disciplines. These collective groups did not just result in such things as the *Bauhaus*, but could be found in most German cities right after the First World War ("Workers' Councils for Art"), in a few Russian "Soviets", and even (in a different form) in the *ateliers* of Corbusier and Wright. Indeed, both Corbusier and Wright continued throughout their lives to project radical reformations of society in their ideal city prototypes—the *Ville*

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[1] *Team Ten* was an international group which succeeded *CIAM* (*Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne*) in 1959 and had its last official meeting in 1966.

[2] Some of this information is in B. M. Lane's *Architecture and Politics in Germany 1918–45* (Harvard University Press, 1968), pp. 181–4; *Le Corbusier, Last Works* (Thames & Hudson, 1970), p. 200; and *F. L. Wright, An Autobiography* (New York, 1943).

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Radieuse and Broadacre City—and every "modern" architect of the "heroic period" proffered some new form of social institution whether a unified, communal phalansterie (Corbusier's *Unité d'Habitation* in Marseille) or a monument to the social-technological upheaval (Tatlin's Monument to the Third International).

While it is true these utopian organisations proved pragmatically futile due to the subsequent political polarisation and freezing of attitudes, they still did provide the social idealism and direction which would continue to underlie the modern movement. When this ethos was forgotten or shown to be politically naïve, then the movement became just a "new style"; it became apolitical, fragmented into different nationalist groups, and lost the credibility of its utopian forms. Essentially, the new forms were used for the old, unreconstructed societies: the commercial monopolies, private homes, and the established institutions. But even this transformation did not remove the contradiction, because "modern" architects still appeared to be basically liberal-left and radical by intention. Hence one can find traces of a direct conflict in almost all of the recent architecture. Only those architects and writers who acknowledge and try to bring out this conflict escape from the general split-level mish-mash which has characterised the period since the 1920s. The rest fall into muddles of one sort or another.

THUS, IN THE GUIDE BOOK, *Modern Architecture of Northern England*,[3] the author is led to praise what he considers to be the first modern office building while, at the same time, condemning it:

> Perhaps the outstanding monument to this unhappy time is Carliol House, Newcastle's first great modern office building in the compromise-classical style of the inter-war period... [it] represented the incursion and acceptance of a new international idiom in architecture.

In fact it was not "modern" nor did it represent the acceptance of the "new international idiom," but rather just "compromise-classical" as the author states—half the time. This same ambivalence can be found in almost all the buildings (and prose) which occupy this guide book except for two unequivocal works at Durham University. As for the rest, their compromise between traditional symbolism and modern expression reaches a kind of brilliant crescendo in the Civic Centre of Newcastle upon Tyne which is so consistently *ersatz* as to succeed as high quality *kitsch*. A Rodin-like figure in bronze sprawls and writhes in *angst* all over a concrete backdrop—perhaps his advanced state of tortured anguish being caused by the fact that he is skewered unmercifully from the bottom. At any rate, the Camp expressiveness is ruthlessly carried through from the hanging, cantilevered arches to the carillon of twenty-five bells surrounded by stick-like horses and protected by various coats of arms, tulip chandeliers, and what appears to be a row of flaming torches.

While one can praise this uninhibited outburst of antediluvian symbolism, it still does betray the loss of a serious belief in meaningful icons which accompanies the loss of a functioning public realm. When politics or the public realm loses its credibility then either the architectural symbolism becomes over-rhetorical or confused and denied. This can lead to the kind of curious muddle evident in *Cambridge New Architecture*,[4] where intelligent critics and historians leap over themselves in an attempt to outcontradict each other. Nikolaus Pevsner starts off with his 1964 foreword which attacks what he takes to be an "irrational international Modern" which is counter to the purism of the 1920s he so admires. But then he ends this introduction and its 1970 postscript with the disclaimer that perhaps he is getting too old and out of touch to be listened to and that the "user may find it more profitable to listen to the young than to the old." When he condemns "the anti-architecture" of James Stirling, one is perhaps persuaded by his point. In fact Stirling is sometimes attacked for producing the last great "architect's architecture" in the world. Certainly if anyone captures the integrity of the old heroic period it is he—as the other two authors point out in their complimentary appreciation. But even Booth and Taylor, who are overwhelmingly knowledgeable, misunderstood Stirling's building on the level of conventional symbolism, finding it a "technological fantasy" where its technology is working appropriately, and full of "enervating brutality" where it is just honestly straightforward. In the fragmented modern movement the general situation is one of mutual recrimination where petty differences replace an old area of common endeavour. When political goals or the values which unite men in action become too vague or suspect, any kind of rhetorical gesture and conventional symbol is likely to be misconstrued, as they are here. Most probably, Pevsner, Booth, Taylor

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[3] *Modern Architecture of Northern England*. Edited by BRUCE ALLSOPP. Oriel Press Ltd., 9s. 6d. The very competent works at Durham are by Architects' Co-Partnership and Ove Arup and Partners.

[4] *Cambridge New Architecture*. By PHILIP BOOTH and NICHOLAS TAYLOR with a foreword by NIKOLAUS PEVSNER. Leonard Hill, 50s. Except for the equal treatment given to vastly unequal works and the occasional contradictions, this guide book is a paradigm of its genre.

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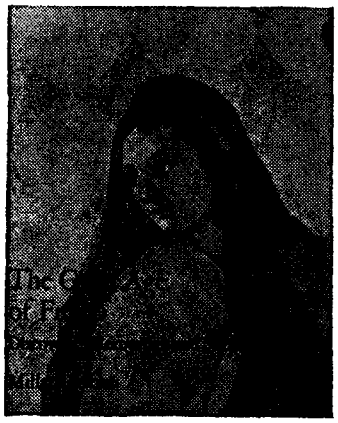

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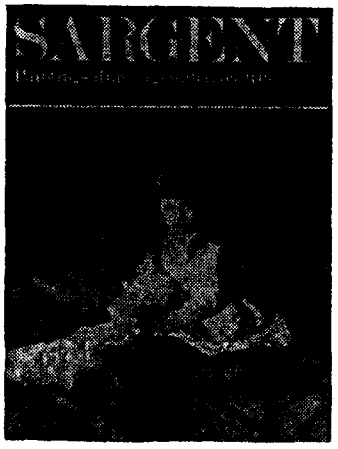

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and Stirling all would have found themselves fighting for the "common goals" of the modern movement in the early '20s.

In Japan a general consensus seems to exist between the best modern architecture and traditional construction so that they do not become mutually compromising or muddling as they do almost everywhere else. Thus the recent work shown in *New Japanese Architecture*,[5] particularly that of Kenzo Tange, manages to reproduce in reinforced concrete the same virtues of wood construction that the Japanese have created in the past: a careful attention to joining autonomous blocks and a respect for each constructional element that brings out its "facticity." However, the national element which is always stressed in modern Japanese architecture tends as usual to have its metaphorical revenge as soon as the revival has died down and all the nationalists have packed up their gear. Thus Kenzo Tange's attempt at mucking about with the ancestral deities in his neo-Katsura-Shinto-Toshodaiji-ho-ho-ho-revival under the Imperial War Government in 1943 is bound to bring about nothing but the mirth of his own ancestors. And the same is true of such volumes pompously titled *Towards an Australian Architecture*[6] (oh how we love to live off the futuristic capital of Le Corbusier's *Towards a . . . New Architecture*) which are nothing more than compilations of good international trends that just happen to be around. The architecture is vaguely like what one supposes a caricature of the inhabitants to be: healthy, well-intentioned, middle-class, sober to the point of stolidity and as wholesome as a five-star boy scout. This is basically the problem with architecture that is proferred as nationalist: it invites dismissal on the lowest level of caricature.

Happily the reverse is sometimes true. Thus in Jürgen Joedicke's *Architecture Since 1945*,[7] there is a magnificently written section called "Technical Excellence" which is mostly about the development of the curtain wall in Germanic countries. Although the author nowhere mentions the national archetypes, one keeps thinking "how Germanic, how Swiss" when the masterful technical logic is laid bare. The meticulous beauty of these buildings, with their elegant steel cages and thin, translucent infill panels, calls up all sorts of familiar metaphors about life in an alpine, watchmaker's paradise. You feel that clean, uplifting salubrity that comes from a typically Teutonic combination of precision mechanics and plenty of fresh air. This is not to say these qualities don't also characterise the American office blocks which are shown, but only that they reach a fanatical pitch in central Europe. Clearly Joedicke is most at home when he is pointing out the ultimate refinements of the curtain wall (in essence a non-supporting skin of mullions and infill panels which is cantilevered from a frame structure) and discovering its origins in a heretofore unknown German example of 1903. The only problem with his approach is that it is generally unsympathetic to any but technical developments and that it totally fails to deal with underlying social problems. Thus one could write about the same glass and steel buildings and point out how they became identified semantically with the office building and socially with bureaucracy. Consider the fact that the curtain wall starts its late development with the Lever building in New York, 1951, and reaches two opposite visual conclusions seven years later across the street with the Seagram and Pepsi-Cola buildings. Is it important that this transformation is from a light, close-mesh pattern to a heavy articulated one, as Joedicke claims, or that the best American architects spent their greatest energies in refining the exterior wrappings for companies which produced soap, whisky, and soda-pop? This contradiction between technical and visual excellence on the one hand, and the undeniable banality of the building task on the other became so obvious by the early '60s that the curtain wall and its related aesthetic fell into disrepute to be replaced by what Joedicke calls Brutalism and Formalism. But again, this interpretation vastly oversimplifies the great amount of movements that were operative. To mention just three other reactions to the impasse of the modern movement, there was the ironic-critical school led by Robert Venturi which makes architecture *out of* the social contradictions; there was the systematic design movement led by Christopher Alexander, basically reformist; and there was the university-activist group made up of "advocacy planners," student revolutionists and technological visionaries such as Archigram, *Utopie*, etc.

The only book reviewed here which shows a recognition of these more complex social forces is, curiously enough, mostly about the 19th

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[5] *New Japanese Architecture*. By Egon Tempel. Thames and Hudson, £6 6s. This picture book with 481 photos is, judging by the large amount of spelling and grammatical mistakes, meant to be looked at rather than read.

[6] *Towards an Australian Architecture*. By Harry Sowdon. Lund Humphries, £5. The book has the kind of rather good mainstream modern that can be found in any country.

[7] *Architecture Since 1945*. By Jürgen Joedicke. Pall Mall Press, 105s. This is probably the best extant source book for photographs of modern architecture. Unhappily the text and index are not always of the same high quality.

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century and, unfortunately enough, called *The Rise of an American Architecture*.[8] Once again the chauvinistic title is misplaced as much of the evidence cited shows that ideas and forms were traded back and forth between America and Europe to an extent that overwhelmed any national distinctiveness. Except for the fact that America's eclecticism was a little more vulgar while its technology and organisation were a bit more advanced in some respects there were no radical differences. Henry Russell Hitchcock in an essay titled "American Influence Abroad" shows at least one side of this two-way interchange. The essay by Albert Fein, which is a masterful mixture of architecture and the history of ideas, takes the old Jeffersonian dichotomy of the rural, agrarian, aristocratic ideal *versus* the urban, commercial, democratic ideal, and suggests how it was resolved by importing the ideas of Fourier and Bentham and synthesising them in the National Park Movement. This led to such things as New York's Central Park and the most grandiose, verdant cemeteries in the world. "There is nothing of the kind on this earth that equals the great rural cemeteries of our chief cities" (Reverend Samuel Osgood, 1855). Perhaps this is another example of patriotic vanity; but Fein makes clear the fact that the utilitarian and democratic ideas which produced the Park Movement were international in scope.

A last essay, by the Yale historian Vincent Scully, analyses the transformations of the American house from Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright. Warning that the private house is one of "the products of a blindly complacent and unduly favoured minority" which has lived on "the spoils of a ravaged continent and the subjugation of other peoples," he goes on to outline the cyclical alterations between freedom and conformity which the single-family house has undergone. Using the freedom in plan and the openness to new influences as his indices, he puts forward one of the few iconological analyses of American architecture that exists. He also comes out with the rare admission that "architecture is always based on power and reflects it."

If the books reviewed here are, except for the last one, more a symptom of the modern movement's fragmentation than an understanding of it, as least they present the unhappy evidence. Some of the fragmentary trends which exist are quite positive, in their social intention, if not in their intellectual or realistic grasp. Although

[8] *The Rise of an American Architecture*. Edited by Edgar Kaufmann Jr. Essays by Henry Russell Hitchcock, Albert Fein, Winston Weisman and Vincent Scully. Pall Mall Press, £3; Praeger, $10.00.

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historical analogy is always dangerous, it seems to me that the recent period is more like the confused optimism that preceded the synthesis of the 1920s than that which is commonly instanced—the '30s. Perhaps we are also on the verge of some new and positive synthesis of intellectual and even ideological tendencies. In any case, the re-emergence of social and political ideals into the architectual world can be nothing but beneficial compared with their relative suppression in the recent past. They may not in themselves produce great architecture, but as Stravinsky said of sincerity, they are the *sine qua non* which guarantees nothing.

Urbanism & Special Pleading

By Nathan Silver

THE WELL-KNOWN YALE STUDY[1] which now appears here in paperback, was first published in 1963, and in America that was a year (if you remember) when problems in city and country, recreation and industry were strictly problems of form, to be solved by better design. In the book many pictures and drawings show "encroachment" of one land use on another; boring and interesting subdivision patterns; commercial and advertising "desecration." The graphics of U.S. highway signs are pointed out as poor and they ought to have been designed by "trained" designers. As the book's physical description of America proceeds there is hardly scope for uncertainty about the issues presented: communities should have visual clarity, motorways should have stimulating views, highway bridges should be expressive and not in the way. Such ideas about the problems of the environment lead to only a single difficulty, or "challenge"; but that turns out to be insoluble. Once everything is seen in these aesthetic terms, it would take a standing army of designer mercenaries to do the prettying-up dirtywork. Perhaps this would happen on the signal of a crash heard coast-to-coast as the scales that tolerated ugliness fell uniformly from everyone's eyes.

NATHAN SILVER *is a U.S. architect who has been living in England for five years. He has taught at Columbia and Cambridge (and also has degrees from both). His book "Lost New York," nominated for a National Book Award in America, will be published by Macmillan in November. He is architecture correspondent of the* New Statesman *(has been for three years). He was a Guggenheim Fellow in 1969, and worked on a forthcoming book, "Architecture Without Buildings." He was a contributor to "Meaning in Architecture," an anthology co-edited by Charles Jencks.*

Bad luck for the influence of the authors and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson; only a short while after it was written this seems a naïve, dated, but affectingly nostalgic book. It reminds me that three years ago, smoking up a tribal vision, I explained (as an "insider") that architecture was moving from a predominantly fine arts orientation to a predominantly social science one. I would gladly take back those rash words today if it helps to explain why nothing wonderful seems to have happened since. But I was just trying to incite some fulfilment due to the prophecy; and after all, why should anyone have supposed that the term "social science" implies any more internal discipline than the term "fine art?" Looking especially at the general problems of human cluster (as can be found in housing, towns and cities), planning science now still seems as intuitive, vague, and hazardously theoretical as the mushiest charcoal *esquisse* of a cathedral drawn out overnight at the *école des Beaux-Arts,* Smudge, smudge, but will it stand up? Most of them were never built and didn't have to; and alas, a few of them were and did.

It isn't easy to characterise the range of advice we have been getting, and the worse than arbitrary fate that induces one decision over all others. It seems to go beyond normal human confusion, especially in the "lack of structure" in urban theorising. Few urban theorists address themselves to the tactical reality, making suggestions about the very next step to take among the limited—but available—options. (For example, where is the badly-needed book that compares different two-way and one-way traffic circulation systems that could be applied to existing cities? Or the suggestions for making, stage by stage, new horizontal pedestrian connections on upper floors of existing buildings in

[1] *Man-Made America: Chaos or Control?* By CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD and BORIS PUSHKAREV. New Haven and London, Yale University Press, $8.95 and 81s.

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dense cities, taking into account the present governing leases, zoning, commerce, and construction laws?) Other theorists, their reputations soaring as a result, make suggestions for complete substitutes to the current problems, and these are touted as "solutions." As in Le Corbusier's Voisin Plan for Paris or Buckminster Fuller's notion of doming New York (the drawing reproduced in *Esquire* showed it covering a third of Manhattan and considerable sluices of the Hudson and Harlem rivers), the more serious difficulties they would raise aren't apparent at once because of the total shift in the structure of the problem. ("I want to buy a coat." "How about these beautiful trousers instead?" "I don't know—would they fit me?" "What's the difference? Your coat will cover them.")

Perhaps one shouldn't over-emphasise the illogic of such goings-on, because when one gets into the matter of these abrupt structural substitutions as practised *empirically*, there often are accidental discoveries that are fundamentally inventive and may be helpful. This is how a good deal of small-scale architectural "creativity" emerges. But none of the famous *non sequitur* solutions to the problems of urbanisation have ever been advanced for their sheer stimulus to the imagination. Since the substitution-solutions are accompanied by a written polemic which pretends (unless the author is deceiving himself) that the answer is a rational development of the question, only confusion (influential, long-lasting) results.

There is a third, very common kind of urban theory type which starts with the second structural idea and deals with it as if it was the first; and the grounds for doing that are usually expressed in respect for the vision of Howard, Morris, Le Corbusier, Ladybird or some other Utopian Olympian. The argument runs: if we could only put aside our prejudices and adopt the Master's scheme in the easy stages I am suggesting, with my built-in ameliorations and improvements, then one or two or three generations isn't too long a time to wait for perfection (and meanwhile I or my mates will be standing alongside offering encouragement, and if necessary learning from our mistakes). A fourth type is the impractical partial solution. Many urban theorists (and virtually all politicians who get what seems to be only sound economical sense in the idea from them) deal with the broad questions of urbanisation as if they were merely housing problems.

Of course, "social science" needn't imply a solution to match a given problem; it may only suggest an analytic rather than intuitive method. As Jane Jacobs noted long ago in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, cloaking intuition with scientism is a crafty shuffle for a game of tag. As played, uncheckable presumptions are supported by meticulous detail where detail can be produced. But need presumptions be necessarily verifiable to get serious attention? Ebenezer Howard's *To-morrow: a Peaceful Path to Real Reform* (its 1898 title; better known as *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*, as it has been called since 1902), argued a strong case against cities; their lack of light and air, poor sanitation, and sheer bigness. In 1898 there was ample proof of the first two, only a prejudice against the third; but the prejudice was always cropping up in Anglo-American history, from the British squirearchy to Thomas Jefferson to Dickens and Frank Lloyd Wright. Today the prejudice alone prevails, when the facts of modern building and sanitation indicate that big, dense cities can work.

AN ORGANIC ARCHITECTURE[2]

Four lectures delivered to British architects by Frank Lloyd Wright in 1939 (the best possible year to talk about decentralising London), shows this again in another curiously anachronistic reprint. Wright's scheme for what he called Usonia (this was Samuel Butler's coinage for the United States of America, used by Wright since South Americans were Americans too) was Broadacre City; and the principle could be applied also in England. *An Organic Architecture* is not the book to read for information about this pretty and somewhat prophetic scheme of Wright's, since unlike Le Corbusier, against whom he compares unfavourably largely as a result, Wright's assertions on design are frequently nonsensical (as opposed to dangerous) when unaccompanied by the actual designs. "We are talking about the countryside itself developing into a type of building," he said—and no nonsense about that; but he considered even London only a "merciful mitigation," because it was a city and therefore basically a monstrosity. Broadacre City was his sort of Los-Angeles-of-the-spirit-and-the-plains (as the new town of Milton Keynes will partly become, perhaps). It occupied the Taliesin Fellowship fitfully from 1934 to 1958, and was finally published with a tract and some good illustrations as *The Living City* in 1958. In the book under review, Wright makes the indispensable point in one place:

> ... whether you believe what I have been saying or do not, the great implements science has put into the hands of humanity are themselves carving out this new city that is to be everywhere and nowhere. They are going to build something like Broadacre City. Architects are not going to

[2] *An Organic Architecture. The Architecture of Democracy.* By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. Lund Humphries, 42s.

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build it, I fear, because I see that as they are educated they are not competent even to see it.

It is the sort of remark that tends to get quoted to justify the worst planning in the world, because, to those for whom Wright's "city" is a Slurb, it means that any sort of plan must be preferred to nothing. After all, the opposite of order is chaos. In context Wright was getting at something plainer. He meant that settlements much like his proposed design would be selected out of those things that could be had (which is what planning really means: to prepare for the option the future will designate). Though I am personally not disposed to like such life as Broadacre City could offer, I do believe in both Wright's prophecy and the general soundness of his designs for it.

IN ENGLAND, OF COURSE, as the 1930s and '40s rolled on, urban planning affairs had nothing at all to do with Frank Lloyd Wright, or even with Le Corbusier. A book like *The New Town Story*[3] shows this on every page. The New Towns Act reached the statute books in 1946 buoyed up by post-war idealism. It so happened that Ebenezer Howard's accessible idealism was virtually alone on offer, and two generations of British civic reformers had already been brought up on it. In his book Lewis Silkin, who saw the legislation through Parliament, contributes (as Lord Silkin today) an introduction which indicates fairly enough what was on his, and a majority of Parliament's, mind:

> [The New Towns vision] sets out to show that we in Britain could do something better than the soulless suburbia, ribbon development, single industry towns, and one-class housing estates of the '30s; that our big cities need not forever go on expanding until all their people were engulfed in a sea of bricks and mortar, cut off from the open countryside; that our obsolete, overcrowded, slum-ridden, and bomb-stricken towns could be thinned out and transformed from their Victorian squalor into decent centres of living of which we need no longer be ashamed....

As one reads on, it is easy enough to admit that British new towns deserve fame throughout the world, that the twenty-odd which have been "designated" may still be only proving grounds for happier examples to come, even that it took admirable confidence, boldness, and vision to begin. At the same time

[3] *The New Town Story*. By FRANK SCHAFFER. Introduced by Lord Silkin. Macgibbon & Kee, 55s.

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that Mr. Frank Schaffer is clearly setting all this forth, though, one can't help but notice that the fundamental premise is never argued, always taken for granted: that there is simply a "...clear need to restrict the growth of London and other big cities and to reduce density on rebuilding." One is struck at last by the really *conservative* nature of the New Town ideal. It imagines that cities can and should be kept the same, or if possible rolled back to some earlier, better, less "dense" time. This can be accomplished by decanting out "overspill" instead of increasing the size of the container in height or girth. The evidence that has recently been piling up shows how limited the opportunities, how provincial the life, and how deprived the culture is of new towns. And how hopeless and quixotic it should seem to suppose that it's all just a question of finding the right combination of the elements of good taste, traffic, and management, in Mark VI or XI models! My personal conviction is that building New Towns, without some kind of prior economic inevitability (that would cause them practically to build themselves), would be foolish for any nation; doubly so for Britain, already blessed as it is with the sort of geographic concentration of population that the future will undoubtedly advance and reward. By any sort of rational cost-benefit analysis, or reasonable forecast of the future requirements of society, the New Towns would be seen now as folly; but then I suppose it is necessary to understand them as expensive realisations of a sustaining national myth.

[4] *People and Planning: the Sociology of Housing in Sunderland.* By NORMAN DENNIS. Introduction by A. H. Halsey. Faber & Faber, 90s.

[5] *Town Planning in its Social Context.* By GORDON E. CHERRY. Leonard Hill, 42s.

[6] *European Cities and Society: the Influence of Political Climate on Town Design.* By JAMES STEVENS CURL. Leonard Hill, 75s.

[7] *Ordinariness and Light: Urban Theories 1952–60, and Their Application in a Building Project 1963–70.* By ALISON AND PETER SMITHSON. Faber & Faber, 80s.

PEOPLE AND PLANNING[4] and *Town Planning in its Social Context*[5] are two books of essays concerning the social tactics necessary to bring about the adoption of planning policies. The former documents some actual decisions affecting people whose houses were to be demolished in Sunderland; the latter embodies some interesting but cautious speculation on the nature of planning decisions when they are seen in terms of social policy. They are books for specialists, while *European Cities and Society*[6] is a rigorous and probably mostly unassailable thesis that could profitably be read by anyone in danger of losing his home in any Sunder-Land, since it traces the relationships of city-building to politics, and politics to the aspirations of ruling classes. How true, one knows; and how paradoxical now that the cities built by Baroque autocrats or greedy capitalists are some of the best to live in.

ALISON AND PETER SMITHSON don't see this. In *Ordinariness and Light*,[7] a new compilation of their magazine articles and drawings going back to 1952, they take us through their personal ins and outs, which (roughly speaking) amount to a proposal for cataclysmic urban change on the scale appropriate for our times. The date alone should indicate to the knowing that two intellectual English architects would be ameliorating and justifying Le Corbusier's city schemes. And this indeed is what they are presenting: his Marseilles block with water added. The careful typography and layout of the book, designed by the architects, is done to recall Le Corbusier's *Vers Une Architecture*. To give a single example of the care that one has to take to prevent distracting associations that could pigeon-hole one wrongly, they made their publisher reprint the dust jacket to eliminate some advertisements on the back for books by Professor Peter Hall. I'm afraid this

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sounds much ruder than I mean to be since few could withstand public examination of a journalistic retrospective going back eighteen years. And yet, why all the internal contradictions, since the authors compiled, revised, and introduced each piece themselves? Even some of their unaltering views are of things that seem to me realistically unworkable or untrue, such as the cataclysmic view of culture I already mentioned, and their documentation (elsewhere) of a "heroic period" of modern architecture. They believe that "a valid social entity can result from architectural decisions." But what little evidence there is, I'm truly sorry to say, suggests otherwise. Their interest in this book is mainly housing, and while some gestures towards the virtues of mixed urban uses are recorded, it is generally a neatly excerpted problem for them. In cities why should we seek total "harmony" (p. 38)? Why build for a hierarchy of *the family, the street, the district, the city*? Why not *the individual, proximate neighbours, everyone*, if any hierarchy at all is needed? Most important of all, should *everybody* really be rehoused according to the latest and highest standards? Sometimes the Smithsons appear to say yes, and sometimes no. To truly find out for oneself, one needs to ask a sequence of questions: Every person rehoused? Or every family rehoused? What constitutes a practical period of amortisation on building costs? What portion of the GNP is every person's (or family's) contribution over the period of amortisation? Having calculated such a $1/n \times \text{GNP} \times \text{Time}$, what proportion of this should, without question, be spent on housing?

Now the snags begin to appear. What if *mobility* is more important to the person or family than *rootedness*, especially if roots are to be established in arbitrary places from the individual's point of view? What if various new services (*e.g.*, more books, clothes, new TV, record collection, home freezer) are disproportionately valued by some while these total resources are being allocated? Are these things to be declared uneconomical? Must money be spent on new bricks rather than new services?

The Smithsons enter the discussion only at this last question, but the early questions aren't asked. The need for rebuilding is simply assumed.

The Economy of Cities[8] also unstructures the problem we thought we were facing, but only

[8] *The Economy of Cities*, By JANE JACOBS. New York, Random House, $5.95; London, Jonathan Cape, 38s.

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New Lives, New Landscapes

Nan Fairbrother

"This is a marvellous book.... What (Jane Jacobs) did with a mixture of intelligence and intuition for American city streets, Nan Fairbrother has done for the English landscape". *Ian Nairn, Sunday Times*

254×155 mm, 408 pages, 287 illustrations, 75s (£3.75p)

The Character of Towns

Roy Worskett

"Some of the most difficult planning problems arise in the redevelopment of towns... Mr. Worskett gives us more apt examples in his illustrations than some of us are likely to see for ourselves in a lifetime.... But the real virtue of the book is that it makes us think." *The Guardian*

254×185 mm, 272 pages, illustrations, 65s (£3.25p)

The Architecture of the Well-Tempered Environment

Reyner Banham

"The summation of the results of Banham's examination of the influence of the controlled environment on the design of buildings is new, remarkably revealing, and exciting. This cannot be classified as a history book in the known sense of the term—it is much too stimulating." *RIBA Journal*

195×183 mm, 292 pages, illustrated throughout, 56s (£2.80p)

The Architectural Press
9 Queen Anne's Gate London SW1

to make us see the inevitable. Mrs. Jacobs has now written her second profound book about cities. This new one is again scrupulously practical (and though "realistic," never defeatist). She believes that cities are sort of research and development engines, where problems come up early by comparison with the rest of the country, and are often solved *ad hoc* as they arise. This is a natural process having to do with the resources and wealth that cities breed through the creation of new work. The process is meticulously described, and to the logic of her own procedure she adds asides which also serve to illuminate regions unperceived by scores of urban theorists who advocate change but lack understanding of the invisible activity they would clear away with the archaic buildings. She has the rare combination of a logical mind and an inquiring one, and is a first-rate writer too. She doesn't conceal difficulties when she works out why (for example) "inefficient" and "impractical" cities turn out to be economic dynamos. Here she digresses slightly to talk about population size:

> The idea that, under sensible economic planning, population growth must be limited because natural resources are limited is profoundly reactionary. Indeed, that is not planning for economic development at all. It is planning for stagnation. So little does this seem to be understood, that it is becoming conventional (especially among the very well-off) to assume that poor and unproductive people cause their own poverty by multiplying—that is, by their very numbers. But if it is true that poverty is indeed caused by overpopulation, then it follows that poor people ought to prosper wherever populations decline appreciably. Things do not work out that way in the real world. Entire sections of Sicily and Spain have become almost depopulated by emigration. Yet the people remaining do not prosper; they remain poor.

Mrs. Jacobs avers that it took cities to bring about the agricultural revolution (some controversy exists here), and she implies that cities remain the hope of social development. I think this agrees with the conception of a "psychosocial evolution" that Sir Julian Huxley and others have written about, where human society as a whole is seen as evolving towards an interdependence of organisms. *The Economy of Cities* is an intellectual accomplishment of the first importance. One would have to seek far beyond the field of urban theory, and back a considerable time, to find a work on the mechanics of social life which is as luminous, accomplished, and complete.

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Anglo-American Attitudes

By John Russell

ART-WRITING was once based on field-work, like anthropology. People made long journeys, looked at rare or unusual things, made up their minds about them and came back with experiences which others might conceivably have had but no one else could re-assemble in quite the same way. This was what Winckelmann did, fundamentally, and Waagen, and Thoré, and the young Berenson. It called for the penetration at first hand of an alien culture; and one would have had to be very insensitive not to feel at some point that, whereas individual masterpieces could mark a decisive stage in the development of the human psyche, art-history as such was merely a sub-department of man's evolution and should not be allowed to get above itself. Berenson was twenty-seven when he wrote home to his sister, in 1892, that "To be able to account, even to oneself, why the Europe of 1500 became the Europe of 1600 seems to me a somewhat more serious problem than any in connoisseurship."

Thoughts of this sort came to Berenson when he was sitting by candle-light in some fifth-rate provincial inn after a long day battling with sacristans. The books reviewed in this article have, by contrast, an institutional source and are all, in varying degrees, products of the air-conditioned cloister. Mr. Rubin[1] and Mr. Roskill[2] deal with bodies of work which to a very large degree are fully known and fully classified. Discoveries are still possible—the decorations which Max Ernst made for Paul Eluard have, for instance, come to light since Mr. Rubin's book was written—but the basic material is already given. It is given, moreover, in circumstances entirely different from those in which it was created. Whereas Canova can still be best studied at Possagno, and there is a great wealth of Ingres material at Montauban, the work of the impressionists and post-impressionists has been abstracted almost entirely from the scene, and from the society, which witnessed their creation. Dada was by its nature a fugitive art, and its survivors regard its institutionalisation as essentially farcical; surrealism was in intention so purely spontaneous that there is, once again, something almost comical in the assiduity with which history has hastened to codify it.

This element of comedy derives, in the traditional view, from the contrast between the fugacious and unofficial character of the work in question and the monumental nature of the apparatus which is brought to bear upon it. But the effort of the true historian is not to impose upon the work a systematic appearance which is foreign to its nature: it is, rather, to re-establish the links between art and society which become obscured by time, in any case, and get obscured all the faster when the work is withdrawn from its social context and given a new status as cult-object. The parallel with anthropology there holds good once again, and the ideal art-history returns the work to its correct place in the history of ideas.

IN THE CASE of the two major works under review, Mr. Rubin stands for the panoramic and Mr. Roskill for the microcosmic approach. (In this instance only, I should add: Mr. Rubin's book on Frank Stella proves that he can apply himself with great pertinacity to a single subject). *Dada and Surrealist Art* was written before the exhibition "Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage" which Mr Rubin organised for the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1968; but it shares with that majestic undertaking a determination to sort out the remains of both movements from a distinctively American point of view. The point of general interest, here, is that both Dada and Surrealism have hitherto been discussed primarily by survivors who, like Huelsenbeck, Hugnet, Richter, Breton, Nadeau, Waldberg and Marcel Jean, wrote from a point of view of private involvement and in the belief that a more objective approach would be contrary to the wayward and inspirational nature of the achievements in question. "History = Betrayal" is the belief, barely over-stated, of a great many of the people who took part in Dada and Surrealism.

To a certain extent this applies, of course, to any movement in art at its point of maximum ferment. Anyone who has tried to disentangle the problems of "who did what at

JOHN RUSSELL *is art critic of the* Sunday Times. *He is the author of "Max Ernst" (Thames and Hudson) and "Henry Moore" (Penguin Press), and is at present organising exhibitions of Vuillard (Toronto, Chicago, San Francisco) and Balthus (Los Angeles, Dallas, Cleveland).*

[1] *Dada and Surrealist Art.* By WILLIAM S. RUBIN. Thames and Hudson, £10 10s.

[2] *Van Gogh, Gauguin and the Impressionist Circle.* By MARK ROSKILL. Thames and Hudson, £4.

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which time" during periods as recent as the 1950s will know that what Thucydides had to say about first-hand witnesses is still absolutely correct. Misunderstandings, accidental or deliberate, occur in all received versions of "what actually happened." We have only to turn to what William Roberts has to say about Vorticism, or to what David Hare had to say about Robert Motherwell a year or so ago, to realise that these difficulties are compounded in the case of group-movements; and as the important moves in modern art have resulted very largely from group-movements it follows that Solomon in all his wisdom would be none too well-provided when it came to writing a panoramic history of modern art. This point is well made in more than one section of Mr. Roskill's book: a particularly pregnant example is the extent to which, in *Avant et Après*, Gauguin falsified chronology in order to exaggerate the extent to which he had influenced van Gogh.

EVERY HISTORIAN loves a document, meanwhile, and no one can read far in modern-art history without noticing that printed matter about art occupies what is proportionately a very substantial place within it. Among the activities open to a grown man, few are more dispiriting than the perusal of day-to-day art-criticism; but these gruesome relics do none the less serve as buoys and markers for the historian, acquiring in this way a navigational importance which is very much greater than their intrinsic worth as comment on the works under discussion. Mr. Roskill, in this context, has the good fortune to deal with a period in which comment on art often began at source and was conspicuously intelligent and well-informed; van Gogh was one of the best of European letter-writers, as well as one of the most copious, and in one way or another the basic issues were argued back and forth, and commented on by men of the calibre of Zola, Huysmans, and Felix Fénéon, in ways which bespeak a high degree of civilisation. And those issues are still enormously alive and to a large degree unresolved; as we follow them, week by week, in Mr Roskill's reconstructions we feel a sense, almost, of personal loss when the line of communication breaks down—as it does, for instance, when van Gogh is in Paris in 1887 and can spend himself in talk rather than in writing letters.

Van Gogh, Gauguin and the Impressionist Circle is a very good book. Mr. Roskill is the son of an eminent historian, and he has applied his inherited gifts to one of the supreme periods of French painting. What he has to say about the inter-relation between van Gogh and Gauguin and Emile Bernard has been freshly and inventively researched; the upshot is, very briefly, that Emile Bernard in 1888 had no real influence upon Gauguin, but that van Gogh while in Arles responded to recent works by Emile Bernard with a fervour which was out of all proportion to their ultimate quality. As to the famous and catastrophic weeks which Gauguin and van Gogh spent together in Arles, Mr. Roskill's conclusion is that although Gauguin's natural aggressiveness led him at times to paint in a way which was, by implication, "a kind of open and caustic parody" of van Gogh, there was remarkably little real interaction between the two. The close analysis, here, of the human drama involved can be read with fascination even by those who have only a casual interest in art-history as such.

There is, however, a certain formlessness about the book as a whole which suggests that its essential element—the two chapters on the van Gogh-Gauguin-Emile Bernard relationship—has been bulked out to book-size by the inclusion of four other chapters which, though full of incidental interest, look more like first-rate lecture-notes than like a unified text which was written from start to finish as part of one continuous argument. An unspoken "Next slide, please" seems to hang over the pages in question; there is a fundamental difference, not always observed here, between the remark which presupposes the prompt appearance of an image on the screen and the remark which tells, of itself, on the page.

MR. ROSKILL works in the USA but is by birth and allegiance a European: there is nothing exotic, for him, in either the work he deals with or the society which stood witness to its creation. Mr. Rubin is in different case; for although he knows a great deal about Europe, has spent a lot of time there, and made it his business to talk with as many as possible of the people he writes about, he does not discuss Dada, or Surrealism, in their European manifestations as if these were part of his own family history. I suspect that there are two reasons for this. One is the general fact that although Europeans and Americans have many things in common and often regard one another with a most generous attempt at total understanding they are still very different kinds of people. The identification, where it exists, is of the heart and not of the instincts. Mr. Rubin is a first-class educator who can set out the facts of any given subject in exemplary order; but the pounce on New York Dada, or on the European affinities of Joseph Cornell, or on the work done by André Masson during his years of exile in the USA, is a fractionally different thing from the pounce, solid and assured as that is, on the heroic period of surrealist painting (1924–29) in Paris.

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The other factor is particular, not general. Mr. Rubin is a historian: a man who makes sense of the past. But he is also a participant, in so far as he commits himself completely to certain manifestations of the art of his own day: it may have been his historian's sense of what was right for its time that led him to see the point of Frank Stella as early as 1958, but it was his participator's instinct that led him to champion that work in a practical way. This leads him, as I see it, to be more sympathetic to those aspects of Dada and Surrealism which contributed, even if indirectly, to post-war American painting, than to those aspects which did not. In this sense the drama played out in this book is sometimes put forward as, like *Das Rheingold*, a *Vorabend* or colossal prelude to events of even greater moment.

This impression may, however, derive in part from the fact that Mr. Rubin sets out avowedly "to balance iconographic interests with the needs of stylistic analysis." "In so doing," he goes on, "I have had to bring into play such judgments as those of quality. These determinations were not simply outside the concerns of the Surrealist poet-critics; they were utterly alien to their beliefs." This is another way of saying that received opinion about both movements has been largely engineered by people who had strong sentimental attachments within them. As it is also the case that surrealist painting in particular has an ambiguous, adulterated character that is very vulnerable to American academic analysis it is not surprising that one or two prominent figures end up looking not quite at their best: like night-hawks, one might say, in the police-station. Conversely Mr. Rubin is very tender indeed about paintings which, like Max Ernst's "To 100,000 Doves" of 1925, are accessible to stylistic analysis of a kind which brings them into line with later painting.

Where that later painting is concerned, Mr. Rubin's allegiances are with the kind of work that carries on a dialogue with art-history; and his *Dada and Surrealist Art* could be characterised as a panoramic search for works of art, within those two categories, which contribute to a dialogue of that sort. The Berensonian question of why the Europe of 1919 became the Europe of 1939 is relevant to the history of surrealism, but it is not relevant to the enquiries which Mr. Rubin has in hand. It would be unjust not to make it quite clear that his book includes not only 851 illustrations but a vast collocation of relevant factual matter. It is, in short, by far the most comprehensive survey of its double subject.

BOTH MR. ROSKILL and Mr. Rubin deal, as I said earlier, with finite subjects whose boundaries are already laid down and universally acknowledged. Dr. Stephen Bann's subject,[3] or group of subjects, is quite a different affair. Dr. Bann's ambition is to establish connections and cross-references where none had been seen to exist before. The experimental painter, in his view, is the painter who is "committed to a particular *path* of controlled activity, of which the works he produces remain as evidence. In other words, the direction in which an artist moves is at least as important as the individual statements which record the track that he has taken." Thus seen, the duty of the artist is rather to a programme of continual research than to the concept of the isolated masterpiece. The artists discussed in this context are as heterogeneous a bunch as can ever have been grouped together in a serious book: Biederman and Frank Auerbach, Vasarely and James Rosenquist, Moholy-Nagy and Jasper Johns. As an attempt to get away altogether from categories and cabals, and as an indication of "how it strikes a contemporary," Dr. Bann's book has much to recommend it. The publishers should be praised, also, for taking a book which fits into none of the accepted slots.

[3] *Experimental Painting*. By STEPHEN BANN. Studio Vista, £2 10s.

Dent

Art in Britain 1969-70

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This essential reference '. . . seeks to hunt out the truth behind the facade of London's success in art' (*Evening Standard*). 'It is written . . . from genuine concern and a heart in the right place . . . should be read by all who are equally concerned' (*Sunday Telegraph*). '. . . extremely judicious' (*Studio International*).
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Other Books Received

Anni Albers. *Pre-Columbian Mexican Miniatures.* Lund Humphries, 84s.

Cyril Barratt. *Op Art.* Studio Vista, 84s.

Charles Brison. *Pornocrates: Félicien Rops.* Charles Skilton, 75s.

Gordon H. Brown & Hamish Keith. *An Introduction to New Zealand Painting.* Collins, 75s.

R. J. Clements. *Michelangelo: A Self Portrait.* University of London Press, 70s.

Rolf-Gunter Dienst. *Richard Lindner.* Thames and Hudson, 42s.

Albert G. H. Dietz. *Plastics for Architects and Builders.* M.I.T. Press, 75s.

I. A. Egorov. *The Architectural Planning of St. Petersburg.* Ohio University Press, $15.00.

R. Buckminster Fuller. *Utopia or Oblivion.* Allen Lane, 60s.

Henry Geldzahler. *New York Painting and Sculpture, 1940–70.* Pall Mall, 70s.

Jean Gimpel. *The Cult of Art.* Weidenfeld, 42s.

Sir William Hayter. *William of Wykeham.* Chatto & Windus, 42s.

Hans H. Hofstatter. *Living Architecture: Gothic.* Macdonald, 63s.

Anthony Jackson. *The Politics of Architecture.* Architectural Press, 65s.

Hans L. C. Jaffé. *De Stijl.* Thames and Hudson, 42s, paper 25s.

Charles Jencks and George Baird (eds.). *Meaning in Architecture.* Barrie & Jenkins, 90s.

Käthe Kollwitz. *Prints and Drawings.* Constable, 28s. 6d.

Anatole Kopp. *Town and Revolution: Soviet Architecture and City Planning 1917–1935.* Thames and Hudson, £7.7.0.

Mervyn Levy. *Drawing and Sculpture.* Adams & Dart, £6.6.0.

Edward Lucie-Smith and Patricia White. *Art in Britain 1969–70.* Dent, 120s.

Curt Maury. *Folk Origins of Indian Art.* Columbia University Press, £12.7.0.

James Meller (ed.). *The Buckminster Fuller Reader.* Cape, 48s.

Peter Morse. *John Sloan's Prints.* Yale University Press, £22.10.0.

John Newman *North East and East Kent. West Kent and the Weald.* Buildings of England Series, edited by Nikolaus Pevsner. Penguin, 42s., 45s.

Nicholas Negroponte. *The Architecture Machine.* M.I.T. Press, 56s.

Paul Oliver (ed.). *Shelter and Society.* Barrie & Jenkins, 63s.

R. E. Pahl. *Whose City?* Longmans, 50s.

Morse Peckham. *Art and Pornography.* Basic Books, $6.95, 65s.

Roland Penrose. *Miró.* Thames & Hudson, 42s, paper 25s.

A. W. N. Pugin. *The Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England. The True Principles of Christian or Pointed Architecture. An Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture.* Blackwell, 65s, 60s, 60s.

John Summerson. *Victorian Architecture.* Columbia University Press, 68s.

Stephan Thernstrom and Richard Sennett. (eds.) *Nineteenth-Century Cities.* Yale University Press, 113s, paper 45s.

James Thorne. *Handbook to the Environs of London.* Adams & Dart, 50s.

Arnold Toynbee. *Cities on the Move.* Oxford University Press, 42s.

David Verey. *Gloucestershire: The Cotswolds. Gloucestershire: The Vale and the Forest of Dean.* Buildings of England Series, edited by Nikolaus Pevsner. Penguin, 42s, 40s.

Mary Webster. *Francis Wheatley.* The Paul Mellon Foundation for British Art and Routledge, £8.8.0.

T. M. West. *A History of Architecture in France.* University of London Press, 39s, paper 29s.

Alexander von Wuthenau. *Pre-Columbian Terracottas.* Methuen, 63s.

Doreen Yarwood. *The Architecture of Italy.* Chatto & Windus, 30s.

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

"The Vital Center" Reconsidered

By Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

THE VITAL CENTER was written in the autumn and winter of 1948–49. I had just returned from Paris, where I had been a special assistant to Averell Harriman in the early stages of the Marshall Plan, and I was still filled with the excitement engendered by that brilliant, generous and now, alas, forgotten undertaking. Moreover, the astonishing re-election of President Truman in November 1948 reinforced one's belief in the prospects of liberal democracy; we regarded this as a triumphant vindication, against all odds and predictions, of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal.

At the same time, the onset of the cold war was forcing the American liberal community to confront the phenomenon of communism with more precision and responsibility than it had done in the past. Partly in consequence, some liberals were led to a critique of the traditional bases of faith in liberal democracy. I was much influenced by Reinhold Niebuhr, first by *The Nature and Destiny of Man* and *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness* and later by close personal association with this wise and noble man in "Americans for Democratic Action" and elsewhere. Niebuhr made it clear to me that the traditional liberal belief in human perfectibility, by dismissing the older and truer notion of the mixed nature of man, had to some extent disarmed liberalism before the totalitarian religions of the first half of the 20th century. I now understood with new intensity the *pensée* of Pascal's with which I had concluded *The Age of Jackson* a few years before: "Man is neither angel nor brute, and the unfortunate thing is that he who would act the angel acts the brute."

This background accounts for the combination in the book of a certain operational optimism with a certain historical and philosophical pessimism. The intervening twenty-one years have not reduced my pessimism about history and human nature and have considerably qualified my optimism about man's technical capacity to manage modern society. I did note in 1948 the constantly accelerating velocity of history as the major shaping factor of our time. But I hardly guessed how fast the process was outstripping man's capacity to govern himself.

No one supposed in 1949, for example, that within two decades man would be on the moon. The exploration of space is only the most spectacular symbol of the fantastic technological speed-up which characterises our age. Science and technology make, dissolve and rebuild our environment every day. The world has altered more in the last century than in the thousand years preceding; and, as scientific discovery and technological innovation accumulate, the pace of change can only increase. Already that pace is far too great for our inherited ideas and institutions to make the requisite adaptations. Henry Adams now seems in retrospect, not a querulous old man, but a prophet. "My recent study and reading," he wrote in 1905, "have turned on the problem how long the world will take, at its present acceleration, to break its neck. My first result fixed on the decade 1930–1940." He was wrong, but perhaps not by very much.

This inherent and intensifying instability of the world is, of course, a primary source of contemporary disquietudes. It had seemed to me in 1948 that, while the age of anxiety was upon us, Americans were not yet fully aware of it. Today anxiety is so central to the American outlook that I was constrained to call a recent book, in many respects a sequel to this work, *The Crisis of Confidence*. And the built-in instability of advanced industrial society weighs with particular poignancy on the young, who have no memories of more manageable times to sustain them as they flounder in the maelstrom of history. It is little wonder that they rebel against their condition.

ANOTHER CAUSE of our contemporary disquietude springs from the paradox that the very machinery modern civilisation has evolved to create abundance for the mass also increases anxiety for the individual. For the high-tech-

THE Russians call it "Bolshevik self-criticism," and it has proved to be mostly a farcical exercise. But then Western writers too often tend to be complacent about their own work, and rarely look back. A few do. A short while ago we published Professor David Riesman's sharp and candid remarks about his own work ("'The Lonely Crowd,' 20 Years After," ENCOUNTER, October 1969); now Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, jr. rereads his own work of some twenty years ago and tries to re-evaluate it. His article will form the introduction to a new edition of "The Vital Center" (1949) published this month in London by André Deutsch.

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nology society is above all the society of the great organisation. In advanced industrial nations, the great organisations—of government, of industry, of labour, of education, of communications, of research—have become the units of social energy. These great organisations generate a life and purpose of their own, independent of the human beings who may man or even head them. The individual is one more item of consumption, like any other form of raw material. And the weight of the world of great organisations falls too with particular poignancy on the young, those not yet broken to the discipline of the structures. It is little wonder that the revolt of the young against the organisation should so often take the form of the revolt of the student against the university; for this is the organisation closest to him and the one he sees as ordained by society to tame and bridle him and turn him into a faithful servant of the system.

A third source of our contemporary anguish emerges from technology itself. Just as the world has begun to come to terms with the First Industrial Revolution and the mechanical age, it suddenly finds itself now in a Second Industrial Revolution whirling it on into the electronic age. This new age—of the electronic computer, of television and other forms of electronic communication, of electronic means for the storage and retrieval of information, of electronic techniques for the invasion of privacy —will have incalculable effects not just on the structure and processes of society but on the very reflexes of individual perception. For all his extravagance, Marshall McLuhan is right in emphasising the importance of the shift from the typographical to the electronic epoch. This is one reason why the new generation—the first to grow up in the electronic age—differs more from its parents than these parents differed

In Historical

WE ARE LIVING *in a culture that is remarkably secular. Religion just doesn't play the role it used to play, and this is particularly true for people under 40 in this society. When a very strong religious bond is missing there are a few other things that can hold the culture together. One of them is a very strong sense of institutional loyalty, such as some people have for universities, for example, and others even for business corporations. Another, and I think a far more important one, is a sense of vocation —a very strong desire to do something in particular and to do it well—it may be anything from carpentry to being a Supreme Court judge. But the desire to perform well, the feeling of craftsmanship, the sense of vocation, which has been quite intense in this society for a long time, has, it seems to me, begun to fade in the last ten, perhaps twenty years. And it seems to be fading faster and faster.*

Young people don't have anything that they want to do. Our culture hasn't been able to perpetuate from one generation to the next, as it used to, the desire to do this or that or the other thing, and I think this is one of the roots of the dissatisfaction in college. Students keep saying that they don't know why they are there. They are less disposed than they used to be to keep order partly because the sense that they are leading a purposeful life has gone. They have the feeling that they are being processed, that they don't have any say about their lives. The truth is that all too often they haven't decided what they want their lives to say.

I DON'T SUPPOSE *there was any age in which you had such a mass consensus of intellectuals on their own alienation as you have in this period. We have witnessed the emergence of what Lionel Trilling has called "the adversary culture," and almost every intellectual seems to be conscripted into it. There's not much dialogue left in the fashionable intellectual community between those who are alienated from the society and those who are prepared to make an intelligent defence of it. Almost the entire intellectual community is lost in dissent, so to speak. Radicalism is irresistibly chic. All this may end with the war, but I wouldn't count on its ending among the young.*

I think they have to be surprised in some tremendous way before their thinking can change very much. My generation was surprised by a number of things—by the Nazi-Soviet pact; by the way we won the war, not by conducting it in brilliant political or revolutionary ways, but by the sheer weight of metal and organisation. We were surprised by the fact that instead of having a tremendous depression after the war, which those of us who were mature in the '30s thought surely was coming, we entered upon one of the great boom periods of history. I don't think that young people now are going to have their minds changed very much by arguments. They have to be profoundly surprised by some thing before they will begin to reconsider their experience.

Richard Hofstadter

*

WE FLAGELLATE OURSELVES *as "poverty ridden" —by comparison only with some mythical time when there was no bottom 20 per cent in the economic scale. We sputter against The Polluted Environment—as if it was invented in the age of the automobile. We compare our smoggy air not with the odour of horsedung and the*

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from their own fathers and mothers; for, after all, the preceding generations were all members of the same typographical culture.

THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE of the accelerating velocity of history was only dimly noted in *The Vital Center*, though I am glad to see that I did, in at least one place, get into the ecological crisis (at the end of chapter 10). I am also glad to see that I avoided the snare of blaming things on ideology which should be blamed on technology, and that I located the problem, not in capitalism or communism, but in "industrial organisation and the post-industrial state, whatever the system of ownership." Scientific and technological change, the electronic age, the great organisation: these are problems for all industrial nations, for communist as well as for democratic states. Nor are changes in systems of ideology or ownership guaranteed to improve the chances of adapting ideas and institutions to the pace of change. Indeed, the more centralised and unitary the system of ownership, the more rigid and fierce the tyranny of organisation. Societies where power is distributed and diversified are more likely to retain the flexibility necessary to deal with the velocity of history.

Or at least so one likes to think, and the United States is presently engaged in seeing whether this is the case. For, as the nation furthest along the path of technological development, America is in consequence the first nation to experience the full pressure of accelerated technological change. The current American turmoil, in my judgment, is much less the proof of decay than the price of progress. The crises America is living through today are the crises that every other advanced industrial society

Perspective

plague of flies and the smells of garbage and human excrement which filled cities in the past, but with the honeysuckle perfumes of some nonexistent City Beautiful. We forget that even if the water in many cities today is not as spring-pure nor as palatable as we would like, for most of history the water of the cities (and of the countryside) was undrinkable. We reproach ourselves for the ills of disease and malnourishment, and forget that until recently enteritis and measles and whooping cough, diphtheria and typhoid were killing diseases of childhood, puerperal fever plagued mothers in childbirth, polio was a summer monster.

Our national hypochondria is compounded by distinctively American characteristics. The American belief in speed, which led us to build railroads farther and faster than any other nation, to invent "quick-lunch" and self-service to save that terrible ten-minute wait, to build automobiles and highways so we can commute at 70 miles an hour, which made us a nation of instant cities, instant coffee, TV-dinners, and instant everything, has bred in us a colossal impatience. Any social problem that can't be solved instantly by money and legislation seems fatal. Our appliances and our buildings and our very lives seem out of date even before they are ready for occupancy. What can't be done right now seems hardly worth doing at all.

THE BEST ANTIDOTE, *then, against ruthless absolutes and simple-minded utopians has been American history itself. But that history becomes more and more inaccessible when the technology and institutions of our time imprison us in the present. How can we escape the prison?*

First, we must awaken our desire to escape. To do this we must abandon the prevalent belief in the superior wisdom of the ignorant. Unless we give up the voguish reverence for youth and for the "culturally deprived," unless we cease to look to the vulgar community as arbiters of our schools, of our art and literature, and of all our culture, we will never have the will to de-provincialise our minds. We must make every effort to reverse the trend in our schools and colleges—to move away from the "relevant" and toward the cosmopolitanising, the humanising and unfamiliar. Education is learning what you didn't even know you didn't know. The last thing the able young Negro needs is "black studies"—which simply reenforces the unfortunate narrowness of his experience and confines him in his provincial present. We all need more ancient history, more medieval history, more of the history and culture of Asia and Africa.

"THE VOICE OF THE INTELLECT," *observed Sigmund Freud (who did not underestimate the role of the irrational) in 1928, "is a soft one, but it does not rest until it has gained a hearing. Ultimately, after endlessly repeated rebuffs, it succeeds. This is one of the few points in which one may be optimistic about the future of mankind." Beneath the strident voice of the present we must try to hear the insistent whisper of reason. It does not sound "with it." It speaks only to the attentive listener. It speaks a language always unfamiliar and often archaic. It speaks the language of all past times and places, which is the language of history.*

Daniel Boorstin

in NEWSWEEK *(New York)*

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will have to face in the future; and citizens of other industrial states would be imprudent to ignore this fact. Such problems as *anomie*, loss of identity, powerlessness, racial justice, the urban crisis, the ecological crisis, the mass media, the invasion of privacy are assailing all developed societies. Industrialised nations everywhere, again regardless of systems of ownership or ideology, must face the probability of internal demoralisation or disintegration unless they learn how to absorb, digest and control the consequences of accelerated technological change.

IN SHORT, the crisis of the velocity of history, described in very general terms in *The Vital Center*, has become far more acute in the twenty-one years since than one—or at least this writer—imagined at the time. I also believed at the time, "the fact that the contest between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. is not the source of the contemporary crisis does not, however, alter the fact that the crisis must be met in terms of this contest." I still think this was probably true in 1949, but it is obviously no longer true today. If any member of the younger generation reads this book, they may perhaps be surprised at the concern devoted to the problem of communism. But they must make the effort to put themselves back into the historical situation of the 1940s. Perhaps it would help if, every time they see the word "communism" in this book, they would read "Stalinism." For communism in the 1970s is a very different thing from communism in the 1940s.

THE VITAL CENTER was written in the first years of the cold war. The account of the causes of the cold war in this book is very sketchy; for my more considered views, I refer the reader to the chapter "The Origins of the Cold War" in *The Crisis of Confidence*. But one knew less then than one knows now. What one knew then was that Stalin was running a cruel and terrifying dictatorship (as his associates have disclosed with ample detail in the years since); that in 1947 the Soviet Union refused to join in the Marshall Plan; that in 1948 it destroyed what remained of free government in Czechoslovakia; that the communists had strong footholds in the American trade union movement; that in 1948 they had their greatest political success in American history in the third party headed by Henry Wallace; and that some American liberals were still finding it hard to divest themselves of cherished illusions about the nature of the Soviet Union and the international communist movement.

Those who know only the seedy and mediocre Soviet Russia of the 1960s would be quite wrong to see Stalin's Russia in the same image. And those who know only the fragmented international communist movement of today would be equally wrong to suppose that Stalin did not have relatively firm control over the communist parties of the world a generation ago. There were, of course, signs that things might be changing. The Tito heresy had just begun; and *The Vital Center* does note the "latent incompatibilities" between nationalism and communism. I am glad I had the sense to write, "The bold and confident nationalism of the Chinese Communist movement, geographically isolated, economically independent, militarily strong, will put an even greater strain on Soviet uniformity. How will Vishinsky take to the emergence of 'the Mao Tse-tung road'?" But national communism was still an intimation rather than a tendency.

Stalin died in 1953; and in the years since nationalism has shattered the international communist movement. The row between Moscow and Peking has destroyed any single centre of authority in the communist world and thereby destroyed the unity both of communist discipline and communist dogma. Every communist government, every communist party, has been set free to respond to its own national concerns and to pursue its own national policies. At the same time, nationalism has also terminated the American effort to dominate the non-communist world; and the result, as I argue at length in *The Crisis of Confidence*, has been to bring the Age of the Super-powers to an end.

IN SHORT, communism has a very different significance today from what it had twenty-one years ago. I note in the new generation a tendency to regard anti-communism as *per se* an evil. I can only say that I have not the slightest regret for the campaign my contemporaries waged against Stalinism; nor, indeed, as one sees what the current leaders of the Soviet Union are doing to their writers and intellectuals, can I see much reason today for looking on the Soviet Union as any sort of hope or model for the world. But I think it essential to distinguish between rational and obsessive anti-communism: between anti-communism as an element in a larger position, an element addressed to specific situations and graduated in mode and substance according to the character of the threat; and anti-communism as a total position, addressed to some great, all-pervading evil and requiring the subordination of every other consideration and value. No one can doubt that in the 1950s obsessive anti-communism came to seize portions of the American government, to blind many American leaders to the significance of the break-up of the world communist movement and to conclude in the frightful catastrophe of the Viet Nam War. But

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this does not mean that rational anti-communism does not remain a moral necessity for anyone who cares about democracy and individual freedom.

I am less sure now than I was when I wrote *The Vital Center* about one thesis I set forth (in chapter 5): "The longer the totalitarian régime is established and the more secure it is from internal and external enemies . . . the more essential the terror, the more fierce the heresy hunts, the more violent the requirements for total conformity." Many of us had then the sense of an irrevocable and impassable difference, a change of phase, between democratic and totalitarian societies—a sense powerfully expressed in such books as George Orwell's *1984* and Hannah Arendt's *The Origins of Totalitarianism*. I am not so clear today that totalitarianism brings about such a complete transvaluation of human motives and behaviour. The novels of Solzhenitsyn, the poems of Voznesensky, the writings of Sakharov, the great courage of so many Soviet writers and intellectuals—all these testify to the failure of the Soviet régime to extinguish the passion for decency and liberty among the people of the Soviet Union.

At the same time, every day's newspaper reminds us that the Soviet system remains a system of tension. The Soviet ruling class may well still feel that, if discipline breaks down in one area, it will tend to break down everywhere and that the rulers themselves may perish in the resultant convulsion. Nevertheless, I think there is more to the so-called "convergence" thesis than I would have supposed twenty-one years ago—the view that totalitarianism has its share of chinks and apertures, that the grip of ideology will weaken with the passage of time and that, as technological change speeds us all on into the electronic age, the common problems of the high-technology society will unite the industrial states more than differences created by ideology will divide them.

I have not tried, at least not in this re-published text, to bring my views up to date. Where I have been shown foolish or wrong by the passage of time, I can only console myself with the remark of Lord Randolph Churchill: "I neither withdraw nor apologise for anything that I have said at any time, believing as I do that anything which I may have said at any time was perfectly justified by the special circumstances of that time, and by the amount of information I may have had in my possession." Though I would now moderate the polemical sharpness of certain expressions, and though I regret some allusions, I hope that the underlying faith in the vitality of the centre may seem to some to have survived the agony of the mid-century.

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LETTERS

Bondy's "New" Sartre?

IT MAY BE TRUE that Jean-Paul Sartre is now as critical of communist dictatorships as of all bourgeois states. But François Bondy [ENCOUNTER, July] seems to underrate his permanent commitment to extreme violence which Sartre calls "justified counter-violence against the inbuilt violence of the repressive state." After two French editors of the Maoist publication *La cause du peuple* were jailed because this paper called for every possible form of violence (*"pendez les patrons!"*, sabotage, etc.), Sartre took over legal responsibility for this publication and publicly protested when he was not indicted as the former editors had been. (As François Mauriac mockingly wrote in the *Figaro Littéraire*: "Sartre is thirsting after a martyrdom, but there can be no martyrs without executioners, and the executioner is just not there....") On 9 June a meeting of all Leftist groups took place in the Mutualité. While *Cause du peuple* adherents shouted "Power is in the barrel of our guns," the main three other groups (*"Ligue communiste," "Alliance marxiste révolutionnaire,"* and *"Vive la révolution"*) shouted them down. The meeting broke up in utter confusion. *"La cause du peuple"* is isolated because it identifies bourgeois rule with Nazi occupation. Its members call themselves the "armed *résistants*" and the Communist Party the "collaborationists."

In Sartre's magazine *Les Temps Modernes*, André Gorz (a member of the editorial board) called in April for "the destruction of the Universities." As a consequence two well-known writers, Bernard Pingaud and J. B. Pontalis, have resigned from Sartre's board. In May, *Temps Modernes* published an article entitled "For an Armed Struggle in the U.S.," by John Gerassi, and also the manifesto of the notorious "Weathermen."

Does all this amount to, in any sense, a "commitment to reason"?

HENRI PESLIER

Geneva

The Robin & the Lion

YOU POINT OUT in a caged footnote to "The Cultural Animal" (ENCOUNTER, July) that two prominent students of animal and human behaviour are dramatically named Fox and Tiger. May I suggest that you may still be underrating the prevalence of the animal in us all, and ignoring the sub-plot to the drama? They are, after all, *Robin* Fox and *Lion*el Tiger.

LAWRENCE HARTMANN, M.D.

Department of Psychiatry,
Harvard Medical School

Koestler, Pound & "Dichtung"

IN HIS Cheltenham Lecture, "Literature and the Law of Diminishing Returns" [ENCOUNTER, May] Arthur Koestler as usual draws his examples effortlessly from many arts and sciences. He made one small slip, however, in the minor science (or is it an art?) of etymology, and I call attention to it diffidently, not to catch Mr. Koestler out, but to identify the source of his error.

> "The German word for composing poetry is *dichten*—to compress."

Not so. It is well known that there are two entirely different roots in Germanic, one represented by German *dicht* "dense, close" and the other by German *dichten*, "compose poetry." *The Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology* cites the first under its cognate, our word *tight*, and the second under *its* cognate, our word *dight* (ultimately related to *dictate*).

Mr. Koestler quotes no references, but I feel reasonably sure that he was recalling, perhaps unconsciously, a passage in Ezra Pound's *ABC of Reading*:

> "Dichten = condensare... Basil Bunting, fumbling about with a German-Italian dictionary, found that this idea of poetry as concentration is as old almost as the German language. 'Dichten' is the German verb corresponding to the noun 'Dichtung' meaning poetry, and the lexicographer has rendered it by the Italian verb meaning 'to condense'."

Pound's scholarship is notoriously unreliable. Perhaps he was deceived by the fact that the German language, starting from *dicht* ("dense, close") generously provides a second identical verb, *dichten* ("to make air-tight"). The corresponding technical noun, a second *Dichtung*, offers a wonderfully suggestive analogy: *e.g.* Pound himself is mainly a *Dichter* of pure genius, but a good deal of the *Cantos* may be only *Dichtung* No. 2 in the special sense of being sealed off from the reader by an impenetrable barrier of words. Similarly, Arthur Koestler's more technical works present an air-tight *Dichtung* No. 2 to a non-scientific reader like myself, but in *Darkness at Noon* he gives us pure *Dichtung* No. 1, and even combines it with *Wahrheit*.

GORDON M. MESSING

Department of Classics,
Cornell University

I PLEAD guilty with mitigating circumstances. To the best of my recollection I got the derivation of *dichten* (to compress) from Freud, *Der Witz und seine Beziehungen zum Unbewussten*—not from Ezra Pound. But I am at the moment far from any library and cannot check.

ARTHUR KOESTLER

Alpbach, Tyrol
Austria

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The Danish Experiment in Pornography

Letter from Copenhagen — By H. J. Barnes

May 1, from the vantage point of Copenhagen (where I am the Reuter's correspondent), make a comment on the articles by Pamela Hansford Johnson and Mr. John Calder on pornography?

Both take it for granted that the Danish experiment in abolishing censorship has been a success in the sense that it has been accompanied by a drop in the rate of sexual crime. Their evidence for this view seems to be the Report of the Arts Council's Working Group on Obscenity. I think that the liberalisers in Britain should try to obtain a clearer idea of what has actually happened in Denmark before they jump to conclusions. First, the incidence of reported violent sexual crimes has *not* been influenced at all by the abolition of censorship and the availability of pornography. Reported violent sexual crimes have neither increased nor decreased significantly. Secondly, while reported sexual crimes have shown a falling tendency over the last few years, convictions for sexual crimes (unfortunately the latest statistics refer only to 1967) have been increasing.

are now *no longer reported*. No one I have talked to is prepared to conclude that there is any direct link between the accessibility of pornography and the reduction in the reported crime rate.

This is not to say that the Danish experiment has been a failure, but its success or otherwise, at this stage at least, must be measured by other criteria. It has been a success in the sense that those who like pornography can, and do, buy it. In a negative sense it has been a success in that it has not produced a crime wave. It has been successful in earning Denmark substantial amounts of foreign exchange. It has been a success as an instrument of sexual education, again indirectly, by contributing to a climate of opinion which makes it possible for the press to carry detailed accounts of the mechanics of the sexual act and how best to overcome sexual problems.

But there is one sphere in which the Danish experiment has been totally without influence, as far as one can judge, and this is on literature, a point which British and other "liberalisers" might

Reported Sexual Crimes in Denmark

	1960	1962	1964	1966	1968
Violent sex crime, incl. rape	*269*	189	259	215	217
Heterosexual indecency	*3,084*	2,876	2,940	3,080	2,378
Homosexual indecency	*801*	534	485	592	121
Other	*182*	165	162	202	283
Total	*4,336*	3,674	3,846	4,089	2,999

(Note: *1969 figures not available. Figures exclude incest.*) (Source: *Statistical Yearbook.*)

A closer look at the statistics on reported sexual crimes (1969 figures not yet available) suggests that the main reason why the totals have declined is because of a fall in the number of reports of homosexual crime, and this is due primarily to changes in the law concerning male homosexuality —although homosexuality between consenting adults has never been illegal. Heterosexual indecency has fallen too, but much less dramatically. In so far as there is a link between the fall in reported crimes and the spread of pornography, most of the criminologists and sociologists who have ventured to comment at this early stage have made the point that what has happened is that in the generally more permissive climate of sexual opinion some minor sexual offences, which a few years ago *would have been reported to the police*,

ponder. The point is not difficult to explain. It was decided to end censorship of the written word after the High Court had rejected a petition to stop the publication of *Fanny Hill*. A commission of jurists appointed by the government reported that it would be impossible for the courts to administer fairly and impartially a law which took such a large view of obscenity that it permitted the publication of *Fanny Hill*. Better no law, said the jurists. By the time censorship of the written word was ended in 1967, in fact, the battle for literary freedom of expression had been won. The freedom to print which was inaugurated with the abolition of all censorship of the written word was merely the freedom to print pornography and was *irrelevant* to literary needs. The same seems to have applied to the pictorial arts and the cinema, for

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both of which censorship was ended in July last year.

THE ABOLITION OF CENSORSHIP has proved to be, not a literary or artistic charter of freedom, but a pornographer's charter. There is nothing inherently wrong in this, but for anyone who wishes to follow the Danish line it presupposes acceptance of the purpose of pornography, which in most cases is sexual arousal. There is a substantial body of opinion in Britain, one suspects, which would equate this purpose with the intention "to deprave and corrupt," and Miss Hansford Johnson's remark that the Danish experiment needs looking at again in the light of all those people (about 50,000) who attended the Pornography Fair in Copenhagen last October suggests that she may be in this camp.

The Danes do not see things this way. They permitted pornography partly because psychiatrists reported to the Government that they could find no evidence that pornography was harmful, even to children. The Danes say good luck to anyone who gets a kick out of pornography. Personally I think that abolitionists in Britain should be franker about accepting the purpose behind pornography and less insistent on the literary arguments. Permitting pornography is not going to have much effect on Literature and the Arts, but it could have considerable beneficial side effects on the nation's sex life. But at the same time the abolitionists have also to accept that pornographers use whatever means come to hand to stimulate sexual desire, and much of it is repulsive. Sado-masochism and bestiality are part of the pornographer's stock-in-trade.

Where the pornography of sex is concerned I am on the side of Mr. Calder. Sexual arousal seems to me to be a legitimate aim of pornography, even when it is sado-masochistic. (If one's wife likes being beaten with a hairbrush has one any right to desist?) But surely Miss Hansford Johnson has a point about the pornography of violence. One may not feel moral disapproval of the intention to arouse sexual desire, but can one morally approve the pornography of violence, the purpose of which is to arouse violence?

FINALLY, WHAT ARE the benefits to the sum of human happiness of the Danish decision to permit the publication of all forms of pornography?

Having observed the Danish experiment for several years as a reporter I think that its only beneficial effect has been to help stimulate a more open discussion of sexual matters. This, I feel sure, has helped sexual minorities to a better understanding of their situation, but also many other people. There must be a great many women who through the detailed discussions of female sexuality in the newspapers have been helped to understand their sexual needs more fully, and a great many men who have gained a greater understanding of their partners' needs. But as to the pornography itself, the more I see of it the more repulsive I find it, or most of it anyway. This, I have concluded, is because pornography reduces sex to an exclusively physical manifestation and excludes the feeling and commitment which are the basis of ordinary relationships. Pornography is in this sense degrading.

AUTHORS

Jascha Kessler writes to us from Italy: "... In 1967, Harper & Row published my first collection of stories, *An Egyptian Bondage and Other Stories*. The title story appeared also in England in Penguin's *Olympia Reader* (1968). I am writing a screen version of it now, or starting to, for the producer of United Artists' film, *The Pawnbroker*. I have recently completed a novel, *A Life for a Life*. And, in December 1969, my first collection of poems was published by The Plantin Press, in Los Angeles, and is called *Whatever Love Declares*.... I am at work on a second collection of stories, of which this present one you are publishing is probably the title story, and the first so far to be published. Also, in England, Penguin's *Modern Poetry in Translation* is printing eleven poems translated from the Yiddish of Malka Heifetz Tussman.... I have also written for theatre, and The American Place Theatre produced (in January of 1968) a long one-act play called *Crane, Crane, Montrose & Crane*. Two other plays of mine have been done earlier, one of which appeared in Philip Rahv's collection of new writing, *Modern Occasions* (1966), and in paper in 1968, and was also published in England....

I have been lecturing on Contemporary American Poetry in Italy, on leave from UCLA...."

Philip Rieff is visiting Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Benjamin Franklin Professor of Sociology, University of Pennsylvania. Among his books are: *Freud, the Mind of the Moralist* (1960) and *The Triumph of the Therapeutic* (1966). His critique of the Bullitt-Freud book on Woodrow Wilson appeared in the April 1967 ENCOUNTER. Harper & Row will be publishing his collection of Wilde's writing later this year....

Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXIV

The Index to Volume XXXIV (January–June 1970) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

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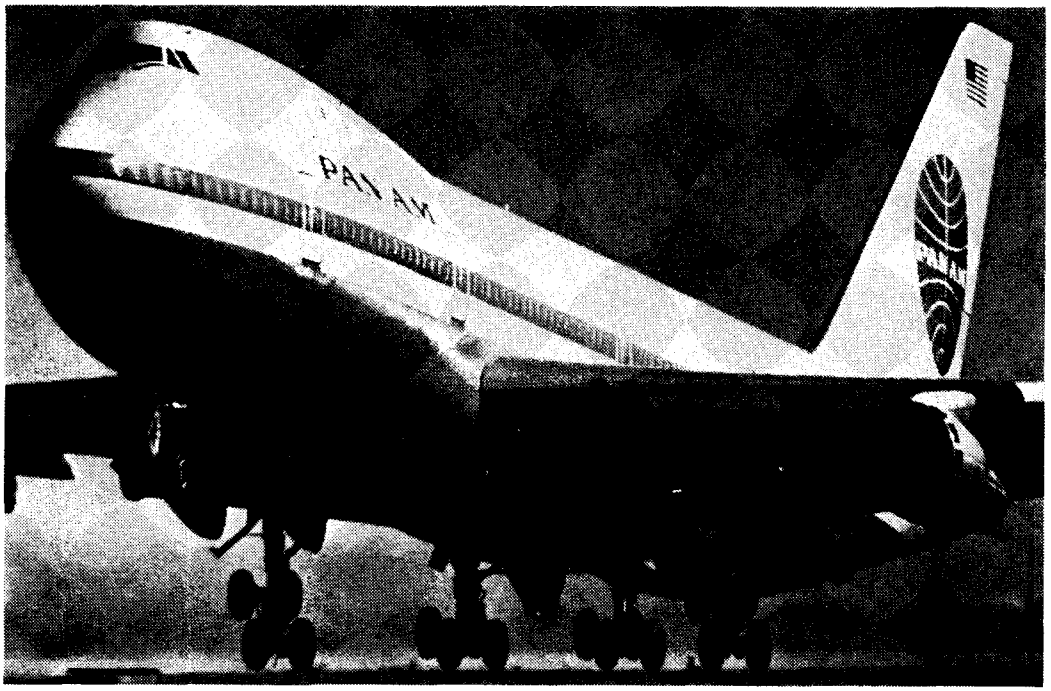

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